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PERSONAL HISTORY

of

GRANT'S BIRTH PLACE.

Ulysses S. Grant,

BY

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON.

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A PERSONAL HISTORY

WITHDRAWN

OF

ULYSSES S. GRANT,

ILLUSTRATED BY TWENTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS;

EIGHT FAC-SIMILES OF LETTERS FROM GRANT, LINCOLN, SHERIDAN, BUCKNER, LEE, ETC.;

AND SIX MAPS.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND SKETCH OF SCHUYLER COLFAX.

BY

ALBERT D. RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF "FIELD, DUNGEON, AND ESCAPE," AND "BEYOND THE MISSISSIPPI."

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"Our greatest yet with least pretense,
Great in council, and great in war,
Foremost Captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with eternal God for power;
Who let the turbid stream of rumor flow
Through either babbling world of high or low;
Whose life was work, whose language rife
With rugged maxims hewn from life.

He on whom, from both her open hands,
Lavish Honor showered all her stars,
And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn."

TENNYSON'S ODE—DEATH OF WELLINGTON.

PREFACE.

In 1861, when the guns of Sumter awoke the country, a resigned army captain, in his fortieth year, was living at Galena, Illinois. His civil life of seven years had been a hard struggle. Though healthy, temperate, and most industrious, he had found serious difficulty in supporting the wife and children to whom he was devotedly attached. He had failed as a farmer, and as a real-estate agent, and was now clerk in his father's leather store, at a salary of eight hundred dollars per year.

He was hardly known to a hundred persons in the little city. His few intimates esteemed and loved him; but he seemed so out of place in the scramble of life, that even they regarded him with something of that patronizing sympathy which those who earn their bread and butter easily, feel for the "unpractical" who are baffled by that first problem of existence.

He had shown little interest in politics, and had never voted but once. Though a very close reader of newspapers, he lacked the culture derived from books. In hours of leisure he wooed not history, philosophy, nor poetry—but euchre, whist, and chess; smoking his clay pipe, and, between the games, relating incidents of the Mexican war and of garrison life in Oregon.

At the Military Academy he had been unnoticeable, and he graduated near the middle of a class which was by no means brilliant. His military life of eleven years gave no distinguishing promise. His reputation was very high for amiability, truthfulness, and fair-mindedness. While campaigning in Mexico, and while busy as a quartermaster both in Mexico and on the frontier, it was above the average for bravery, energy, and business efficiency; but in the idle routine of a line-captain during his last year in the army, and in the circumstances of his leaving it, this had been something marred.

And now when he offered his services to the Government, the adjutant-general did not even answer his letter; his native Ohio had no commission for him, and the governor of his adopted Illinois gave him a half-clerical, half-advisory position, only on the persisting demands of two Galena gentlemen.

"Many meet the gods, but few salute them." The obscure ex-captain had reached middle life without much honor, either in his own country or

anywhere else. Had he died then, he would have been remembered only as a pure, shy, kindly gentleman, of moderate abilities.

But a destiny almost incredible awaited him. In one year he was a laureled hero. In three, he had risen to the command of a million of soldiers. In seven he was the predestined President of the Great Republic. At a period requiring the highest statesmanship, he had won the enthusiastic confidence of thirty millions of people in his ability to conduct their civil affairs; and the leather-dealer's clerk was the foremost man of all the world.

The bare outline of this strange, eventful history, reads like a leaf from the Arabian Nights. I have endeavored to fill in details which make it more intelligible.

I first met General Grant on his way to Donelson. His unassuming modesty, and a certain quiet earnestness, which seemed to "mean business," won greatly upon me, but kindled no suspicion that he was the Coming Man. My fancy painted that expected hero in the good old colors, as quite the opposite of this prosaic brigadier. In my mind's eye I saw him charging at the head of his body-guard in the supreme moment of battle, while he cried, "God and the Union!" and flaming out in proclamations which rang through the land like a trumpet—all in the high Roman fashion.

But every general of whom I predicted greatness, failed to achieve it. Meanwhile, I saw more of Grant, sitting beside him around nightly camp-fires, at the most trying period of his life. Even then I defended him a little haltingly, against bitter assailants. I held him a pure man, an energetic fighter, but by no means one of the few, th' immortal names.

At last, educated to humility of opinion through "the long, dull anguish of patience," it dawned upon me that he was winning great successes, because he was a great general—rising into the key position of the national batteries, solely because he was our gun of heaviest metal and largest caliber.

In these pages I do not give all the minute details of his achievements in the field. The world knows *them* by heart. I seek rather to show what made him the man he is—the stock from which he sprang; the molding influences of his boyhood; his early military and civil life; his intellectual growth, and political education during the great rebellion; his opinions since on national and international affairs—chiefly the difficult and ever-changing questions involved in the stupendous problem of re-adjusting the political and industrial relations of ten millions of people, occupying half a continent; and through all, the little things indicating the interior life of the man—what he thought, and hoped, and feared. Hence I relate many incidents, believing that those, even, which seem trivial and pointless, may help to throw light upon his organization and development.

Personal histories so abound in colorings, suppressions, and half-truths, that it has been said, "A biography is either a satire or a panegyric." For example, documents still in existence prove the George Washington of popular repute as fabulous as Liliput or Bluebeard. There never was any such perfect, supra-human Washington. But there was a Washington, full of human weaknesses and faults, yet of such practical wisdom, such long-

suffering patience, such radiant integrity, that those who knew him best loved and honored—not the moral Apollo we substitute for him, but the living man, infirmities and all, just as he was.

I can not hope to have escaped altogether the dangers which beset this path of literature. But I have tried to write without any theory to vindicate, any case to make out, or any party to serve. I have not asked "Whom will this or that fact help or injure?" but only, "*Is* it a fact?" I have consciously added nothing, concealed nothing, explained away nothing. I have endeavored, not to paint the ideal, but to photograph the man—or, rather, to let the man photograph himself. Wherever it was practicable, I have copied verbatim from his letters, orders, and reports. In conversations I have not professed to give his language in a single case, unless some record, or some person I believe trustworthy, has given his language to me.

In consulting previous works, I have drawn most upon Badeau's admirable volume. For new material, official records have been opened to me with great freedom and kindness, enabling me to use many letters and dispatches upon important points of our recent history, never before given to the public. I have journeyed thousands of miles to visit the various scenes of Grant's checkered life, and talked with hundreds of his life-long acquaintances, civil and military. All have afforded me cheerful assistance, and all have expressed hearty love and admiration for his character.

There are men who still see in him only the darling of fortune—energetic Mediocrity which has blundered into success. I think such are misled by two of his peculiar qualities:—

I. He is unimaginative. When he has nothing to say, he says nothing. In private he fills no interstices of conversation with remarks upon the weather, or inquiries after the babies of his visitor. In public he can make no speeches simply of form or compliment; and since the world cared to hear his opinions on affairs, his official position has seldom allowed him to speak freely. But in public or in private, when he has any thing to utter by tongue or pen, he says it with extreme rapidity and clearness, in terse, marrowy, idiomatic English. His final report as lieutenant-general, his correspondence on the Mexican question, his instructions to military subordinates in the South, and other documents in the closing chapters of this volume, afford many examples. But he clothes his thoughts in no flowers of rhetoric; he presents them in the plainest, homeliest words. Napoleon's memorable sayings are all of this order: "From these summits forty centuries look down upon you." "We will carry our victorious eagles beyond the pillars of Hercules." Grant's are the exact antipodes: "I have no terms but unconditional surrender." "I propose to move immediately upon your works." "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." The armies were "like a balky team." His army was "in a bottle strongly corked." Said the dramatic Corsican after Austerlitz: "Soldiers, I am satisfied with you. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory." Said the matter-of-fact American to his shouting men after Port Gibson: "Soldiers, I thank you. That is all I can say. You have done a good day's

work to-day, but you must do a better one to-morrow." No gushing rhetoric—only the simple, unadorned fact.

II. He is utterly undramatic. Scott was nicknamed by his enemies, "Fuss and Feathers." Grant has less fuss and fewer feathers than any other public man of his day. He believes that "That which is, *is*." He accepts things just as he finds them, not troubling himself about the "Eternal Verities," but doing promptly, thoroughly, and subordinately, the duty which lies right before him, however prosaic and disagreeable. He acts his convictions instead of talking them. So he is called "common-place:" for we Americans are prone to confound brilliancy with greatness; to admire any special shining gift, even though accompanied by some corresponding weakness, rather than that large development and harmonious adjustment of all the faculties—clear judgment, or good common-sense. But even genius, according to Buffon, is "only great patience."

Rarely has so much greatness been disfigured by so few littlenesses; so much goodness marred by so trivial faults. I believe Grant's character—peculiarly unique and American—one of the most beautiful in history; a worthy companion to that of the great President, murdered through the foul conspiracy which was aimed at his life also. Happily he remains to complete the work of Abraham Lincoln—to whom he is so unlike, and yet so like—with the same steadfastness and sagacity, the same "charity for all, and malice toward none."

He is singularly genuine and guileless. He still preserves in his high estate the sweetness and simplicity of his country boyhood. Altogether free from cant, his lips, obeying the teachings of his mother, have uttered no oath, been soiled by no coarseness. He is a miracle of serenity and self-poise. During the terrors of Belmont, when an aide, with pallid cheeks, cried, "Why, General, we are surrounded!" there was no perceptible change in his pleasant face or calm voice as he answered, "Then we will cut our way out." Nearly four years later, as he read Lee's dispatch proposing the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, he was equally unmoved; no elation shone in his face, or sounded in the ordinary tone in which he asked: "Well, General Rawlins, how do you think that will do?" "Tried by both extremes of fortune, and never disturbed by either," he remains as simple and unaffected to-day as in his years of poverty and obscurity.

Our war might have developed a leader profligate, corrupt, or uneasily ambitious, as so many great captains have been in the past. It gave us instead this pure, modest, simple-hearted man, who is loyal and admirable in private life, who loves himself last, and who believes most enthusiastically in the United States of America. Invincibility in war, magnanimity in victory, wisdom in civil government, and unselfishness in all things—what are these, if they be not greatness?

"What is writ is writ; would it were worthier."

It is the imperfect record of a life which carries a striking lesson of charity, of faith in human nature, of certainty that the highest talents may sleep undiscovered until opportunity comes, without which no man is great.

NEW YORK, *August* 1, 1868.

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PERSONAL HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

GENEALOGY.

It is the fashion among modern American biographers to impute Scotch or Scotch-Irish blood to their heroes, and to trace their lineage from the illustrious defenders of Londonderry. The subject of this volume has not escaped the common lot. Indeed, circumstances conspire to thrust it upon him. Not only has he the blue eyes, fair complexion, and sandy beard of the typical Scotch face, but he bears the name of an ancient Scottish clan, to whose chosen motto, "Stand fast, stand firm, stand sure," not a Scot of them was ever more true than he. Hence, his multifarious biographers* report him of Scotch descent, and a tradition to the same effect has been cherished in his own family.

But the record disproves the tradition. Richard A. Wheeler, of Stonington, Connecticut, has searched out the Grant genealogy, and is confident he can establish every link in a court of justice. Running back for more than two hundred and fifty years, it is without a trace of Scotch blood, and leaves no doubt that our General is of English Puritan lineage.

The summer of 1630, ten years after the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth Rock, witnessed an unprecedented immigration to the New England Colony. Between February and August arrived seventeen ships, loaded with families, bringing their cattle, furniture, and other worldly

* While this book was passing through the press, five or six Lives of Grant were already out, and twelve more announced to appear within a few weeks.

goods. The *Mary and John*, which sailed from Plymouth, England, on the twentieth of March, was a ship of four hundred tons, and brought one hundred and forty passengers. They were emigrants from Dorsetshire, Devon, and Somerset, principally young bachelors or young married couples.

I. Among the latter were Matthew Grant, and Priscilla, his wife—the earliest known ancestors of General Grant.* They were each twenty-nine years old, and they brought with them an infant daughter. Probably they had no Scotch blood, for they came from Dorsetshire, one of the three English counties farthest from Scotland, and whose residents were therefore known as "West-country people."

An old record describes the passengers by the *Mary and John* as "a very godly and religious company, many of them being persons of note or figure, and dignified by the title of Master, with which but few in those days were." Two were Wareham and Maverick, both eminent preachers. The voyage was uneventful; but it seems to have been a busy time for the clergymen. Roger Clap, who was on board, kept a diary, which illustrates the Puritan meaning of "comfortably," in a phrase suggesting that of the venerable lady who once declared, "I am so old now that I shall never *enjoy* much more trouble in this world." Roger sums up: "So we came, by the good hand of God, through the deep comfortably, having preaching and expounding of the Word of God *every day for ten weeks together*, by our ministers."

On the thirtieth of May the ship landed at Nantasket, a peninsula on the southeast side of the narrow entrance to the harbor of Boston, and nine miles from that city. It now holds the quaint little hamlet of Hull, hiding from the sea between two hills, and casting but sixteen or seventeen votes, for which political poverty it hath been ridiculed many a time and oft. Says a Massachusetts election

* Four years later, the ancestors of his friend and lieutenant, William T. Sherman, came from Essex County, England, and also settled in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

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proverb, "As goes Hull, so goes the State;" and his Majesty, the Breakfast-Table Autocrat—Now let us sing, Long live the King—thus improves the Essay on Man:—

"All are but parts of one stupendous Hull."

The Nantasket settlers, who were colonists of ten years' standing, hospitably entreated the new-comers, until they could cross in little boats and land at Boston. Captain Squib, master of the *Mary and John*, though a good sailor, was not willing to venture his ship into the intricacies of a harbor of which he knew nothing. But he had agreed to take his immigrants to Boston; and the colonial authorities held a prejudice, not yet altogether extinct in New England, in favor of having agreements lived up to. So Captain Squib's passengers brought suit against him, and recovered damages, for not being landed at their destined port.

Thirteen days after the immigrants reached Nantasket, Governor Winthrop arrived at Salem, then boasting but ten buildings, where he found a frame house awaiting him. In those days milk sold for one penny a quart; and colonists wrote home glowing descriptions of the beauty and fertility of New England. One of their letters records that "by planting thirteen gallons of corn, one can raise three hundred and sixty-four bushels, and every bushel can be sold to the Indians for beaver worth eighteen shillings. So of these gallons of corn, worth six shillings and eightpence, one might have about three hundred and eighty-seven pounds sterling."

The "West-country people" settled four miles from Boston, at Matapan. This Indian appellation they changed to Dorchester, in memory of the county town of their own English Dorsetshire, which like most British names ending in "chester,"* is the site of an old Roman encampment. So the memory of Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, invaded the domain of the Sachem of "Mos-chuset," and changed its nomenclature.

Dorchester is now a pleasant Boston suburb of half a

* *Castra*, camp.

dozen villages and hundreds of generous residences with exquisite grounds. As Emerson says of England, it is finished with the pencil instead of the plow. One house is still standing which was built in 1633, and at the "raising" of which, perhaps, Matthew Grant assisted.

In his day, Dorchester Plantation was a rude settlement of a few log cabins, straggling over most of the territory now embraced in Milton, Canton, Stoughton, Sharon, and South Boston. The salt marshes afforded excellent subsistence for the famishing cattle of the immigrants, but they themselves suffered for want of food. Their first meal was of fish without any bread, and for months, they endured many hardships. Says Roger Clap: "The place was a wilderness. Fish was a good help to me and to others. Bread was so scarce that I thought the very crusts from my father's table would have been sweet; and when I could have meal and salt and water boiled together, I asked, 'Who would ask for better?'"

Among the settlers of Dorchester, were several elderly gentlemen of good estate in England, three men of military experience, and two stockholders of the London Company which held the Massachusetts Bay Charter. The Charter had been drafted for a trading company rather than for a government, so the control of the settlement vested only in the stockholders. But the Puritans would not permit Dorchester to be governed by two men, and the Court of Massachusetts Bay bestowed freemanship upon twenty-four colonists within a month after the arrival of the *Mary and John*. Freemanship was an important endowment, securing to its recipients large tracts of land and making them members of the General Court. This unique tribunal was a sort of colonial town meeting for local government,* as the representative system was not yet in vogue and the colony was almost a pure democracy. The principal qualification for freemanship seems to have been piety, or at least church membership; and Matthew Grant received it, with many others, after he had lived in America for one year.

* The Massachusetts Legislature is still popularly known as the "General Court."

Writers in 1633, describe Dorchester Plantation as having "abundant hay-ground, fair corn-fields, and pleasant gardens, with many cattle, sheep, and swine," though the inhabitants still subsisted largely upon fish.

Among the settlers was Humphrey Atherton, who, a train band captain eke had been in famous London town. He became a leading military spirit of the settlement, for promotion is rapid in new countries, and his ambition was ultimately gratified by a major-generalship. He was the first captain of the "Ancient and Honorable Artillery," a military organization of note still existing in Boston. In the third or fourth year of the colony he died. His memory was honored by an imposing military funeral—which Matthew Grant doubtless attended—and his tombstone was illuminated by the quaint epitaph:

"Here lies our Captain and Major; of Suffolk was withall;
A goodly Magistrate was He, and *Major-generall.*
Two Troops of Horses with Him came such Worth his Love did crave;
Ten Companies of Foot also mourning marched to his Grave.
Let all that read be sure to keep the Faith as He has done;
With Christ He lives now crowned; His Name is Humphrey Atherton."

When Matthew had been four years in America, Priscilla, his wife, died, and left four children, the youngest an infant. The next year, 1635, nearly half of the first Dorchester settlers went to establish new homes in the wilderness of the Connecticut Valley, far beyond the confines of civilization. Early historians give as reasons for this second migration, a "hankering after new lands," which were fertile and grassy, while those of Dorchester were rocky and heavily wooded; better opportunities for trading in furs with the Indians; and fears lest Connecticut should fall into the hands of the Dutch, who were attempting to settle it.

Matthew Grant—now restless and lonely—went with the rest. Reaching the present site of Windsor, half-way between Springfield and Hartford, and already settled by an offshoot from the Plymouth Colony, they were entertained by the pioneers, and, after examining the country, determined to stay. The settlers from Plymouth resented this as ungenerous; but the Dorchester people persisted, and even

drove away another party of twenty from Massachusetts Bay, likewise desirous of remaining.

Matthew Grant and his companions spent the summer in felling trees and building log-houses. Their families remained behind in Dorchester, and in October, several of the men went back for them. Sending their household goods by ship around through Long Island Sound, to come up the Connecticut, they started on their return to Windsor, by land, the babies and invalids on horseback, and men and women walking, and driving their cattle through the wilderness.

Winter set in early. By the middle of November the river was fast frozen, and the snow deep. The overland emigrants suffered much, and were obliged to leave their cattle in the woods, where many died, while the rest lived on acorns until spring. Reaching the Windsor settlement, the travelers were appalled to learn that the ship, with their provisions, was imprisoned in the river below. Seventeen went back to Massachusetts Bay in despair, while those who remained subsisted chiefly on nuts and acorns. At length a party of seventy—men, women, and children—started for the ship, which had frozen in twenty miles above the river's mouth, that they might live on her supplies. But before they reached her, she was released by the spring thaw; so they returned to their settlement, which at first they called New Dorchester, but finally named Windsor.

They carried their lives in their hands. Like all frontiermen, they were reckless of their own safety, but prudent for their wives and children. As soon as their families arrived, they built a palisade, a quadrangle three-quarters of a mile long, to protect them against Indians. Those who had houses or lots outside, left them and moved in. Matthew Grant had cleared six acres, but abandoned it all except the little piece on which his log-dwelling stood, within the palisade, and next to the old Windsor town-house. For ninety years the colonists suffered constantly from Indians. At home, in the field, in the meeting-house, nowhere were they secure.

"Honest Matthew Grant" filled a large place in the settlement. He was elected one of two surveyors, to overlook the construction and preservation of highways, and continued in that office for the greater part of his life. The roads and farm boundaries were very crooked and involved, and real estate plentiful and cheap. After working hard all day at surveying, Matthew used to say, "I would not accept all the land I have bounded to-day as pay for my day's work."

He was also town clerk for many years. His autograph constantly appears on the Windsor records, to authenticate public documents. In 1637, the driven-out Massachusetts people sold their tract to this colony. Appended to the deed is a long note describing the land, and signed "Matthew Grant, Recorder." He seems to have taken a just pride in his own integrity. In a land suit, in 1675, in a deposition still preserved in the State archives at Hartford, he testified in somewhat nebulous rhetoric:—

"If any question my uprightness and legal acting about our town affairs, that I have been employed in a measure of land and getting out of lots of men which has been done by me from our first beginning here come next September is forty yere. I never got out any land to any man until I knew he had a grant to it from the townsmen, and town's approbation, or to recording after the book was turned. I am chose near twenty-three years since. I can say with a cleare conscience I have been careful to do nothing upon one man's desire."

He was a Puritan of the Puritans. A schism arose in the church about the old minister, Wareham, who had come with the colonists from Dorchester, and, in his old age, was thought a little rigid and narrow even for those days. So a party of townspeople established a parish under a younger and more liberal divine named Woodbridge. They desired to have this entered upon the town records; but Matthew Grant, apparently alarmed at the degeneracy and growing impiety of the times, refused to write it. The new church people, however, were men of authority, and seem to have demanded the book to enter the fact themselves. At all events, the record stands in a strange handwriting, with a note appended in Matthew's well-known chi-

rography explaining the affair, and indirectly protesting against it.

The Windsor records, in the library of the Connecticut Historical Society, show that he was clerk of the church until his death. Matthew's brief business-like entries are open to criticism, for he studied conciseness in letters as well as in words, and did not put himself to unnecessary trouble in the use of the parts of speech. The sexes are classified as "menkind," and "womenkind," and daughter is given as "darter." Dates of sacraments, baptisms, church admissions, suspensions, and indebtedness to the deacons for bread and wine, are recorded. There are also allusions to the flood of 1639, and to a subscription for sufferers in King Philip's War, to which Matthew and his son both contributed. There was little fighting south of Springfield; but it was at Hadley, only a few miles above, that Indians attacked while the settlers were at church, and an old man with white flowing beard—whom they at first supposed an angel, but who proved to be one of the fugitive judges of Charles the First—suddenly appeared from the forest and led the worshipers to victory.

Matthew's immediate successor as church clerk, was less concise and business-like, but more sentimental, and wrote invocations like this: "1685. The Lord make the next year a good year." "1688. Not so much as one added to the church this year, and as many died out of it as were added the year before. The good Lord awaken and humble us!"

Among the passengers by the *Mary and John* was William Rockwell, an elderly man of good estate, who brought Susannah, his wife, and eight children. He also came to Windsor, where he was first deacon of the church. In 1640 he died. Five years later, and ten years after the loss of his first wife, Matthew Grant was married to Susannah Rockwell. He was forty-four years old, and she forty-three, and they began housekeeping with the fair start of twelve children. They lived together twenty-one years. She died November 14, 1666, and he December 16, 1681, at the age of eighty, outliving her fifteen years, and spending the close of his life with his youngest son, John.

II. Samuel, Matthew's second son, was born in Dorchester, November 12, 1631. When four years old he removed with his father to Windsor, where he lived and died. He left eight children, all bearing Biblical names.

III. Samuel (second), first child of the above, was born in Windsor, April 20, 1659. On coming to manhood, he moved to East Windsor, just across the river. There he lived and died, leaving nine children, of whom seven bore Biblical names.

IV. Noah, first child of the above by a second marriage, was born in Windsor, December 16, 1692. During his lifetime the portion of Windsor in which he resided was set off to Tolland. From his wife's family descended Samuel Huntington, one of the first Supreme Judges and afterward Governor of Ohio. He resided near Painesville, in that State, and a story, at least entertaining, has been handed down, that once, riding homeward through the woods just before dark, he was set upon by a pack of wolves. He had no weapon but a great umbrella. Whenever his snarling pursuers came too near, he would suddenly spread this open and send them flying back. Then putting spurs to his fleet horse, he outstripped them for a few minutes. Thus he finally got home in safety, bearing only the frame and shreds of his opportune umbrella.

V. Noah (second), eldest child of the above, was born in Tolland, July 12, 1718. He married Susannah Delano, of the family from which Columbus Delano, late a Representative in Congress from Ohio, is descended. About 1750 Noah moved to the adjoining town of Coventry. Soon after began the final struggle between the French and English for supremacy on the American Continent, in which he and his brother Solomon both served.

The old French and Indian War of our great-grandfathers!—how dim and remote the antiquity, in which it now seems hidden! The first blood was shed in Western Pennsylvania, under Major George Washington, in 1754. The next year occurred the ambush and slaughter of the English and Americans, under Braddock, ten miles from Pittsburg, in which every officer but Washington, now a

colonel, was killed or wounded. One night a week later, in the deep woods, by a glowing torchlight, the young American colonel read the funeral service of the English Church over the corpse of Braddock. Four years after came the dramatic battle of the Heights of Abraham, in which Wolfe and Montcalm gave up their lives, and won a sure place in history.

Before entering the service, Solomon Grant, who was a bachelor, thirty years old, made his will, giving his real estate to Noah, or, in the event of Noah's death, to his eldest son, and so on in entail forever.

The curious document ran thus:—

In the name of God, Amen, the eighth day of September, A. D. 1755.

I, Solomon Grant of Coventry, in the County of Windham and Colony of Connecticut, in New England, being about going on the expedition against Crown Point, and also of perfect mind and memory, Thanks be to God therefor, calling into mind the mortality of my body, and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, that is to say, Principally, and first of all,—I give and recommend my Soul into the hands of God that gave it, and my body I recommend to the earth, to be buried in decent Christian burial, at the discretion of my Executor, nothing doubting but at the General Resurrection I shall receive the same again, by the mighty power of God, and as touching such worldly Estate, wherewith it hath pleased God to bless me in this life

I give, devise, and dispose of the same, in the following manner and form,

Imprimis. I give and devise unto my well-beloved Brother, Noah Grant, all and every part of my real estate during his natural life. At his decease I give the whole of said estate to my said brother's oldest son then surviving, and at his decease to the next oldest male heir, and so on, to be an estate entail, in manner aforesaid, successively from one generation to another to the latest posterity.

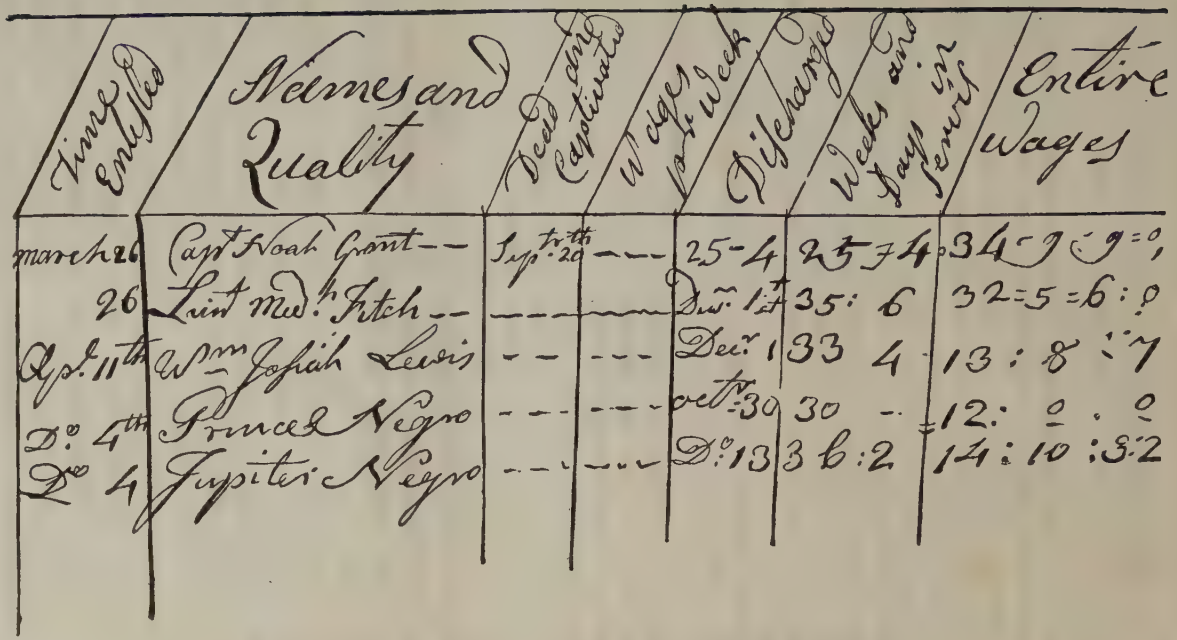
Item. I give and bequeath unto my well-beloved Brother, Adoniram Grant, after my debts and funeral expenses are paid, and also he paying what I shall hereafter bequeath, the whole of my movable estate,

Item. I give and bequeath unto my well-beloved Sister, Martha Price, one hundred pounds in old tenor bills of credit, to be paid out of my movable estate.

Item. I give and bequeath to my well-beloved brothers, Benjamin and Elias Buell, each of them twenty pounds, in old tenor bills of credit, to be out of my movable estate.

Item. I give and bequeath to my well-beloved sister, Abigal Buell, ten pounds in old tenor bills of credit, to be paid out of my movable estate.

Item. I give and bequeath unto my well-beloved Brother, Samuel Buell,



Time Enlisted	Names and Quality	Dead or Captivated	Wages p. Week	Discharged	Weeks and Days in Service	Entire Wages
march 26	Capt. Noah Grant	Sept. 20th		25-4	25 7 4	34-9-9=0
26	Lieut. Mad.h Fitch			Dec. 12th	35: 6	32=5=6:0
Apl. 11th	Wm. Josiah Lewis			Dec. 1	33 4	13:8:7
D.o 4th	Prince Negro			oct. 30	30 -	12: 0 . 0
D.o 4	Jupiter Negro			D.o 13	36:2	14:10:3:2

FROM CAPTAIN NOAH GRANT'S MUSTER-ROLL, MARCH, 1755.

five pounds, in old tenor bills of credit, to be paid out of my movable estate.

Item. I give and bequeath to my well-beloved Sister, Hannah Kimball, five pounds in old tenor bills of credit, to be paid out of my movable estate.

Item. I give and bequeath unto the Second Society of Coventry aforesaid two hundred pounds in old tenor bills of credit, for the use and benefit of the School in said Society, to be paid out of my movable estate.

All the above Legacies to be paid by my Executor after named, within the space of one year after my decease.

I do hereby constitute, make, and ordain, my well-beloved Brother, Adoniram Grant, to be my sole Executor of this my last Will and Testament, and I do hereby disallow, revoke, and disannul all and every other former Testaments, Legacies, Bequests, and Executors, by me, in any way before named, Ratifying and Confirming this and no other to be my last Will and Testament.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the day and year above written.

SOLOMON GRANT, [L.S.]

Signed, Sealed, Published, Pronounced, and Declared by the said Solomon Grant, as his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, the Subscribers,

PHINEAS STRONG, JR.,
CALEB FAIRCHILD,
OZIAS STRONG.

The inventory accompanying gave the property as about nine hundred pounds sterling. The brothers were both killed in an engagement near Oswego, New York, September 20, 1756.

Noah and his brother were in different companies, Noah a captain, and Solomon a lieutenant. The original muster-roll of Noah's company is still preserved in his own handwriting, headed by his own name as captain, and dated March 26, 1755. There was no military prejudice against color in those days, for two privates on the muster-roll are designated: "Prince, negro," and "Jupiter, negro.'

VI. Noah (third), son of the above, was born in Coventry, Connecticut, on the twenty-third of June, 1748. The subsequent change in our calendar from Old Style to New, brought his birthday on the fourth of July, to the keen satisfaction of Noah, who had inherited the patriotic and military tastes of

his father. After marrying Anna Buell, of the family from which sprang General Don Carlos Buell, Noah went into the army at the first drum-beat of the conflict for Independence. He was a lieutenant of militia at the battle of Lexington, and served through the entire Revolutionary War, coming out with the rank of captain.

When he returned from the war, the Connecticut Valley, which, a hundred and fifty years earlier, his ancestor Matthew had found a howling wilderness, was dotted with towns, villages, and farms, and filled with an industrious, thrifty people. Brissot, who wrote in 1788, says: "Nature and art have spread out all their treasures to make it the Paradise of the United States. Nevertheless, in this State there is much land to sell. What is the reason? *The principal one is the desire of emigration to the West.* The desire to do better has empoisoned the joys even of the inhabitants of Connecticut."

Noah Grant returned to a desolate home. His wife had died, leaving him two sons, Solomon and Peter. Under this affliction, aggravated by the restlessness which army life leaves, in 1790 he succumbed to the prevailing emigration fever, and removed to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, settling near Greensburg, on the Monongahela River. Twenty miles below was Pittsburg, then a frontier post of only five hundred inhabitants, but already boasting a newspaper, *The Pittsburg Gazette*, which is still in existence. The people dwelt in log-houses, and there was a little garrison at Fort Pitt, where the Monongahela and Alleghany unite to form the Ohio.

In the French and Indian War, a certain Major Grant with eight hundred Scots, had fought the Indians on an acclivity east of the town, which is called Grant's Hill to this day. Hence possibly the tradition of Scotch descent in the Grant family, who may have erroneously supposed this Scotch major of Pittsburg to be of their kith and kin.

A rough mail carriage had just begun to run to Philadelphia, though there was no turnpike, and roads were horrible. Most travelers journeyed on horseback, spending the nights at taverns, where lodging and meals were twenty-

five cents each. The horseback trip from Philadelphia occupied eight or ten days. Freights over the same route cost forty-five shillings per hundred-weight.

Westmoreland County is a rough mountainous region, whose people, though at the outset of the Revolution on the verge of war with their Virginia neighbors about the boundary between the two States, and during its progress suffering greatly from Indian attacks, had been intensely loyal to the national cause. After the war, the great tide of emigration from New England to the Northwest Territory (Ohio), swept directly through it. Emigrants would cross the Alleghanies, and then embark in canoes on the "Yock" or Youghiogheny River, float down it and the Monongahela to Pittsburg, stop there a few hours for supplies, and then glide down the Ohio into the deeper wilderness beyond.

The people of Westmoreland lived largely upon venison and potatoes, though cattle were plentiful, and the new land produced corn abundantly. They shipped cider and beer down the river to Ohio and Kentucky, and made enormous quantities of whisky, supplying much of the South and West. They raised flax from which the women wove clothing for their entire families. Iron mines in the vicinity of Pittsburg were already attracting attention; glass and iron manufactories were springing up, and some oil wells had been discovered. They were not deemed valuable, however, but simply regarded as curiosities. The woods still abounded in whip-poor-wills, owls, bears, and panthers, and often in hostile Indians. There was no money in the region, and its entire business was conducted through barter.

Such was the country and society in which Noah Grant settled. On the fourth of March, 1792, two years after his arrival, he married a widow named Rachael Kelly, by whom he had seven children, five of whom are now living, their ages ranging from sixty-five to seventy-five years.

VII. Jesse Root Grant, fourth child of the above, was born January 23, 1794. He was named for Jesse Root, many years Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of Connecticut.

Noah Grant, still restless, lived only nine years in Penn-

sylvania. In April, 1799, again he folded his tent like the Arab, and as silently stole away—into a new wilderness. Wagons were then little used; the river, alive with travel and commerce, was the great thoroughfare. At high water crafts went from Pittsburg to the present site of Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio, in twenty days, but in summer the voyage sometimes consumed ten weeks.

The river vessels floated with the current, were flat-bottomed, and of two classes: trading boats, bound for Kentucky and New Orleans, and loaded with whisky, flour, apples, cider, apple-brandy, earthenware, iron, and glass; and family boats, of emigrants, carrying farming utensils, household goods, cattle, horses, men, women, and children.

In a boat of the latter class, Noah Grant and his wife embarked with their five young children, a horse, two cows, cooking utensils, and all the rest of their worldly goods. Their craft was snug, and a part of it was roofed. Bidding adieu to their old home, they floated down the Monongahela and then down the fair Ohio, whose banks were already dotted by a few farms. They did not stop at night, but glided on through the darkness, one watching while the others slept.

Forty-five miles below Pittsburg and two below the Pennsylvania line, they landed at the little settlement of Fawcettstown, now Liverpool, Columbiana County, Ohio. The river here, half a mile wide, at low water is almost fordable, but in spring very high, full of driftwood, and dotted with stern-wheel steamers, pushing black coal barges before them. Liverpool, on the north bank, occupies a bluff which slopes down to the river, and looks across upon a sharp, wooded hill. The village is a long straggling collection of buildings which look as if they were on their way "down to the river to drink,"—dingy dwellings and stores, sharp-roofed white cottages, shaded by ash and elm, and pottery factories, each a queer, circular edifice of brick, with huge, round chimney, looking like a bee-hive with a stove-pipe protruding from the top.

Such is the Liverpool of to-day. Noah Grant found it composed only of half a dozen log-cabins in the deep

forest. His son Jesse, then five years old, is still living in full health and vigor, and well remembers the voyage sixty-nine years after its occurrence. He is the father of General Grant.

We will recapitulate the foregoing facts, and anticipate some yet to be related, to present in compact and complete form the genealogical record:

I. Matthew Grant, born in Dorsetshire, England, 1601. Married Priscilla ——, in England, November 17, 1625. Arrived at Nantasket Point, Massachusetts, May 30, 1630, and settled in Dorchester. Removed to Windsor, Connecticut, September, 1635.

II. Samuel Grant, born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, November 12, 1631. Married Mary Porter, May 27, 1658.

III. Samuel Grant (second), born in Windsor, Connecticut, April 20, 1659. Married (second wife) Grace Minor, April 11, 1688.

IV. Noah Grant, born in Windsor, Connecticut, December 16, 1692. Married Martha Huntington, June 12, 1717.

V. Noah Grant (second), born in Tolland, Connecticut, July 12, 1718. Married Susannah Delano, November 5, 1746.

VI. Noah Grant (third), born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 23, 1748. Removed to Pennsylvania, 1790. Married (second wife) Rachael Kelly, March 4, 1792.

VII. Jesse Root Grant, born in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, January 23, 1794. Removed to Ohio, April, 1799. Married Hannah Simpson, June 24, 1821.

VIII. Ulysses Simpson Grant, born at Point Pleasant, Clermont County, Ohio, April 27, 1822.

CHAPTER II.

PARENTAGE AND BIRTH.

THE pleasant spring days, when Noah Grant and his family glided down the Beautiful River came and went in the last year of the eighteenth century.

The "Northwest Territory" held their new home. Its Governor Arthur St. Clair, an erect, soldierly old gentleman, with blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and long, powdered hair, had been a brigadier-general in the Revolution, and a major-general in later Indian wars. Its delegate in Congress, Captain William Henry Harrison, was a young soldier of twenty-six. The American Union held only five millions of people. It was composed of sixteen States, Mississippi Territory,—afterward divided into Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi—and the Northwest Territory, which embraced the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan. Neither Louisiana nor Florida, nor a single acre west of the Mississippi belonged to our Government. Indeed, only seven years had passed since the discovery of the great Columbia River.

Elders of Tory proclivities still spoke of Great Britain as "home," just as our Oregon and California settlers speak of the Eastern States. Queues, knee-breeches, silk stockings, silver shoe-buckles, and three-cornered hats, were yet in vogue. In the popular branch of Congress, and in State Legislatures, all members wore their hats, except the Speaker, sitting in his chair, and the orator of the moment, standing upon the floor.

Bridges were scarce throughout the Union. Single canoes and skiffs served as ferries for foot passengers, and two lashed together and covered with boards, for teams. Carriages were rare; and nearly all private traveling was on

St. Mary's

foot or on horseback. A horse-block stood before every door; and on Sundays, one might see many an old family steed jogging along toward church with one or both parents and one or two children all on his patient back.

The few clocks in use were of foreign manufacture. They stood erect, six or eight feet high, resembling nothing so much as upright coffins. Watches were still more rare. The possession of the enormous but fashionable silver "bull's eye," meant either wealth or extravagance. Hour-glasses and sun-dials were chiefly used for marking time. No sanguine theorist had yet been mad enough to dream of a sewing-machine, but each house had its loom and spinning-wheel, with which the frugal matron provided clothing for her family. Farmers wives and daughters also worked much in the fields, especially in seasons of planting, haying, harvesting, and gathering apples. Fish and game formed a large part of the national diet.

Philadelphia, the leading American city, boasted seventy thousand people. New York, its chief rival, had only sixty thousand, and they were largely from Holland. Everywhere was the Dutch language seen upon New York signs, and heard along New York streets. At Astor Place, Broadway ended against a farm fence. Washington Square was a pauper graveyard, and the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway a negro burial-ground. Lower Pearl Street was the fashionable resident quarter. Every citizen swept the thoroughfare in front of his house twice a week. Oil lamps lighted the streets, and hickory wood was the ordinary fuel. Milk was retailed from tin cans, suspended from neck yokes, borne by the milkmen themselves. Drinking water was sold from carts at a penny a gallon, though there stood a reservoir on Chambers Street, between Broadway and Centre, its water, pumped up from wells, was distributed through a few neighborhoods by bored logs.

The stage journey from New York to Boston occupied a week, the time being diversified by prying the vehicle with rails out of mud-holes, in the deep woods. Nevertheless, stage-coaches, only lately introduced, were such an improvement on the old horseback mode, that travelers wondered at

the ease and expedition they afforded. How little like our day, when, as Thackeray has it, "we no longer travel, we only *arrive*."

Boston had twenty-five thousand inhabitants. Cows ran loose in the streets, and were pastured on the Common, which was exactly what its name indicates. Foreign travelers noted, with the proper surprise, that New Englanders preferred their glutinous "Boston brown bread" of corn and rye to the daintiest of delicacies; that innkeepers sat at table with their guests; that stage-drivers were sometimes captains or colonels; that a large proportion of the people were without butter, and many lived on bacon and salt pork; that in Western Pennsylvania coal-oil often bubbled up in springs, making the creeks glassy; that a thousand acres of good land near Pittsburg was offered as a gift if one would settle upon it; that ex-President George Washington was reputed by his neighbors exacting and penurious, a hard master to his slaves, and a man without remarkable ability, though of clearest judgment and shining integrity; that Vice-President Thomas Jefferson was equally successful as a farmer, scholar, philosopher, and statesman—the foremost man of all the New World; that little was known of the remote Mississippi, and that little chiefly by way of New Orleans, though there were vague rumors that one might travel for ninety days along the Great River, through a fair country, all inhabited by Indians; that in the Atlantic States, as now in Colorado, Idaho, and Utah, grasshoppers often stripped the meadows of every atom of green, even eating the bark from currant-bushes; that stages between New York and Washington made four to five miles an hour on good roads, but were often overturned by stumps of trees; and that in Kentucky many log-houses were entered only from the top, Robinson Crusoe fashion, and the ladders drawn up at night as a precaution against savages.

Albany was not only truly rural, but truly Dutch. Its queer houses, with gable ends to the streets, had high sharp roofs, little windows, and low porches, upon which phlegmatic Hollanders sat smoking from morning until night.

St. Louis was a village of nine hundred people; and its first

brick building was not erected until fourteen years later. Louisiana, which embraced not only our State of that name, but all the vast territory between the Mississippi and the Pacific, belonged to France. It was a wild boundless region, with only seventy thousand nominally civilized inhabitants, of whom half were negroes, and nearly all spoke the French language.

Cincinnati had four hundred inhabitants. Its houses were of logs or planks from immigrants' boats, standing on end, and sometimes covered with clapboards. Main Street was diversified by one large frog-pond at the intersection of Columbia, and another overgrown with alders on the corner of Fifth. On Water Street stood a whipping-post, at which it was the jailer's duty to castigate criminals for stealing. Sometimes, when on a spree, that jocular official amused himself by cowhiding *all* the prisoners, including those confined for debt. Fort Washington was a garrisoned post in the heart of the city. Near it a washer-woman occupied a hollow, standing sycamore-tree as her dwelling. It was large enough to afford her one good-sized room, and the aperture where a limb had broken off served for her chimney. Small change was very difficult to obtain, and less amounts than twelve and a half cents were given out in pins, needles, writing-paper, and raccoon skins. The city had two little newspapers, which chronicled the stealing of horses and killing of settlers by Indians, and copied New York news six weeks old, and London news four or five months old.

On the first of each month a keel-boat left Pittsburg for Cincinnati, and another left Cincinnati for Pittsburg. In passing down they ran with the current; in going up they were propelled by the wind when it blew, and by poles when it didn't. These two boats did the entire packet business of the Upper Ohio. They were bullet-proof, and supplied with small-arms and cannon. Ordinary flat-boats, in going up stream, were "cordeled"—worked by the capstan, with ropes attached to trees on the bank.

This was but sixteen years after the first daily newspaper appeared in America; two years after the earliest

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introduction of gas-light; eight years before Robert Fulton launched his first steamer, though a few months after poor John Fitch—who constructed steamboats twelve years before Fulton, yet, lacking his rare business tact, failed to introduce them—died by his own hand, a despairing, broken-hearted man. It was twelve years before the first steamer descended the Ohio, thirty-nine before the first one crossed the Atlantic, and twenty-nine before the first steam cars ran in America—between Albany and Schenectady.

Washington was living at Mount Vernon, threescore and ten, still standing six feet two, muscular and erect, with his blue eyes undimmed, but his brown hair silvered. During his second term, just ended, he had been traduced even more shamefully than was Abraham Lincoln in our day—charged with imbecility, treachery to his country, and even personal cowardice and dishonesty. John Adams was President of the United States. Alexander Hamilton, slender, graceful, generous, with the fair face of perpetual youth, was in the full splendor of his fame, practicing law in New York. James Madison was a member of the Virginia Legislature; Albert Gallatin, a broad-browed, splendid-looking Representative from Western Pennsylvania, making powerful speeches in Congress with a strong foreign accent; Andrew Jackson, a Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee; Matthew Lyon, a rattle-brained Irish-born Representative from Vermont, where he published a newspaper for which he had cut the types with his own hand, and made the paper of bass-wood. He it was who, spitting in the face of a Connecticut Representative, and getting caned in return in presence of the whole House, began the scenes of violence and words of Billingsgate, which, at intervals ever since, and never so much as of late, have made the country blush for the boorishness and indecency of its Congress.

Henry Clay was a tall, ungraceful youth of twenty-two, beginning to practice law in Lexington, Kentucky; John Quincy Adams, at the same age, American Minister to Berlin. John Randolph, with great lustrous eyes, and long hair parting in the middle, was an awkward

young man of twenty-six, who had read every thing, and was now running for Congress. George Stephenson was eighteen, and did not know a letter of the alphabet, but he had learned to take his engine apart and repair it, and was making shoes and cutting out clothing for the miners, to earn his passage to America. Walter Scott was a deputy sheriff, who had published a few ballads, but did not write his first novel until fifteen years afterward. John C. Calhoun was preparing for college; Martin Van Buren studying law; Daniel Webster, a sophomore at Dartmouth College, and Lewis Cass journeying on foot across the Alleghanies to find a home in the great West.

Eli Whitney, disgusted with the bad faith that had made his cotton-gin a pecuniary failure, was manufacturing muskets at New Haven. Robert Fulton, with the most pleasing manners, handsome features, and sparkling black eyes, was studying the sciences and constructing steamboat models in Paris. Fisher Ames, the ablest orator and writer of his day, had retired from public life, and was philosophizing among his Massachusetts gardens and orchards. Noah Webster at forty-one was publishing a treatise on pestilential diseases. He had already been soldier, lecturer, school-teacher, politician, and editor, and did not begin his great dictionary until eight years later. Lindley Murray was a retired lawyer and merchant of fifty-four, who had but recently issued his English Grammar. It is noteworthy that the great grammarian and the great lexicographer of our language —those upon whose works all later works are based—did not devote themselves to their special studies until after reaching middle life—only found their places in the great working world after playing Jack-at-all-trades through their best working years.

I should crave pardon for this long digression, did I not contemplate many more which would better be condoned all "in the lump." Beside, the reader may think that the main journey should be omitted, rather than these wanderings in by-paths. For are we not all born gossips? and what are these but the gossip of literature? We have not taken passage on a modern express train, which will

take us straight through to Finis Station at thirty miles an hour, with no extra charge for the chances of being pitched over a precipice, and then broiled in a burning carriage. Not at all. Our way is among the fathers, jogging on horseback or trudging afoot, over stumpy roads, through great forests, and along a few cleared fields inclosed by brush fences. Ample leisure have we to be sociable. After dinner, on the porch of the log inn will we smoke our pipe, and chat as long as we like with the good-humored landlord. Along the road will we laugh leisurely at the droll stories and merry songs of our jolly fellow-traveler, or shake our heads with the solemn one, who is sure that the young country is already going to the dogs—and betimes help pry the coach-wheels with a rail out of the mudhole, while one hospitable passenger offers us a drink of rum from his black bottle—in which a bit of corn-cob, wrapped with a rag, serves for stopper—while the rest tell us the latest news about the prospect of war with France, or the health of General Washington, or the progress of that rough, dreary, wilderness town on the Potomac to which the Federal Capital is about to be removed from Philadelphia.

We will chat with the farmer by the roadside, who is turning up the black soil with wooden plow, or stirring it around the tender corn with clumsy iron hoe;—with the kindly matron, who stops the loom's swift shuttle on her porch, to draw up the huge sweep and give us a gourd of cool water from her old oaken bucket;—with the shy maiden in white sun-bonnet, who walks beside us toward the cross-roads where stands the log school-house, in which she reigns supreme over her boisterous, but loyal and tender-hearted little subjects. Nay, when the mood is on us, we will wander off the road altogether, to pluck luscious strawberries on sunny slopes, or gather wild honeysuckles in grassy dells, or wade for waxen water-lilies, that sleep white and calm as ivory on their glassy beds, where

"The river glideth at his own sweet will."

Suppose we *are* a little longer upon the journey, do we travel on business, or for pleasure? And shall we imitate

those dreadful American tourists who do all Europe in thirty days, and come back to tell us—not what they have seen to enlarge their culture and warm their hearts, and make their lives more fair and fruitful—but only how many miles they have traveled and how many dollars it has cost? Not we, indeed.

Noah Grant raised his cabin on the bank of the Ohio. Just after his arrival, an Indian called White Eyes was shot by a settler's son, in a personal altercation. This caused a few skirmishes, until the citizens united and cleared the entire region of red men.

In December of that year Washington died. One day Jesse, five years old, observed his mother weeping, and asked:—

"What is the matter?"

"General Washington is dead," she replied, through her sobs.

The lad, upon whom a knowledge of the father of his country had never yet dawned, promptly inquired:—

"Was he any relation of yours?"

Jesse was a born Yankee, and ingenuity is justified of her children. At six years he rode an old family horse to mill, to bring back a bag of meal, which he used as a saddle. On the way home he fell asleep, and the bag slipped off, carrying boy and all. Jesse awoke, rubbed his eyes and pondered. The horse towered above him like a mountain. He could not mount alone, much less lift on the meal. It was three-quarters of a mile back to the mill, and half a mile forward home. He might leave the bag in the road, but meal was precious, hogs abounded, and hogs which sustain a precarious existence on acorns and wild roots, have a special "affinity" for corn in any form except the liquid one of whisky. The lad cogitated until—Eureka!—hard by was a half-fallen tree, whose stem formed an inclined plane! To the foot of this the little fellow rolled his bag; then worked it laboriously up the trunk. When it was high enough he led the old horse under, pushed the bag down on the steed's back, dropped upon it himself, and jogged home in triumph. In which fertility of resource

not only was the boy father to the man, but father likewise to his future son.

Noah Grant had only established himself temporarily. The Western Reserve was not yet surveyed or open to settlement; but he looked upon it with longing eyes, for it was an admirable body of land. Its three millions of acres embraced the present site of Cleveland, and the eight northeastern counties of Ohio. It was known as New Connecticut, for it belonged to the Nutmeg State. In 1800, however, she sold it to the General Government, and from the proceeds obtained her magnificent school fund. But she retained one county for the benefit of her own citizens, who had suffered from the burning of buildings by the British during the Revolution, and these tracts were long known as the "Connecticut Fire Lands."

The whole region was settled chiefly from New England, and to this day, in pronunciations, in idioms, in social habits, and in political faith, it is like a portion of Massachusetts transplanted bodily to the West.

When Jesse was ten years old the Reserve was thrown open, and his father established his new home upon it, in Portage County, forty miles from the old home, and near the present town of Deerfield.

The next year Noah's wife died. It was a sore loss, for she was the chief dependence of the family. Noah Grant—dark haired, but in form and size like the General—was well educated, clear-headed, a brilliant talker, and a vivid describer of battles. But he was never a provident man. On coming to his majority he inherited a life interest in the Coventry property left by his uncle Solomon. But, little by little, he parted with it all before he was thirty years old.* And in seven years of military life, a common misfortune befel

* After the Revolution, entail was abolished, so upon Noah's death this property fell in fee-simple to his eldest son Peter. Before Peter could take possession he died, and his children inherited it. In 1833, their uncle—the General's father—visited Connecticut to look after it. It consisted of two hundred acres in Coventry. The tenants, who had purchased the life-interest of Noah, were mostly poor, and held farms of five, ten, and twenty-five acres. The property was worth ten thousand dollars; but the heirs, who were all in comfortable circumstances, finally quit-claimed to the occupants on receiving three thousand dollars.

him—he lost something of his self-control, and acquired the fondness for stimulants often born of army excitements. So, since the close of the war, his family had been poor, and now, the death of his wife broke it up. The younger children were adopted by neighbors, and Susan and Jesse, the two eldest, had to face life and provide for themselves.

After Jesse's mother died, he found this rather a hard world. He worked at several places, earning plain food and scanty clothing; but in November, 1808, the lad, now fourteen years old, went twenty-five miles from Deerfield, to Youngstown, Trumbull County, to live with Judge George Tod of the State Supreme Court. Here Jesse found a home. He was sent to school three months of the first, and three months of the second year, but that was the whole of his school education. In arithmetic he arrived at a dim perception of the single rule of three. Later in life he devoted himself to text books, until sufficiently accomplished for the transaction of ordinary business, and even studied grammar after he was a married man.

In summer, at Judge Tod's, Jesse worked on the farm, clearing land, and planting corn. The first winter he wore the Judge's cast-off garments made over; but the second autumn saw him decked in a full suit of "store clothing," to the delight of his boyish heart.

There were no carriages in that region for many years later. Young settlers from the East, outvying the tame romance of Hero and Leander, used to walk back to Connecticut, six hundred miles, to be married. Then they would start in a light wagon, with cooking utensils, and blankets for camping, to begin their new home with the slender materials, which usually bring the most substantial stock of happiness.

There was little money in Ohio, and the settlers were extremely poor. Even candles were an unusual luxury, and most houses were lighted by a burning rag, which floated upon a dish of oil. The people lived in log-cabins, with roofs of split clapboards, upon which poles were laid to keep them in place. After a few years they covered their roofs with split shingles. At first they built the brush fence, but in

two or three years erected the high worm fence of rails, and set fire to the old brush, which blazed like tinder. Game, including bears and wolves, was abundant. So were Indians, chiefly Ottawas and Muncies, but in general they were very friendly.

The pioneers, who raised nearly every thing they ate, at first bought their few groceries at Pittsburg, but soon made Cleveland their trading point. At the outset, in winter they fed their swine on potatoes and peas, fancying the soil too cold for Indian corn, but in time they learned that it was admirably adapted to that grain. Still the nights were extremely cool, even in summer. The country was heavily timbered, and the deep forest shade kept the earth from receiving the sun's heat, so settlers built dwellings on the warm open banks beside the streams.

The orphan lad was happy at his new home. Among his playmates was David Tod, who lived to be Governor of Ohio, while Jesse's son was leading great armies to victory.

Mush and milk was the boys' luxury. Every night they were sent to eat it for supper before the roaring log-fire of the great kitchen. On the first evening the spoons and bowls excited Jesse's wonder. He thought them a miracle of elegance. When he became so familiar that he dared to ask the question, he queried of one of the boys :—

"What are these spoons made of?"

"Silver."

"What are the bowls made of?"

"China?"

Jesse, who thought with Squeers, "Here's richness," continued earnestly :—

"When I am a man, and have children, I am going to buy just such spoons and bowls as these. What did they cost?"

"I don't know. I'll go and ask mother."

So the future Governor toddled off to the elders, in the sitting-room, and soon came back with the message :—

"She says you'll have to be very rich before you can own them, for the set cost eighteen dollars."

Eighteen dollars was an enormous sum; but the ambitious boy still insisted that he would live to own such spoons and bowls. He further determined that he would marry at twenty-five, if able to support a wife, and retire from business at sixty, if he reached that age; for, stung by the inconvenience and bitterness of want, he had firmly resolved that, while his father, born rich had died poor, he, born poor, would die rich. Unlike most of us who never fulfill the rosy expectations of youth, Jesse lived to realize his; but then his were practical, and quite below the region of romance. His brothers, too, seem to have been moved by the same impulse, for all lived to accumulate wealth.

At sixteen, Jesse left Judge Tod's, and returned to Deerfield, where he spent two years in learning the tanning business. But the yard was only large enough to employ one man; so, at eighteen, he was apprenticed to his half-brother in Maysville, Kentucky. There he remained till he had become a first-class tanner. This was during the war of 1812. As British emissaries had excited Indians to cruel hostilities in the West, that section was zealous in favor of the war, while New England, whose shipping interest the war utterly ruined, was equally zealous against it.

At the outset, our fathers looked upon this struggle as more formidable than, in the spring of 1861, we deemed the Great Rebellion. Congress authorized the President to call out one hundred and seventy-five thousand volunteers and militia. Stirring scenes followed, of which we hardly remember the outline—western settlers massacred by Indians; Harrison's brilliant fight at Tippecanoe, the most desperate Indian battle of history; Perry's magnificent naval victory on Lake Erie, upon which he based his famous dispatch, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours;" the flight of President Madison and his cabinet from Washington, and the capture of that city, a disaster causing more excitement and humiliation than the Bull Run defeat of our own day; and finally, Jackson's wonderful victory at New Orleans, fifteen days after the signing of a treaty of peace at Ghent between commissioners of Great Britain

and the United States, but before news of it had reached America.

Ohio and Kentucky were helped rather than injured by the war, as it furnished a market on the northern border for their surplus wheat, butter, cheese, and beef. Their leading citizens were in the army, including Jesse's friend, Judge Tod, who served as colonel.

In 1815, peace being declared, Jesse, now twenty-one, returned to Deerfield, took the little tan-yard and went into business for himself. He began without capital, but being industrious and frugal, steadily accumulated property. This year, he made his first trip to Cincinnati, an ambitious settlement of six thousand people, who were beginning to fill up their frog-ponds and to cut streets, which ran like shelves along the sides of their tall bluffs. From Sixth Street up to Twelfth, Jesse saw a great corn-field with the grain in full leaf.

At the end of two years, the young tanner removed fifteen miles to Ravenna. In two years more, he was the owner of fifteen hundred dollars, chiefly invested in his tan-yard and leather, which made him the richest citizen of the little town.

On the morning of his twenty-fifth birthday, Jesse awoke and said to a fellow-workman who slept with him :—

"I always promised myself a wife at twenty-five, if I should have the means to support her. Now I have the property, but I don't know where to look. However, before going to bed I will make a start in some direction toward getting married."

So the tall young man donned his Sunday suit, put things to rights in the tan-yard, and then walked thoughtfully about the little tavern where he boarded. Tanning and Sunday clothing do not assimilate ; and the landlady's curiosity was excited by his unusual garb and mien. She asked :-

"What are you thinking about so seriously ?"

"About looking for a wife."

"Where are you going to look ?"

"Well, I don't know—somewhere, where there are girls."

Jesse remembered one Clara Hall, whom he had never seen but once, and that fifteen months before. After dinner, he went to call on her. She received him cordially, and true to her sex proved an enthusiastic match-maker. He had given her no hint of his purpose, but the feminine instinct was strong within her. When he asked who lived in a neighboring house, she replied :—

"My uncle Timothy, and he has a daughter who will make you a capital wife. Now I am going to send for her to come over to tea, and you must go home with her."

This was a diversion. Clara, not her cousin, had been in Jesse's mind. But the cousin, Prudence by name, came duly, and he not only took her home, as he was bid, but on the way agreed upon a correspondence with her. After keeping this up for a few months, the young couple resolved to face the perils of matrimony, and agreed that the knot should be tied immediately "after court." The Supreme Court sat in Deerfield every October, and the session brought much business to the town. After this active period, there was leisure for weddings and other amusements.

But the course of this true love did not run smooth. In August Jesse was attacked by the fever and ague. His journeyman also took the disease, and much of his stock was ruined for want of attention. His sickness lasted during the rest of the year. Creditors were pressing, debtors were neglected, and before the young man's health returned his little fortune had faded away, and he was not worth a hundred and fifty dollars.

In January, 1820, so far recovered that he could travel eight or ten miles a day, he spent a few weeks with relatives in Maysville. There his father had died a few months before. After losing his wife, Noah resided near his old Ohio home until 1811, supporting himself and aiding his younger children by shoemaking. Then he removed to Maysville, and spent the rest of his life with his youngest son, who was a prominent and successful business man.

Jesse's sickness lasted over a year. When he had so far recovered as to go to work again, he settled in Clermont

County, on the north bank of the Ohio River, twenty-five miles above Cincinnati. The little village, of fifteen or twenty families, was then, as now, called Point Pleasant. A citizen had offered to furnish the money for setting up the tanning business, if Jesse would teach its art and mystery to his son. Like Micawber, Genius Jesse might have, Capital he had not; so he accepted the offer and tarried to accumulate capital for a fresh start in life.

In Point Pleasant he married—but the bride was not Prudence Hall. The affection of that young lady had so much of the Platonic, and so little of the "Where-thou-goest,-I-will-go," that the engagement was given up, and she is now the wife of a well-to-do Ohio farmer and the mother of his two children.

But as soon as Jesse was off with the old love, he was on with the new. Ten miles from Point Pleasant lived another maiden, Hannah Simpson, sole daughter of the house and heart of a thrifty farmer who had moved to the West two years before. She was born and reared in Pennsylvania, twenty miles from Philadelphia. For several generations her ancestors had been American, though a family tradition alleged that originally they were Irish. Jesse describes her at this time as "an unpretending country girl, handsome but not vain." She was thoroughly accomplished in all the duties of housewifery, and to great womanly sweetness added prudence, clear judgment, piety, and a gravity and thoughtfulness beyond her years.

Never was Jesse Grant's good fortune greater than when, on the twenty-fourth of June, 1821, he married Hannah Simpson. The following paragraphs, possibly familiar to some of my readers, give a singularly faithful description of her:—

"Her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life.

She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

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Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

The young couple began housekeeping in a little frame dwelling, a hundred yards from the Ohio River. Behind the house and the hamlet rose a bold hill. In front ran a little creek. Here, on the twenty-seventh day of April, 1822, the future General was born. Our title-page reproduces faithfully a capital photograph of the home in which he first saw the light, with the physician, who introduced him into this breathing world, standing in the gateway. The dwelling, still substantially unchanged, is now visited by many curious and patriotic pilgrims. The two trees yet standing in front were planted by the hand of Jesse Grant.

If leading ancestral qualities are inherited, the infant son of these young parents had fallen heir to inflexible Puritan integrity, aptitude for public business, industry, enterprise and thrift, strong military tastes, and that devoted patriotism which holds it sweet and beautiful to die for one's country.

CHAPTER III.

BOYHOOD.

THE baby weighed ten and three-fourth pounds, and caused the usual excitement attendant upon the advent of a first child. The name was held a question of gravity, only to be decided by a family council. So when the little stranger was six weeks old his mother made a visit to her father's, ten miles away, where a congress of parents, grand-parents, and two maternal aunts, was called to legislate on the all-important question.

Party feeling ran so high that a ballot was determined upon. On a slip of paper each wrote the name which he or she preferred, and deposited it in a hat. The hat was shaken, and then an aunt, with head turned aside, drew forth a slip. It bore the name "ULYSSES." Further examination of the ballot-box showed that the vote stood thus:—

Hiram	1
Albert	2
Theodore	1
Ulysses	2
	6

Hiram was voted by John Simpson, the maternal grandfather, with whom it was a special favorite. The Alberts were for Albert Gallatin, well known, particularly in the West, as one of the most brilliant, versatile, and able public men of the United States, and just then resident minister of our Government at Paris. He was alike successful as legislator, diplomat, author, financier, and man of business. After spending fifty years in honorable public service, and declining seats in two Cabinets, and the Vice-Presidency

of the United States, he voluntarily retired to spend a calm, wise old age in the pleasant paths of literature.

These were matter-of-fact names. Theodore, more fanciful, had pleased the fancy of one of the maiden aunts. Ulysses, both romantic and classic, originated thus: Shortly after marriage, Jesse read Fenelon's Telemachus, of which a copy had strayed into the settlement. Afterward the book fell into the hands of old Mrs. Simpson. Both were deeply impressed with the character of the hero's father, "the wise Ulysses," whom Fenelon depicts from classic song and story, and of whom, by the grace of Alexander Pope, Homer sings:—

> "To tread the walks of death he stood prepared,
> And what he greatly thought he nobly dared."

Throughout the book he is invariably spoken of as "gentle of speech, beneficent of mind," "the most patient of men," "equally unmoved against danger and reproach." Telemachus is apostrophized:—

> "Your father Ulysses is the wisest of mankind; his heart is an unfathomable depth; his secret lies beyond the line of subtlety and fraud; he is the friend of truth; he says nothing that is false, but when it is necessary he conceals what is true; *his wisdom is, as it were, a seal upon his lips, which is never broken but for an important purpose.*"

So, "whether by chance or by design of the immortal gods," the tanner's son, born in a frontier cabin, was named for the antique character whose traits his own were to resemble so strikingly—the Grecian warrior and counselor, noted for intrepidity, reticence, and wisdom, no less than for passing unscathed through every danger. Afterward, in deference to the grandfather's wish, another name was prefixed, and the lad was baptized Hiram Ulysses Grant.

Ten months after the birth of Ulysses, Jesse moved to Georgetown, in Brown County. The tanner was thrifty. In twenty-two months he had accumulated eleven hundred dollars, which he took with him, one thousand of it in silver, then commanding a premium of thirty per cent. That year Jesse built him a small brick house,

and supported his family from the profits of his new tan-yard, without drawing upon his accumulated capital.

Georgetown is ten miles back from the Ohio. Ripley, the river point for the debarkation of passengers and freight, is fifty-nine miles above Cincinnati, and the most important town between that city and Maysville. Both Ripley and Georgetown are thirty miles from the nearest railway—perhaps the only localities in Ohio so completely "off the road." The counties, Brown and Clermont, happen to be in a bend of the Ohio River, and not on the route to anywhere.

Landing from a steamer at the old brick town of Ripley, a sort of urban Rip Van Winkle, with a "general flavor of mild decay," we climb the sharp bluff which rises two or three hundred feet. Upon it, and along the creeks cutting through it to the river, are great vineyards, their stakes covered with clinging vines, and in autumn rich with purple grapes. Brown is the first wine county of Ohio, except Hamilton. Back from the river, on the road to Georgetown, we find the country rough and heavily timbered. Log-houses are abundant, and many of the people still travel on horseback.

Ever since there was a Democratic party the county has been strongly Democratic, and some of its denizens are said to be still voting for Jackson. It used to be famous for Clay suppers, Jackson suppers, and Adams suppers, convivial "feeds" at the Georgetown hotel. Probably more liquor has been consumed in the vicinity than in any other of our northern communities. To be temperate in Brown means to be intoxicated only two or three times a year. In old times, a man who did not get drunk at least on the eighth of January, the twenty-second of February, and the fourth of July, could hardly maintain his standing in the community, or in the local churches.

When Jesse settled in Georgetown, its inhabitants, all told, were only a dozen families. It is now the county-seat, a pleasant village of twelve hundred people, built around a hollow square, with an ample brick court-house in the center, after the old Southern and Western fashion.

Here Ulysses passed his boyhood. It furnished little material for a wonder-book, as he was in nowise a remarkable child. Still some leading qualities of his character were displayed very early. While he was less than two years old, and lying in his father's arms, a young neighbor wanted to try the effect of a pistol report upon him. So his little hand was pressed against the trigger until the charge exploded with a stunning report. The father relates that the imperturbable baby never winked nor dodged, but simply reached out for the pistol, crying :—

"Fick it again! Fick it again!"

Still he seems to have had no special longing for the villainous saltpeter. Once, when he fell sick, before he was three years old, the family physician pronounced him feverish, and said he would leave powders for him to take. The little fellow burst out sobbing :—

"No, no, no! I can't take powder ; it will blow me up."

The phrase was a by-word in the family afterward, whenever powders were prescribed.

His fondness for horses developed even earlier. When he was twenty months old, a little menagerie and circus which visited the town had, among other attractions, a trained pony. In the midst of the performance the ringmaster asked :—

"Who will ride the pony?"

Ulysses, still in petticoats, begged that he might be allowed to do so. So he was held on the steed's back, and rode two or three times around the ring, manifesting more glee than he had ever shown before.

Jesse Grant, sturdy and clear-headed, never swerved from his determination to acquire a competence. He worked hard and lived frugally. To make sure of hides, he added butchering to tanning. He also did hauling, erected buildings, and, indeed, turned his hand to any thing which would pay. He was a decided character, fond of talking at public meetings, and of writing ingenious rhymes, which often found their way into print. The county paper, published in Georgetown, was called *The Castigator*. A few miles away lived "Backwoodsman," seventy-five years old, and of

considerable local reputation as a poet. When Ulysses was five, this frontier Homer wanted a pair of shoes. He was without purse or scrip, but could pay in hides or grain. He wrote a letter in verse, setting forth his condition and need. It was addressed to the tanner, but instead of being sent to him directly, was published, as the fashion is with modern politicians who wish to be "understood." It began thus :—

"Jesse R. Grant, my loving friend,
I can not go, and therefore send
This little letter, and less news,
To let you know I'm out of shoes.
My shoes are tops and bottoms worn,
My feet upon the briers are torn,
I've tried the cobblers far and near,
To get my shoes put in repair;
They throw them down, and curse and swear
They'd rather make me two new pair."

"Backwoodsman" went on in his rheumatic numbers, to complain that he could not go out to hear the news; that he would pay in hides or grain; that he wanted coarse, strong shoes, with broad bottoms, and not such as dandies wear.

Jesse Grant was neither the man to hear unmoved an appeal to his sympathy, nor one at whom anybody could fling rhymes with impunity. He fabricated not only the shoes, but also this reply made through *The Castigator*:—

"Backwoodsman, sir, my aged friend,
These lines in answer back I send,
To thank you for your rhyming letter,
Published in *The Castigator*.
The story of your worn-out shoes,
Is, to a tanner, no strange news;
We often hear that story told,
By those whose feet are pinched with cold,
When they apply to get some leather,
To guard against the frosty weather.
That cash is scarce, they oft complain,
And wish to pay their bills in grain.
Others who wish to be supplied,
Will promise soon to bring a hide.

Such pay by us is greatly prized,
But is not always realized.
Now, one thing here I must relate,
As written in the Book of Fate,
As you've grown old, you have grown poor,
As poets oft have done before.
And yet, no one of common sense,
Will charge that fault to your expense;
Or, otherwise, disprove the weight,
Than charge it to a poet's fate.

Dame Fate with me, though, need not flirt,
For I'm not poet enough to hurt!
The world, 'tis said, owes all a living,
What can't be bought, then, must be given;
And though I have not much to spare,
I can, at least, supply a pair—
Or leather for a pair—of shoes,
That you may sally forth for news.
And when another pair you want,
Just drop a note to

J. R. GRANT."

It was an uneventful life in the little Ohio village. When Ulysses was three years old a second son was born to his parents, and named Simpson. The two grew up together. Their school comrades often used, after the fashion of those days, to go home with the Grant boys in winter, and spend the evening before the great, log fire, which blazed on the kitchen hearth, playing "fox and geese," "morris," and "checkers," eating apples, cracking hickory-nuts, telling stories, propounding riddles, and ending the fun by sleeping together.

Two brothers, who were their closest intimates, are still living in Georgetown. Both went through the Mexican War; one has been a Democratic Representative in Congress, and the other, as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, did gallant service during our great war.

Ulysses was a very quiet, but by no means a diffident boy. His father, who was fond and vain of his children, was given to putting them forward; and Ulysses was the favorite, because he would do, or at least attempt, whatever he was told. Both father and mother were members of

the Methodist church, and there was a little meeting-house across the street. Methodist ministers frequently spent the night at the house. A visitor remembers one evening when Ulysses, then only seven or eight years old, at the call of his father, stepped out briskly, stood up in a corner, and recited:—

> "You'd scarce expect one of my age,
> To speak in public on the stage."

He rattled it off hurriedly and mechanically, but still with great readiness. Daniel Webster, in boyhood, could not summon composure enough to "speak his piece," but Ulysses Grant could without the least diffidence. If any wiseacre had had opportunity to compare the two, his prophetic soul would undoubtedly have seen in the farmer's son a great orator in embryo, and, perchance, in the shy New Hampshire boy, the promise of a successful general.

The most noticeable thing in the boyhood of Ulysses, love of horses, continued. Once, at seven and a half years old, when his father was gone to Ripley, the child succeeded in hitching a young colt to a sled, drove to the woods, loaded brush, and hauled it to the door all day. When the father came home at night, he found a pile of brush as high as a haystack.

At eight, the boy hauled wood daily, taking care of a span of horses himself, though he was not tall enough to put on their collars and bridles without standing upon an inverted half-bushel measure.

He accumulated a little money by carting wood and by driving passengers, who arrived in Georgetown by stage, to their homes in the adjacent country. So at nine, he bought a colt for seventeen dollars, and from that time was never without a horse of his own. He frequently traded, always had a little fund of money of his own, and was thought to give indications of unusual business capacity, though he never manifested it in his personal affairs in after life.

He was known far and near as the best horseman "in all the country round." When nine or ten years old, he had acquired such repute for fast riding, that horse-jockeys

who had steeds suffering from a distemper, which was relieved by riding them so fast as to heat them, used to bring the animals to Georgetown, for the tanner's son to try them for a few miles at the break-neck gallop, in which his heart delighted. Neighboring farmers also brought refractory horses for him to train and subdue. More than once the little fellow was seen racing around the public square upon a kicking, rearing, pitching beast, to which, with arms clasped about its neck, and fat bare feet pressed against its flanks, the lad was clinging with the same tenacity which he manifested later in life.

Of course he was in demand at the traveling shows. Georgetown people relate, that at one, when he was only eleven, he not only rode a trained pony at full run around the narrow ring, but while at that flying speed, was not in the least disconcerted by a mischievous monkey, which, being turned loose, jumped upon the top of his head, and, clinging to his hair, looked down into his face.

A favorite amusement was to stand barefoot upon a sheepskin strapped on his horse's back to keep the rider's feet from slipping, and then put the animal on a fast gallop down to the brook or up the main street. Before he was twelve he learned to ride thus, standing only upon one foot, and holding by the bridle rein. The widow of Dr. Bailey, nearest neighbor to the Grants, says:—

"In general, Ulysses was exceedingly kind and amiable. Our boys never had the least dispute with him about any thing except horses; but sometimes, when they galloped together down to the 'run' to water, Ulysses would laugh at our boys, and tell them our horses were getting poor. This used to trouble them, and they would ask me, with great anxiety, if ours really *were* thin and slow."

One of the sons of this lady met his death through his fondness for horses. He was riding a refractory one which became frightened, reared, rolled over, and killed the rider.

With all his equestrian skill, Ulysses was extremely averse to being thought a jockey, and reluctant to train horses. Once, a neighbor, desirous of having a colt disciplined, put the lad on the animal, and gave him two dol-

lars to carry a letter thirteen miles to Decatur. While he was starting, the neighbor said, as if the thought had just occurred to him :—

"Oh! I wish you would teach that pony to pace."

When the lad returned at night, the animal was a good pacer. But after Ulysses discovered that the letter was only a pretext, he could never again be induced to train a neighbor's horse.

He was singularly ingenuous. Before he was twelve, his father sent him to buy a mare, of the Printer stock, from a farmer named Robert Ralston, who lived a mile west of Georgetown. Jesse, sharp at a bargain, instructed Ulysses :—

"Offer him forty dollars; if he won't take that, give forty-five; and rather than come away without her, pay him fifty."

The boy started for the Ralston farm-house, intending to carry out his orders. But farmer Ralston plumply asked him :—

"How much did your father tell you to pay?"

Disconcerted by the abrupt question, Ulysses replied :—

"He told me to offer you forty dollars, and if you would not take that, to offer forty-five; and rather than return without her, to give fifty."

The farmer laughed, but, with an eye to business, insisted that he could not sell the mare for less than fifty dollars. So Ulysses took her home, and his father paid the money.

The chubby baby grew up a chubby boy,—short, fat, and ruddy. He had a very keen sense of justice. One day, playing with the Bailey boys, he knocked the ball through a window of their house. Rushing in, with his round face blushing scarlet, he said earnestly to their mother :—

"Mrs. Bailey, I have broken your window, but I am going right up town to get another pane of glass for you, and have it put in at once."

But he was too great a favorite with the lady, and, indeed, with all her family, for them to exact such a measure of justice from him.

A little brook ran beside the tan-yard. During a June freshet, when the lad was ten years old, it overflowed all the vats, and sent the leather and bark floating away. But the leather caught in thick willows, and the stream was soon full of men and delighted boys swimming in to bring it back. All was reclaimed, without serious injury, and Jesse's only loss was the valuable bark—that which was dry and unused floating off, but the old and water-soaked remaining.

He was extremely fond of skating, and learned it while very young. When nine or ten years old, he froze his feet from tight straps. Mrs. Grant, a physician on instinct, was on terms of intimacy with every conceivable malady that juvenile flesh is heir to, and had a remedy for it duly put away and labeled in some corner of her memory. Of course, such a mother is worth all the physicians in the world for little invalids, despite her harmless idiosyncrasies, one of which in her case found vent in administering salts to the children regularly, sick or well, at certain seasons of the year. This time she smoked the frozen feet of the young sufferer with hay, and then bound on slices of bacon to take out the frost.

Ulysses and his comrades, when very young, used to sit barefooted on the bank of the little brook beside the tan-yard, fishing for "chubs" and "shiners," with hooks of bent pins. As they grew older they angled for larger members of the finny tribe a mile west of the town, in a considerable stream, which was there called White Oak Creek, but in New England would be dignified into a river. Here, too, was excellent bathing ground. Ulysses was a capital swimmer and an expert diver, with unusual endurance in remaining under water.

Hunting was a common amusement among the boys of the neighborhood. By day they pursued rabbits, gray squirrels, and partridges in the woods; at night they had the more exciting sport of treeing raccoons with dogs, and then felling the trees. In these diversions Ulysses seldom joined. While his comrades were playing, he was hauling loads for neighbors, or driving stage passengers home.

Thus he was enabled to be a profitable customer for the village confectionery, whose treasures he lavished with a free hand upon his playmates and young ragamuffins generally.

Truthfulness usually comes with training and maturity. Most children, of any imagination or force of character, tell falsehoods shockingly, George Washington to the contrary notwithstanding. There is a version of the cherry-tree story, so much dinned into youthful ears, which at least has more human nature than the original. It runs thus :—

Once there was a little boy whose name was William Shakespeare. One day his father, walking in the garden, found his favorite cherry-tree all hacked to pieces.

"William," he asked, sternly, "who cut that cherry-tree?"

"Father," replied the ingenuous boy, "I can not tell a lie. It was Ben Johnson who cut that cherry-tree!"

"My son," said the parent, with tears in his eyes as he folded the child to his heart, "I would rather have you tell a hundred lies than spoil one cherry-tree!"

But the truthfulness of Ulysses was conspicuous and undeniable. The closest comrades of his boyhood insist that he was never guilty of a deliberate falsehood.

Nevertheless, he was human enough to keep out of the category of good little boys, who are usually loved of the gods, or else, surviving until manhood, go straight to the bad. A lad, named Mount, lived a quarter of a mile from the tan-yard, and a schoolmate relates :—

"I never saw Grant fighting but once. He was ten or eleven years old. Mount was at his wood-pile, chopping, when Ulysses came along, and they got into a fight. Mount was the larger and stouter, and when I first observed them, had the better of Ulysses, and was scratching him in the face, when Grant suddenly gave him a kick in the thigh. That ended the matter. Mount gave a tremendous yell, and started for his house, and Ulysses also scampered home at the top of his speed, perhaps afraid of Mount's father."

The strict discipline of Jesse Grant's household permitted no card-playing and no attending of dancing-schools

or balls; but the boys were boys. On Sundays, it was the delight of young Ulysses and his playmates to collect at the tan-yard and spend the afternoon in turning somersaults on the bark, blacking their boots with the brush which was used for leather, and performing the other like freaks in which juvenile hearts delight.

When he was eleven, cholera raged, and the corporate authorities of Georgetown sent his father to Maysville to procure a cholera preparation which had great local repute. After it was brought home, however, the disease subsided; so the medicine, a sweet cordial, was stored in Jesse's cellar. During these Sunday improprieties, while the parents were at church, the lads used to steal down-stairs and drink the palatable but "perilous stuff" in enormous quantities. That Ulysses the man, though exposing himself with great rashness, has gone through two long wars unharmed, is wonderful; but that Ulysses the boy survived these weekly allopathic doses, is a hundredfold more marvelous.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY YOUTH.

A MONTH before Ulysses was eleven, an uncle by marriage, who was named Marshall, died near Deerfield, Ohio, the old home of the Grant family. Jesse immediately went to settle the affairs of his bereaved sister, and bring her and her five orphan children to Georgetown. Ulysses accompanied him, and it was his first considerable journey.

Taking steamer from Ripley to Wellsville, and stage thence to New Lisbon thirty-five miles, father and son made the last fifteen miles on horseback. They spent two or three weeks with Mrs. Marshall, selling at public auction all the family effects, except bedding, crockery, and other articles easy of transportation. Then, with the widow and children, they turned their faces homeward. One of the cousins, James Marshall, was near the age of Ulysses; and the two boys, riding on the coupling-pole behind the wagon, were delighted with the trip.

Starting on a Monday afternoon, the party reached Deerfield, six miles distant, that night, and on Tuesday night, New Lisbon, where they "put up" at the village tavern. On Wednesday, finding their team overloaded, they chartered a two-horse wagon, and evening found them at Wellsville. There they took the steamer *Lady Byron*, taking their horses and wagon on board, and descending the river. A broken wheel compelled the boat to stop at Wheeling for several hours. Ulysses and James strolled up through the streets, less sleepy then than now. While they were loitering about the City Hotel, a traveler asked young Grant:—

"What will you take this trunk down to the steamer for?"

"A fi'-penny bit," replied the lad.

The five-penny bit, usually contracted to "fip" in Western mouths, was worth six and a quarter cents, an outlay which the extravagant traveler fancied he could afford. So Ulysses at one end, and James at the other, bore the heavy trunk down to the boat half a mile away, and earned their reward. It is to be hoped that they never in after-life did so much hard work for so little money.

There was no wharf at Wheeling. The water was nearly level with the top of the stone wall, from which a staging extended to the boat. The steamer had on board many German emigrants, going to Louisville and Cincinnati. With genuine boyish fondness for mischief, the two lads so arranged the planks that the first person venturing upon them would tumble in. The first happened to be a little Dutch boy habited in a red flannel dress, and not more than three years old. As he stepped upon it the staging gave way, and "*chuck*" he fell into the water. The alarm was shouted, and, as he came up to the surface for the second time, some of his people caught him by the hair and lifted him out.

The thoughtless boys were sadly frightened, but cautious enough to hold their peace, and unspeakably relieved to see the streaming young Teuton saved from drowning.

The *Lady Byron* finally started again, and on Saturday the travelers reached Maysville, where they remained several days with relatives, before riding to their home, twenty miles farther. Mrs. Marshall still resides in Georgetown, and, though in her seventy-sixth year, is in the full possession of her faculties.

As Jesse Grant prospered, and his quiver waxed full of the poor man's blessings, he outgrew the little family dwelling; so, shortly after his return from Deerfield, he added a spacious two-story house to the old one, which he left standing as an L. Ulysses drove the horses for hauling all the brick, stone, and sand. In a few months was completed the Grant homestead shown in our picture, and still unchanged. It stands on low ground, a hundred yards east of the Georgetown public square, a sober brick house, its front very near the street; and one side shaded by tall

locusts, and overlooking a smaller roadway which leads up past the old Methodist meeting-house and the Bailey residence. In a hollow, on the opposite side of the main street, stood, and yet stands, the little brick currier shop. Behind it was the tan-yard. Beside it, for a hundred feet, stretched a low shed—a mere roof supported by a skeleton of poles. Under it were piled many cords of oak bark, in the midst of which stood the bark-mill, with a hopper like an old-fashioned cider-mill.

The bark, peeled from standing trees, is brought to the tan-yard in strips three feet long. In grinding, a boy stands holding one in his left hand, and, with a hammer in his right, breaks it into the hopper in pieces four or five inches long. Meanwhile, a horse trudging around a circle, and leading himself by means of a pole attached to the sweep which he draws, grinds the bark to powder.

Not only is the work confining, but every time the beam comes around the boy must "duck," or it will strike his head. Ulysses heartily disliked all labor about the tan-yard, and had a tendency to make himself invisible whenever he suspected there was any to be done. But when his father left him to attend the bark mill, he would hire some other boy to take his place for twelve or fifteen cents a day, while he, by driving a stage passenger or hauling a load, earned a dollar or a dollar and a half. The young speculator accumulated money easily, and in the use of it was free, though not wasteful.

Just before the lad was twelve, his father contracted to build a county jail. The job would require much hauling of stone, of bricks, and particularly of logs. The tanner had one very large horse, and Ulysses said:—

"Father, if you will buy Paul Devore's horse to work beside ours, I can haul these logs for you."

So Jesse purchased the animal for fifty-five dollars. Ulysses was proud of his fine-looking black horses, and named the new one "Dave," in irreverent compliment to David Devore, a Georgetown attorney. With them the lad did all the hauling. It was two miles from the woods to the site of the jail. The logs were a foot square and fourteen

feet long, and required a great deal of hewing, as all the "sap" had to be cut off. It took eleven men to do the hewing, but only one to "score." The hewers loaded the logs, while the lad simply drove the team.

One cloudy April morning when rain was threatened, Ulysses went as usual for his load. After a long trip, he came back with his logs, and as Jesse and the hired man were unloading them at the jail, he remarked:—

"Father, I reckon it's hardly worth while for me to go again to-day; none of the hewers are in the woods. There is only one load left; if I get that now, there will be none for me to haul to-morrow morning."

"Where are the hewers?"

"At home, I suppose. They haven't been in the woods this morning."

"Who loaded these logs?"

"Dave and me."

"What do you mean by telling me such a story?" asked the clear-headed, indignant father.

"It is the truth; I loaded the logs with no help but Dave's."

It *was* the truth. For this hauling, the body of the wagon had been removed, and the logs were carried upon the axles. It was a hard job for several men to load. They would take the wheels off on one side, let the axles down to the ground, lift on the squared logs with handspikes, then pry the axles up with levers, and put the wheels on again. That a boy could do this alone was incredible; and Jesse inquired:—

"How in the world did you load the wagon?"

"Well, father, you know that sugar-tree we saw yesterday, which is half fallen, and lies slanting, with the top caught in another tree. I hitched Dave to the logs and drew them up on that; then I backed the wagon up to it, and hitched Dave to them again, and, one at a time, snaked them forward upon the axles."

The ingenious lad had used the trunk of the fallen maple as an inclined plane, and after hauling the logs upon it, so that they nearly balanced, had drawn them endwise upon

GRANT'S BOYHOOD IN GEORGETOWN, OHIO.

his wagon underneath with little difficulty. The feat made him quite famous in the neighborhood. Did it not involve as much inventiveness, patience, and fertility of resource as the wonderful campaign which ended in the capture of Vicksburg?

Ulysses worked hauling the logs all summer, with the exception of a single week, which he spent in Louisville. His father, engaged in a lawsuit, wanted a deposition taken in that city, and had frequently written for it without success. Finally he sent his first-born to attend to the business. Ulysses got the document and started back, but the captain of the steamer on which he sought passage, thinking the little fellow must be a runaway at first declined to take him. When, however, he produced a letter from his father, explaining the business on which he had been sent, the admiring captain brought him back to Maysville free of charge.

The jail was finished by the first of December, and then Jesse sold his wagon to a citizen of Aberdeen, twenty-one miles away. Ulysses was sent to take it there, with two horses, one which the purchaser had left, and a beautiful bright bay, not yet four years old, which he himself had owned only a few weeks, and had never tried in harness.

For the first ten miles the team went well; but then, near Ripley, passing a farm-house where the butchering of hogs was going on, the sight and smell of it made the colt quite frantic. In a twinkling he kicked himself out of the harness, tearing it to shreds. Ulysses sprang from the wagon, and firmly held the frightened beast by the bit until he was quiet. Then, knowing that he was, at least, an admirable riding-horse, Ulysses put on his saddle, brought for the return trip, and galloped into Ripley. There he asked of the first acquaintance he met:—

"Are there any horse-buyers in town?"

"Yes, there is one collecting horses for New Orleans; he is to leave with them in a few days. I reckon he is over there at the stable."

To the stable Ulysses rode, and, finding his man, accosted him:—

"My horse is for sale; are you buying?"

"Yes, what do you ask for him?"

"Sixty-five dollars, and the use of him or some other horse to take my wagon to Aberdeen."

The beauty of the little steed interested the buyer, and he answered:—

"I will give you sixty dollars."

"I can't take that; he is worth more."

"Well, I will split the difference with you, and give you sixty-two dollars and fifty cents."

"All right."

The bargain was closed, the horse delivered, and the money paid. But then the buyer, looking again at the chubby lad, whose gravity of demeanor had prevented his diminutiveness from being noticed, added:—

"You are a very small boy; I am afraid it is hardly safe to buy of you."

"Oh, if that is all, I can satisfy you," replied Ulysses. And he went and brought Captain Knight, an old family friend, who testified:—

"It is all right; any trade you make with this boy is just as sound as if you made it with his father."

The buyer, determined not to lose sight of his new pony, furnished Ulysses with an old safe horse to Aberdeen, which the boy left in Ripley on his return, and thence went by stage.

The next year, a roving New York journeyman, with a weakness for whisky, worked in the tan-yard. Once, having exhausted all his money, he took six calf-skins belonging to his employer. Not daring to offer them for sale, he consulted a little shoemaker, who betrayed him. Jesse found the hidden plunder, and soon after meeting his speculating workman in the village tavern, ordered him to leave town. But the journeyman was obstinate, would not go, and even drew a knife upon Jesse. The broad-shouldered, powerful tanner took the weapon away from him, sent Ulysses for his cowhide, and laid it over the culprit's back half a dozen times with all his power. But the victim, neither frightened nor hurt, stood his ground till some

village "roughs" marched him out of town, with the warning never to come back. He never did.

Ulysses, ever on the look-out for jobs for his horses, made frequent trips to Cincinnati, fifty miles from Georgetown. He always stopped at the Dennison House, which still stands on Fifth Street, between Main and Sycamore. He knew familiarly the landlord's son, William Dennison, six or eight years older than he, who lived to become Governor of Ohio, and Postmaster-General in the cabinet of Abraham Lincoln.

Between Georgetown and White Oak Creek was a high ridge, very gentle on the side next the village, but almost perpendicular on the other. With a good deal of humor the people named the steep, dangerous hill, "Judgment," and the gentler declivity, "Mercy." On the "Judgment" side the villagers frequently stalled their horses with heavy loads. Young Grant was too good a teamster for this. One day a neighbor asked him:—

"Why do your horses never get stalled?"

"Because I never get stalled myself," was the pithy answer.

Jesse Grant, with all his thrift, was not getting rich rapidly. He acted thoroughly on Micawber's wisdom—

"Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £19 19*s.* 6*d.*—result, happiness. Annual income, £20; annual expenditure, £20 0*s.* 6*d.*—result, misery. The blossom is blighted, the leaf withered—in short, you are forever *floored*."

Whatever other agency might have taken Jesse Grant off his feet, he was not a man to be floored by spending sixpence above his income, or to be unmindful of the responsibility which every sixpence involves. He worked hard, never speculated, was a most thrifty, indefatigable citizen of sobriety and integrity, but not so popular in the community as a more reticent man would have been.

He made good speeches, for he was fluent, and possessed an unusually retentive memory. In private, his children were the favorite theme. He was extremely fond, and inclined to be vain of them. His first-born was nearest his heart. He frequently said: "Who knows but my Ulysses

may be President of the United States?" But then, hundreds of thousands of parents at the same time were thinking the same thing of their own boys.

He was always a politician. Three times he cast his vote for Jackson. When Van Buren was nominated, Jesse, lacking faith in him, did not vote at all; but in 1840 he supported Harrison, and adhered afterward to the Whig party as long as it lasted. He was chosen first mayor of Georgetown, but at the second election was defeated by a tailor—a misfortune which does not seem to be hereditary in the family.

Ulysses inherited many of his best traits from his mother. The old residents of Georgetown speak of her with extraordinary enthusiasm and affection. She was amiable, serene, even-tempered, thoroughly self-forgetful, kind and considerate to all, and speaking ill of none. Her children she governed with tender affection, and without the rod; and in return they were tractable and well-behaved, never boisterous nor rude in the family circle. She was exceedingly reticent and exceedingly modest. Whatever she thought of her boys and girls in her mother-heart, she never praised them before others. Even now, though feeling high and just pride in her illustrious son, and fond of reading all that is said of him, she not only refrains from boasting of him, but sometimes blushes like a girl, and leaves the room when his praises are sounded in her ears; for it seems akin to hearing self-praise, which she regards with unmitigated horror. In her old age, she has calm, winning manners, and a face still sweet and still young in the nicest sense of Holmes:—

> "For him in vain the envious seasons roll,
> Who bears eternal summer in his soul."

Ulysses was sent to school before he was four years old; but he began so young to drive a team and make himself useful to his father, that his education was sadly neglected. After he was eleven, he went only in the winter term, averaging about three months. Even then his attendance was irregular whenever he could find passengers to drive home,

or neighbors who wanted to visit Cincinnati. The plain, one-story, brick building, baldly fronting the street, without any pleasant surroundings, where the village youth first quaffed from the "Pierian Spring," is faithfully shown in our picture. Its exterior is still unchanged; but no more emerge "the playful children just let loose from school," for it is now occupied as a dwelling by a family of negroes.

He was not deemed a particularly bright boy, nor a brilliant scholar except in arithmetic, in which he excelled his class. In other branches he was below the average. But no one in the school could draw such horses upon his slate as young Grant, and in this exercise he was exceedingly diligent. He would sit too, and reflect for hours with his slate or book hugged up against his breast, and his head a little cast down. His ordinary nickname was "Ulyss," or simply "Lyss;" but some of his comrades called him "Texas," because his father had visited that province and published a long account of his trip. Others called him "Hug," from his initials, H. U. G., and others still travestied his name to "Useless."

Notwithstanding his expertness at skating, swimming, and riding, he was awkward in other out-door sports. But he had unusual fortitude, and though at ball-playing he was a very poor dodger, no ball could hit him hard enough to make him cry, or even wince.

He attended frequent evening spelling-schools, and also a juvenile debating club, at which, however, he never spoke. Though seeming to care little for amusements, he went with the rest to the evening gatherings of boys and girls, playing his part creditably at riddles, puzzles, and other games, and not shrinking from the endless juvenile kissing involved in forfeits, though he had no special fondness for the society of the opposite sex. One little girl only was a particular favorite, and she continued so until he grew to manhood. But she is a staid married matron now, living near Georgetown.

In brief, Ulysses was a sober, thoughtful boy, who preferred the society of men to that of younger companions, but always as a modest and quiet listener rather than a talker.

He was temperate—much less inclined to whisky than most young men in that convivial region, for whoever had grown virtuous, Brown County willed that there *should* be cakes and ale.

Military traditions were among the familiar things of his childhood; stories of Samuel and Noah Grant in the old French war, and of his grandfather's exploits in the eight years of the Revolution. The military spirit also was fervent in the vicinity; he saw much of company drill, and never missed the general muster in August. On this grand occasion, as many as three thousand citizen-soldiers were sometimes drilled by their officers through the long summer day, with more than ordinary zeal and diligence. Even the local names betokened an admiration of military heroes. Ripley was so called in honor of General Ripley; Scott township, of Winfield Scott; and Brown County, of Ethan Allen Brown, all famous in the war of 1812.

A Philadelphia journalist, who was a native of the same village—a little boy, who, in his own phrase "used to hang around the skirts of Grant's 'wamus,'" writes:—

"A brother of the General was a fellow-'devil' in the printing-office in which we were then the younger imp. And through him we became acquainted with Ulysses, or 'Lyss,' as he was called by the boys. He was then a stumpy, freckle-faced, big-headed country lad of fifteen, or thereabouts, working in his father's tan-yard; and we often stood by his side and exercised our amateur hand under his direction in breaking bark for the old bark mill down in the hollow. Though sneered at for his awkwardness by the scions of noble Kentucky who honored Georgetown with their presence, Ulysses was a favorite with the smaller boys of the village, who had learned to look up to him as a sort of a protector.

"We well remember the stir created by the appointment of the tanner's son to a cadetship at West Point. The surprise among the sons of our doctors, lawyers, and storekeepers was something wonderful. Indeed, none of us boys, high or low, rich or poor, could clearly imagine how Uncle Sam's schoolmasters were going to transform our somewhat *outré*-looking comrade into our *beau ideal* of dandyism—a West Pointer. But the rude exterior of the bark-grinder covered a wealth of intellect, which, of course, we youngsters were not expected to be cognizant of. Modest and unassuming, though determined, self-reliant, and decisive then as he still seems to be—we mistook his shy, retiring disposition for slowness, and, looked up to as he was by us all, we must confess there was much joking at his expense as we gathered of evenings in the court-house square."

Beside Ulysses, there were in due season five other children,—Simpson, Clara, Virginia, Orvil L., and Mary Frances. Virginia now resides with her father in Covington, and Mary is the wife of a clergyman, at present the American consul at Leipsic. Both are ladies of unusual talent and most estimable character. Orvil is a Chicago leather merchant, with one of the largest establishments in the West. Simpson and Clara both died of consumption a few years ago.

When Ulysses was nearly fourteen, his life was varied by a winter at Maysville, Kentucky. The schools there were better than in Georgetown, and to their advantages he was bid by the widow of his uncle, Peter Grant, who resided there. Two years later he was sent for a few months to the Presbyterian Academy at Ripley, where he boarded with Marion Johnson, a citizen still living.

He was a plant of slow growth; looking little like his father, but much like his aunt, Mrs. Rachael Tompkins, of Charlestown, West Virginia, and inheriting the "Grant face," with its Scotch look of strength, spirit, and determination, and, when smiling, its peculiar twist of the under lip.

Thus the boy grew up in a pleasant, well-ordered family, trained by a thoughtful father of great energy and integrity, and by a mother so tender, so faithful, so calm, so heavenly tempered, that former neighbors speak of her as men are wont to speak only of their own mothers. In this home he was surrounded by pure influences only—a religious household, the frugality and simplicity of working people in humble life, the hospitality and open-handed kindness of a new country. On the other hand, schools were poor and infrequent, the standard of public morality none of the highest, and the temptations to excess in drink many and powerful.

With him the home influence proved the stronger, and at seventeen years of age he was noted as an honorable, trustworthy youth, above all meanness, incapable of any crooked ways. Yet a citizen of Georgetown, asked to select the boys likely to achieve distinction, would have

placed Ulysses Grant very low upon the list. He was not "brilliant," and his neighbors, like most Americans, confounded brilliancy with greatness, and suspected good sense and clever judgment of being stupid. Friends of the family would have predicted:—

"He will be a horse-trader or a livery-stable keeper, an energetic business man, accumulating money largely and expending it freely, but always a trifle slow, and never destined to make a mark in the world."

Well muses the melancholy Claude—"Wise judges are we of each other!" A hundred years before, another boy had been reared whose youth was just as unnoticeable, who was equally silent and thoughtful, equally indifferent to books, and chiefly remarkable for his love of athletic sports. If *he* had died young, he would only have been remembered, if remembered at all, as one who left a mark upon the Natural Bridge, where he had thrown a stone twenty feet higher than any other man or boy in Virginia. But in that Providence which confounds the wisdom of the wise, he lived to become "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

CHAPTER V.

WEST POINT.

IN the winter of 1838–9 Ulysses was nearly seventeen. Though small of his age, he was a rugged boy, who had never been ill a day in his life. His frugal father said to him :—

"I reckon you are now old enough to go to work in the beam-house."

Now the most unpleasant part of a tanner's labor is in this very "beam-house," and consists chiefly of cleaning the raw hides of flesh and hair and dirt, by means of a long knife, with handles at each end. Ulysses, though uncomplaining and diligent, disliked every branch of the business, and he replied, with unusual vehemence :—

"Well, father, I'll work here till I am one-and-twenty, if you require me to; but I will never do a day's work at tanning after that."

"I don't want you to do this now, unless you expect to follow it in after-life. What do you want to be?"

"I should like to be a farmer, or a Mississippi trader, or to get an education."

The tanner pondered. He had no farm to give his son. The life of a Mississippi River flatboat trader, with its many temptations, he did not approve of; nor did he feel, though possessed of ten or twelve thousand dollars, that he could, in justice to his five other children, afford to send even his first-born to college. He thought of West Point, which had already won a high reputation, and some of whose graduates were leading men—especially in the militia organizations, more honored then than of later years. At the Military Academy his son could be liberally educated at the country's expense, and serve it afterward in an honorable position. Ulysses knew all about that school, as George Bailey,

his nearest neighbor and playmate, had entered there but a short time before. So when his father asked,

"How would you like to go to West Point?" he replied, sententiously:—

"First rate."

"Then," said the prompt parent, "I will make application at once."

The prospect was not promising. The Congressional district was supposed to have a single cadet there already—all it was entitled to. But each United States senator also could make one appointment; and in Clermont County, a few miles away, lived Senator Thomas Morris. While a poor boy, he had come from Virginia to free Ohio. Afterward, while a day-laborer, and without any instructor, he began the study of the law, and finally attained eminence in its practice. He had been for twenty-four years a member of the legislature, and chief-justice of the State. Now in the Upper House of Congress, he had won national fame by his gallant and able defense of freedom of the press, of speech, and of petition, against the most violent slaveholding opposition. To him Jesse Grant wrote, asking if he had a vacancy at West Point. Morris replied:—

"I have not. There being no application for the cadetship, I waived my right to appoint in favor of a member of Congress from Pennsylvania. But there is a vacancy in your own district, and doubtless Mr. Hamer, your representative, will fill it with your son."

There *was* a vacancy. After admission, young Bailey had failed, on the first semi-annual examination. His father placed him under a private tutor, and got him reappointed, but ill-fortune still pursued him. In his second year he was expelled on a trifling charge of the delinquency so common in schools—reporting himself ill when he was not. The punishment was so disproportioned to the offense, that he was afterward reinstated; but he declined to return, and went to Illinois, in his mortification not even visiting his own home, though he passed down the Ohio within ten miles of it.

His family had been silent on the subject, and all the neighbors supposed him still at West Point. Ultimately his

military education proved of service to him. In the war for the Union he served as colonel of the Ninth Loyal Virginia regiment; and in 1861, in a skirmish at Guyandotte, West Virginia, he was killed.

The member of Congress from the Georgetown district was Thomas L. Hamer, a lawyer of distinction, and a brilliant orator, who was now regarded by the Democracy as a possible candidate for the Presidency. To him Jesse Grant wrote, and Hamer received the letter on the evening of March 3, 1839, a few hours before the expiration of his last term in the House. He immediately dispatched a note to Joel R. Poinsett, of South Carolina, Secretary of War, asking the appointment, but without referring again to Jesse's letter for the first name of the applicant, as the Grant family, being his neighbors, were all known to him. Confounding the name of Ulysses with that of his younger brother, he asked the Secretary for the appointment of Ulysses Simpson, and then wrote back to Jesse: "I received your letter and have asked for the appointment of your son, which will doubtless be made. Why didn't you apply to me sooner?"

Hamer got home several days before this letter. Jesse surprised at his seeming neglect, said nothing to him on the subject, and he wondering at Jesse's ingratitude was likewise silent. But at length the delayed letter came, and with it an appointment to the Military Academy filled out for Ulysses Simpson Grant.

In vain after reaching West Point did Ulysses attempt to get his own baptismal name substituted. Red Tape argued that the appointment *must* be right; and Red Tape proved too much for him. So, he could only acquiesce in the name, which, first applied to him through a curious blunder, has proved a shirt of Nessus ever since.

The unexpected appointment caused some wonder in the little town. Even admiring friends of Ulysses marveled that such a "homespun" boy should be sent to West Point. The same neighbor after whom the youth had once named a horse, and perhaps, in revenge for that dubious compliment, accosted Jesse on the street:—

"So Hamer has made Ulyss a cadet?"

"Yes!"

"I am astonished that he did not appoint some one with intellect enough to do credit to the district."

For a long time the father was very sore over the unkind remark, though he enjoys the memory of it now.

Until his appointment came, Ulysses' chief books had been, not woman's looks, but horses' idiosyncracies. Now, however, he began to fit himself for the Military Academy, studying and reciting to one Baldwin Summers of Georgetown, a professional teacher, with a good deal of reputation as a penman and mathematician.

Meanwhile, the lad's careful mother was preparing his outfit. He had saved about a hundred dollars. He spent twenty-five for new clothing and the like, and had seventy-five for his journey. Sixty dollars was required by the West Point rules as a deposit, to pay the student's expenses home if he should not pass examination, or should afterward be expelled.

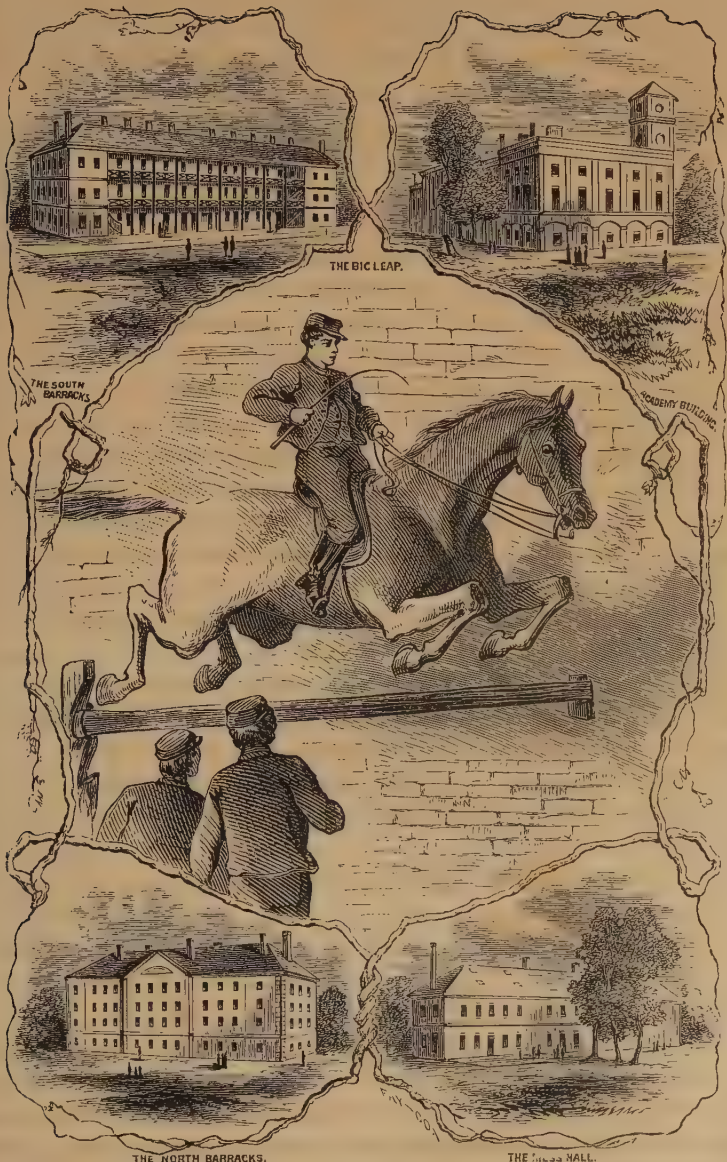
On the morning of the fifteenth of May, 1839, Ulysses, in his eighteenth year, parted from his mother and younger brothers and sisters at the door of the old homestead. Then he went across the street to say good-bye to Mrs. Bailey. She and her daughters bade him farewell with tears. This touched the undemonstrative boy, who exclaimed:—

"Why, you *must* be sorry I am going. They didn't cry at our house."

These early friends of his he has never ceased to regard with affection.

On his way to West Point he spent several days with his mother's relatives in Philadelphia. That city he had always longed to see, and he wandered about the streets, Franklin-like, spending his money freely, until he had barely enough left with which to finish his journey. On the tenth of June he reached West Point, passed his examination without difficulty, and entered at once upon his scholastic duties.

The site of the Military Academy had much to stir the enthusiasm, and its history much to captivate the imagina-



CADET GRANT AT WEST POINT.

tion of the young cadet. It occupies a beautiful plateau on the west bank of the Hudson, fifty-two miles above New York. Half a mile in the rear, and five hundred feet higher, a bluff is crowned with old Fort Putnam. From the parade ground of the Academy, one hundred and fifty feet above the water, one looks out upon some of the loveliest scenery on the eastern half of our continent. Below runs the placid blue river and on every side rise the haze-covered crests of Butter Hill, Crow's Nest, Breakneck Mountain, and other lovely peaks of the Highlands.

The region is rich in memorials of our struggle for Independence. The British were exceedingly anxious to obtain control of the Hudson, for with uninterrupted passage to its head-waters and beyond, by the use of portages and Lakes George and Champlain, could they reach the great lakes and even the Mississippi. The Colonists were equally alive to the importance of the river, and by order of the Continental Congress, fortifications were begun in the Highlands in 1775.

The next spring, Doctor Benjamin Franklin, accompanied by Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, commissioners, on their way to Canada to invite her to join in our Revolutionary struggle, visited these works, and reported their strength at twenty-nine guns, and one hundred and twenty-four men. They were afterward greatly strengthened and enlarged; but, in the autumn of 1777, General Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander at New York, captured and demolished them all.

In one fort was Moll Pitcher, wife of an artillerist,—a stout Irish woman of only twenty-two, with red hair, freckled face, and bright piercing eyes. When her husband saw the enemy scaling the parapet, he dropped his port-fire and fled; but Molly picked it up, and fired the last shot for the Americans. Seven months later, at the battle of Monmouth, she brought water from a neighboring spring to her husband, who was serving his gun. Just as she was approaching him with a fresh bucketful, he fell, struck dead by a British shot. The captain of the battery, having no one else to take his place, ordered the piece withdrawn, but

Molly hearing this, dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and performed gunner's duty during the rest of the battle. The next morning, covered with dirt and blood, she was presented to Washington, who appointed her a sergeant, and had her placed on the half-pay list for life. She remained in the army through the war, usually wearing a cocked hat, and an artilleryman's coat over her frock. She was a great favorite among the soldiers, and was known, not only to them, but also on the official records, as "Captain Molly." After the restoration of peace, she returned to her old home near West Point, where she drew subsistence from the commissary, and after a long sickness, she died, in 1789. The archives of the post contain curiosities in official literature, in the form of letters from the Secretary of War to the quartermaster, authorizing him to order "shifts" and other clothing for Captain Molly, at the expense of the Government.

The works in the Highlands were soon rebuilt; and, in 1778, the quartermaster-general of the Continental army contracted with the Sterling Iron-works to construct a chain "five hundred yards long, each link two feet long, made of iron, two and a quarter inches square, with a swivel every hundred feet, and a clevis every thousand feet."

The chain was completed, and laid across the river in April of the same year. Sixteen links, still preserved at West Point, one in the Institute Library of Hartford, Connecticut, and several in the Redwood Library of Newport, Rhode Island, show the form of the huge cable. It was buoyed by pointed logs sixteen feet long, and held in its place by many anchors. Every autumn it was taken up by means of a windlass, and coiled in a huge pile on the river bank.

Just below this single chain was a double one, or boom, also resting upon logs, and designed, as the more formidable obstruction, to receive the first shock of approaching vessels. Both were stretched across near the present parade ground, where sailing vessels which had just come around the short bend could get little headway before striking them.

At Fort Putnam, and the other heights on both sides of the river, heavy guns completely commanded the bend, and could have knocked a ship to pieces while she was struggling with the chain. Now the sites of these old fortifications, where the soil was thrown up, are marked only by taller and stouter cedars than grow on the neighboring crests.

Six miles below, at Fort Montgomery, was still another chain. But the enemy kept very clear of these obstructions; so their efficacy was never tested. Modern experience, however, proves them of little value against armored steam-vessels. Like torpedoes, however frightful in theory, they prove harmless in practice.

During our war for the Union, the Rebel General Pillow —the same who in Mexico dug his ditch on the wrong side of his breastwork—attempted to stretch a chain across the Mississippi in front of Columbus, Kentucky. But it broke of its own weight, and was known in the neighborhood as "Pillow's Folly." Another chain stretched across below New Orleans, was supported by hulls of ships anchored in the stream. But, though batteries at each end commanded it, a party of Farragut's men cut it with hammers and cold chisels in less than half an hour, without losing a life, so that the ponderous structure, hulls and all, swung around to shore, the fleet passed, and New Orleans was captured. No chain across a broad river can be so strong that a heavy steam-vessel at full headway, striking it near the middle, is not likely to brush it away like a spider's web.

But though these obstructions discouraged any attempt at force, they could not save the key of the Highlands from passing into the hands of the enemy through treachery. A prominent American officer seized the opportunity to achieve eternal infamy. He proposed to take out a link and send it to the smith's, ostensibly for repairs, that free passage up the river might be open to the British. This was General Benedict Arnold. He possessed unquestionable civil and military abilities, and had served his country on the field with distinguished gallantry; but common rumor charged him with being in secret and corrupt partnership

with army contractors. Both Washington and the Provincial Congress, fancying that there must be some fire under all this smoke, had many suspicions touching his integrity, though none whatever concerning his patriotism, and long denied him the promotion which his good fighting had fairly earned. With all the bitterness of an egotistical nature, he resented this, and bided his time to revenge it by a deadly blow.

The opportunity came. In 1780, in compliance with his own request, he was placed in command at West Point. The post was deemed our Thermopylæ. The works had cost more than three millions of dollars, and the American engineers held them impregnable to an army thirty thousand strong. The general belief was that their loss, by severing the East from the West, would be fatal to the national cause. It was the most trying point in the Revolution. Many were weary of the protracted struggle, and ready to to give up in despair. A powerful party had been formed against Washington, particularly in New England, Pennsylvania, and Virginia, and Congress hampered him in many ways. Continental paper money was almost worthless; a bounty of fifteen hundred dollars was offered for boys for nine months; and the salary of a major-general was hardly sufficient to keep his horse supplied with oats. Regiment after regiment of the ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-clothed soldiers mutinied, until subordinate commanders were authorized to punish stragglers by whipping, and even in loyal neighborhoods, it was found necessary to declare martial law before the people would let their corn and beef go to the army for the depreciated currency.

This period of wide-spread doubt and despair Arnold chose as the fit moment for personal treachery and public treason. He proposed, in consideration of thirty thousand dollars and a commission in the British army, to give up to the enemy, not only the important post under his charge, but also the person of George Washington, commander-in-chief. He held several interviews with Major John Andre, adjutant-general of the British army. After one of these, at a house, yet standing, south of West Point,

Andre, trying to get back into the British lines at New York, fell into the hands of the "Cow Boys." This partisan organization existing on the neutral ground between the lines of the two armies, claimed to be British in sympathy, but was chiefly inspired by love of plunder. Andre, thoroughly frank by nature, unguardedly permitted the Cow Boys to learn that he was a British officer of high rank. Either from some spark of patriotism at bottom, or from hope of the liberal reward they afterward received, these plunderers turned him over promptly to the American authorities.

Washington the while was on a visit to West Point. Arnold, sitting at the breakfast-table with his guest and chief, received a note from the stupid subordinate into whose hands Andre had fallen, and who followed military routine so closely that he sent forward Andre's papers to Arnold, of whose own treachery they contained indubitable evidence. The traitor read the note with unmoved countenance, excused himself for a moment to the commander-in-chief, and went up to his chamber, followed by his wife, who was enough in his confidence to fear for his safety. He told her his danger, and she fell on the floor in a swoon. He, waiting only to kiss his sleeping babe, then six months old,—who arose in after years to the rank of lieutenant-general in the British service,*—dashed down a walk still known as "Arnold's path," and, under cover of a white handkerchief raised upon a stick, escaped in his barge, and found refuge on board the *Vulture*, a British vessel. A few minutes later, Washington, learning of his treachery, turned to General Knox and asked, with tears running down his cheeks:—

"Whom can we trust now?"

He immediately had Andre tried by a board of six major-generals, and eight brigadiers, including La Fayette, Steuben, Knox, and other eminent and patriotic soldiers of the army. Clinton, the British general-in-chief, with whom

* One of Benedict Arnold's grandsons is a respected clergyman of the Church of England.

Andre was a great favorite, made strong efforts to save him, offering many concessions if he could be spared, and threatening retaliation if he should be executed. The point urged against his technical guilt was, that he had come into the American lines in his uniform, and had only exchanged it for a disguise when on his way out, at the urgent desire of an American officer (Arnold), with whom he had been conferring. But he was clearly a spy. The board unanimously found him guilty, and sentenced him to be hanged one week from the date of his capture. He was very anxious to die a soldier's death; but Washington held the times so perilous as to require an example, and steadfastly resisted all the pressure brought to bear upon him. So Andre, who had won greatly upon the sympathies of his captors, met his fate manfully, and was hanged at Tappan in presence of the whole army. To the memory of this young man of only twenty-nine, this tender son and affectionate brother, accomplished, cultivated, and captivating in mind and person, who suffered for the unpunished treachery of an infamous traitor, a compassionate and romantic interest will always cling. Yet, by the well-defined laws of war, he was justly condemned to death. The Trumbull Gallery at New Haven contains a lock of his hair, and an excellent pen-and-ink sketch of him, which he presented to an American officer. He himself drew it at a table in his guard-room, without even the aid of a mirror, on the day before his execution. Thirty years after his death, his remains were disinterred and removed to Westminster Abbey, where they now rest, under an imposing monument, among the illustrious dead of his native country, in whose service he met so unhappy a fate.

Soon after the Revolution, our Government bought West Point for a permanent military post, at the suggestion of Alexander Hamilton, then Secretary of War. In 1794, a military school was established there, upon the recommendation of Washington. All his cabinet approved it, except Jefferson, who, very tender about the Constitution until he became President himself, could find no authority for it in that instrument.

Two buildings of Revolutionary origin were yet standing when Grant became a cadet. The earliest students were quartered in the old log barracks of the Revolution, boarded promiscuously in the neighborhood, and were instructed in a two-story wooden building. With the passing years various laws were enacted, modifying the government and character of the Academy. Until 1818 it was conducted with little system or regularity, but after that time it greatly improved. The prejudice against it has always been strong throughout the country. Once a bill was introduced in Congress to abolish it altogether, and Representative Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, supported it in a strong speech; but during the Mexican war he became convinced of the utility and necessity of the institution. Subsequent experience has fully confirmed this. Not only have its graduates performed our most important engineering works on railways and the like, in civil life, but in every war their value to the country has been inestimable. Thus far with us wars have occurred about once in a generation. In the Revolution, there were but few men who had served in the French and Indian war; in the war of 1812, few who had served in the Revolution; and in the Mexican war, few who had served in the war of 1812. In fighting the Rebellion, there were more who had been in the Mexican war, but none who had acquired much prominence there. General Scott testified:—

"But for our graduated cadets, the war with Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with more defeats than victories falling to our share, whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and a peace, without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

John C. Calhoun, while Secretary of War, desired to establish another military institution in the Southern States, but, not succeeding in this, worked zealously to add to the efficiency of the West Point Academy. In one of his official reports, he urged upon Congress:—

"It ought never to be forgotten that the military science in the present condition of the world can not be neglected with impunity. It has become so complicated and extensive as to require for its acquisition extensive means

and much time to be exclusively devoted to it. It can only flourish under the patronage of the Government, and without such patronage it must be almost wholly neglected. A comparatively small sum expended in time of peace to foster and extend the knowledge of military science, will, in the event of war, be highly beneficial to the country, *and may be the means of its safety.*"

It *was* ultimately our "means of safety" when the civil war blazed, which Calhoun's own teachings had done so much to kindle. And though at different times the Academy had been under the general supervision of Jefferson Davis and John B. Floyd, Secretaries of War, and under the immediate charge of Robert E. Lee and P. G. T. Beauregard, superintendents, and though its tone, like that of the army, was strongly Southern, it proved of the greatest service to the Union cause. No single officer attained much eminence who was not a graduate.

At the outset of the Rebellion there were eighty-six cadets at West Point from the Southern States. Of these, sixty-five were discharged, dismissed, or resigned from causes connected with the civil war, while twenty-one remained to prosecute their studies. At the same time our army had one thousand and seventy-four officers, including two hundred and seventy of Southern birth. Two hundred and two of these went with the Rebels, accompanied by fifty others from the Northern or Border States, most of whom had married Southern wives or acquired Southern property.*

* Boynton's "West Point," and Badeau's "Military History of Grant."

CHAPTER VI.

GRADUATES.

Each Congressional district in the United States has a cadet at the Military Academy, and whenever he graduates, or is dismissed, the representative names another. The President also can appoint ten each year, and is unrestricted as to locality.

The whole number of cadets is limited by law to two hundred and fifty, but General Grant, while Secretary of War, recommended its increase to four hundred. Cadet rank is a regular one in our army, between sergeant and second lieutenant. On first admission, the cadet is sworn into the service of the United States, in which he is to continue eight years unless previously discharged. Most do serve from ten to thirteen years, including their four years at the Academy.

The average age of admission is eighteen, and the maximum twenty-one. A large majority of the appointees have always been children of poor parents. This is ascertained by marching the cadets on a given day to the adjutant's office to record the occupations and pecuniary circumstances of their fathers. The latter they give by responding "indigent," "moderate," or "affluent," as the case may be. Each answer is recorded, but not made known to the other students, lest thoughtless boys should ridicule comrades for poverty. Not only does the poor orphan receive the same consideration and facilities for graduating with distinction as the son of the most wealthy and distinguished citizen, but of cadets dropped out or expelled before graduating, far the larger number, proportionately, are sons of rich men, who, accustomed to luxury, find a soldier's discipline and fare unattractive.

At the outset every cadet is rigidly examined both by a medical board and by the professors, and rejected if he has any serious physical or mental disqualification. This preliminary examination is purposely severe, to keep out unfit applicants and see that only the best and most promising boys are trained for future officers of our army. Many are rejected at the start, and less than half of those who gain admission ever graduate.

The military art, regarding man as a machine, must have standards of height for its academies and armies. That of the British Life Guards is six feet; that of our army, five feet five inches just now, but it is made higher when recruits are plentiful and lower when they are rare. The standard at West Point is five feet. Cadet Grant, on admission, had barely one inch to spare. Had he been but an inch and a quarter shorter, the doors would have been closed against him. Who then would have captured Donelson—and opened the Mississippi—and whipped Lee—and moved upon the enemy's works generally, "smashing things" as he went? During his stay at the Academy, Grant added two or three inches to his stature. He is now five feet eight inches high, and his average weight is one hundred and sixty pounds.

The preliminary mental examination of the young cadet is simple—too simple to warrant one barely able to pass it in expecting to graduate. He is only required to be familiar with the elementary rules of arithmetic, and tolerably proficient in reading, writing, and spelling.

From the first of July the accepted cadet ranks as a member of the lowest class, and from that time until graduating receives the pay of a non-commissioned officer in our army. It is now thirty dollars per month; in Grant's time it was less. From this, clothing, mess bills, and other expenses are deducted. The design is simply to support the cadet. Possibly, if he is very frugal, he may come out at the end of four years with a little surplus to pay his expenses home. Ingalls graduated with Uncle Samuel his debtor one hundred and fifty dollars; but Grant's accounts were just square with our indulgent relative.

For six months after admission the cadet is on probation; then, in January, if he passes his second examination, he is regularly sworn into the service of the United States. The entire corps of cadets is organized into four companies, each commanded by some commissioned officer of our army, and each composed of members taken indiscriminately from the four classes. The captain of a company has three cadet lieutenants, four sergeants, and four corporals, under him, selected by the commandant for unusual merit, and according to the rank of their classes. The first-year cadets are privates; the second and third, competent to act as corporals and sergeants, and during the fourth as captains and lieutenants. The one deemed the best soldier is selected as adjutant, for his duties are difficult. Next in importance comes the quartermaster, then the company captains and lieutenants. The cadets treat their comrades acting as officers with strict military decorum when they are on duty, but officers do not act as spies on their fellow-students. Grant, quiet and unambitious, was never made lieutenant or captain; but he was appointed cadet-sergeant, and filled the position satisfactorily. That can only be done by a prompt, attentive, and efficient student. His taste did not crave, nor his qualities seem to warrant, any higher rank.

Cadet privates perform in rotation the duties of sentinels and guards night and day during July and August, when they are encamped in tents upon the plain, under all the regulations, discipline, and by-laws of an army in the field. They are drilled five days in the week from March to November, and several times daily during the summer encampment. They are awakened by the drum at five o'clock in the morning, drummed to their meals, drummed to study and military duty, and drummed to sleep at night. Among other accomplishments they are taught dancing. In the morning they study five hours; then dinner and roll-call at one, P. M.; then a drill from two until four; then freedom, with the exception of dress parade at sundown, until ten at night, when lights must be extinguished.

The cadet is allowed to bring from home sheets, pillow-

cases, and a few such unmilitary luxuries ; but his regular allotment is blanket, pillow, cot, looking-glass, bucket, wash-bowl, cocoa-nut dipper, broom, and candlestick.

Smoking is, of course, forbidden, and offers therefore to the juvenile mind the sweetness of stolen waters. Frequent are the fumes of tobacco reported by keen-nosed sentinels, and many the cigars or meerschaums confiscated by the authorities. Students are forbidden to receive money from friends, but sometimes do so surreptitiously, and invest it as quick as possible in ices, suppers, or less harmless indulgence, lest it likewise be confiscated.

Discipline is rigidly maintained ; hence there are none of the riots or uprisings so common in our civil colleges. The extreme punishments are expulsion, suspension for one year, extra guard duty, shortened recreation, and confinement to tent or darkened room. Lighter offenses are visited by demerit marks. Disobedience to orders and sitting or lying while on guard receive ten demerits in the black book ; "trifling" in ranks or on parade, "late," "unbuttoned coat," and "unblacked boots," five.

Ordinary penalties are decreed by the superintendent. Confinement to prison or dismissal is only inflicted by court-martial. Any cadet who receives a hundred demerits in deportment in six months is dismissed. All punishments are avoided as far as possible. The student's honor is relied upon. Even when the commandant suspects, but does not know, a student to be guilty of falsehood, he treats his statement as true. The great purpose is to instill the feeling that the cadet is a gentlemen and a soldier, and can, therefore, do no dishonorable thing, even in trivial matters.

Horseback exercise is strictly insisted upon, and the lads are constantly drilled at leaping hurdles, bearing off rings upon the points of sabers, and other equestrian feats.

The academic course is more severe than in our regular colleges in every thing except the dead languages. These are omitted, but English, French, and Spanish are carefully taught. Mathematics is the basis of chemistry, natural philosophy, geometry—indeed of the whole education.

The course of study has been little modified since Grant's day, though additions have been made to it. The uniform, too, has been somewhat changed, and discipline somewhat relaxed.

A perfect or maximum recitation is represented on the records by a figure 3, which the students call a "max." From this the numbers run down fractionally to zero. The minute and exact record thus kept, is posted up at the end of the week. This determines the cadet's standing in his class, and the average of it his regular scholarship. One hundred zero marks in six months will cause his expulsion.

The examinations are rigid and impartial. The annual one of the whole corps, in June, is attended by a full academic board, and a board of examiners appointed by the President of the United States. The semi-annual one, in January, is conducted by the professors alone. After admission, the two severest examinations occur respectively at the end of the first six months and the first year. Even at these, a student, "posed" by some problem, may be saved by his general character—that is, his good record on recitations in the weekly and monthly reports; but if his marks there fall below the average, and he also makes a poor showing to the examiners, he is dismissed.

The awkward cadet, at first the butt of the older students, is soon molded into a soldier. At the end of four years, which have accustomed him to military service and discipline, he graduates, capable of drilling a regiment, taking in at a glance an offensive or defensive position, overseeing the construction of a field fortification, blockhouse, bridge, building, or roadway, and drawing maps and plans. He has spent nearly one year in actual field service, living in tents, and performing full military duty; and in times of peace he can build railways, forts, and lighthouses.

In Grant's day, the famous North and South Barracks were yet standing. The rooms of the former each held four cadets—those of the latter, two. Young Grant was lodged sometimes in one, sometimes in the other. The old

barracks of stone and brick, which were then the distinguishing feature of the Academy, are now replaced by more imposing and modern ones of stone.

When Grant entered, at the age of seventeen, he was a plump, fair-complexioned, beardless youth from the country, rustic in manners and careless in dress. There was the usual disposition of the school-boy race the world over to impose upon the new-comer, but his readiness to take a joke was his best defense. The students of the first year are called "Plebes." In forming squads to go to meals or roll-call, they begin at the right and take their places toward the left in the order in which they reported at the beginning of the term. In Grant's class was one Jack Lindsay. His father was an old army colonel, whose fellow-officers and comrades had made a pet of Jack, already a tall, stout fellow, and something of a dandy. His place was on the left of Grant, whom he one day crowded out. Grant, thinking it might be a mistake, and slow to take offense, said nothing till after roll-call, when he quietly told Lindsay not to do it again. The very next time, however, Lindsay, to show his contempt for the raw lad from the backwoods, repeated the indignity. To his infinite surprise and the general delight of their classmates, Grant instantly knocked down his larger comrade, and administered to him that effectual dose which has taken the nonsense and ill-manners out of so many boys —a sound thrashing. Lindsay interfered with him no more; and the other "Plebes" saw that, with all his good-humor, "Uncle Sam" was not to be imposed upon.

There were few less prominent students at West Point. He was simply a quiet, well-behaved rustic lad, at first considered a specimen of unpretending mediocrity. One of his old tutors writes:—

"I remember him well. He was a tiny-looking little fellow, with an independent air, and a good deal of determination. It is a long time ago; but when I recall old scenes, I can still see Grant, with his overalls strapped down on his boots, standing in front of the quarters. It seems but yesterday since I saw him going to the riding hall, with his spurs clanging on the ground, and his great cavalry sword dangling by his side."

As he became better known, he grew popular among

comrades and professors for his purity, amiability, and modesty. In most studies he was fair, but reputed indolent, and not at all brilliant. Still, he had a knack of getting at the pith of things, and, even when answering a question incorrectly, never did it mechanically, but could give some clear, well-defined reason for the faith that was in him. In mathematics he excelled. Several, more ambitious than he, stood higher; but the only two classmates who overtopped him in capacity were Franklin and Quinby. The class contained several other cadets who became well known as generals during our war for the Union—Ingalls, Hardie, Augur, Judah, Charles S. Hamilton, and Frederick Steele.

As in all schools and colleges, the lads distinguished each other by nicknames. Grant, partly from the impression that his second name was Samuel, and partly from his general gravity, was known as "Uncle Sam"—a title which afterward adhered to him during all his service in the regular army. Of the others, Deshon was "Dragon;" Franklin, "Frank;" Gardner, "Gulger;" Ingalls, "Yankee;" Hamilton, "Ham;" Quinby, "Nykins;" Selden, "Taps," or "Simon Tappity;" Steele, "Doctor," because he had studied medicine; and Raynolds, "Dad," from premature gray hair. Two others, yet living, received the uncomplimentary appellations, "Bullhead," and "Jeremy Diddler."

At the end of his second year, the student receives a furlough of sixty days for visiting his friends. It is the only one during his entire term, unless in case of extreme sickness, or some other emergency. In June, 1841, Grant improved his by returning to Bethel, Ohio, ten miles west of Georgetown, where the family now lived. He had left Georgetown a round-shouldered lad. Now, after the first greeting, his mother exclaimed:—

"Ulysses, you have grown much straighter."

"Yes, that was the first thing they taught me," he replied. Still the effect of the teaching was not permanent.

He spent the weeks of his furlough in visiting old friends, and riding out with the girls; for nature will assert herself, and the young man seemed to have outgrown his indifference

to the other sex. He had also greatly improved in manners, overcome his bashfulness, and gained self-poise. For a time, in accordance with an agreement between himself and classmates to abstain from liquor for a year, he steadily refused to drink with his old friends. The object of the cadets was to strengthen by their example one of their number who was falling into bad habits.

In due season he returned to his studies. He had established his reputation as one who accomplished much easily, and who, though not fond of study, learned every thing thoroughly. His acquaintances were few, but he had a small circle of attached friends, among whom were Ingalls, now Quartermaster-General of the army; Franklin, Steele, Augur, Deshon, and Quinby. His comrades all respected his clear judgment and fairness, and, when disputes arose among them, would say :—

"Let's leave it to Uncle Sam."

And he witched his little world with noble horsemanship. There was nothing he could not ride. He commanded, sat, and jumped a horse with singular ease and grace; was seen to the best advantage when mounted and at a full gallop; could perform more feats than any other member of his class, and was, altogether, one of the very best riders West Point had ever known.

The noted horse of that whole region was a powerful, long-legged sorrel, known as "York." Grant and his classmate, Couts, were the only cadets who rode him at all, and Couts could not approach Grant. It was his delight to jump York over the fifth bar, about five feet from the ground, and the best leap ever made at West Point—something more than six feet—is still marked there as "Grant's upon York." York's way was to approach the bar at a gentle gallop, crouch like a cat, and fly over with rarest grace. One would see his fore feet high in the air, his heels rising as his fore feet fell, then all four falling lightly together. It needed a firm seat, a steady hand, and a quick eye to keep upon the back of that flying steed. One day when Grant had just taken his favorite leap Hamilton said to him :—

"Sam, that horse will kill you some day."

"Well," he replied characteristically, "I can't die but once."

The class, like all at the Academy, was about equally divided between Southerners and Northerners, or rather between plain and pretentious students. Among the last, Southerners took the lead in every thing; were confident in manners, showy in dress, and courted the society of ladies, for during the summer season, there are frequent cotillion parties in the long roomy hall, attended by the families of West Point and guests from everywhere. There was no intimacy between these two sets. They were seldom in each others' rooms, except on business. The only literary society, the "Dialectic," was in the hands of Southerners. It was difficult for the plain pupils to become members, so they asked permission to form another society, but it was denied. Grant, of course, was in the unfashionable set, as were most members of the class who have since become eminent. Deshon was held the most shining member. He remained in the army only a few years, and is now a Roman Catholic priest in New York. The class was held less brilliant than any which had preceded it since the founding of the Academy. When it graduated, not a single member was held good enough in mathematics to be recommended for the engineers, and only one for the topographical engineers.

But, eighteen years later, only three of the class went into the Rebel service—Roswell S. Ripley, originally a New Yorker, but married to a Southern lady; Samuel G. French, from New Jersey, who also married in the South, and Franklin Gardner, appointed from Iowa, but residing in Washington when the war broke out. The two first did not rise above the rank of brigadier-general. Gardner, a major-general, was captured with his command at Port Hudson, through the reduction of Vicksburg by Grant in 1863.

Grant's class, that of 1843, was of course associated with seven others first and last. In those below it were George B. McClellan, Kirby Smith, and Stonewall Jackson, the latter reputed only a fair scholar. The class of 1842, the first above, was very large, and esteemed by the faculty the

ablest that had ever graduated. Several members became more or less famous in our day—Newton, Rosecrans, Pope, Doubleday, Sykes, and Seth Williams on the Union side; and Longstreet, D. H. Hill, Mansfield Lovell, and Earl Van Dorn in serving the Rebel cause.

In the class of 1841, were Buell—adjutant of the corps and a martinet of great reserve and dignity; Rodman, inventor of the Rodman gun; Patrick Calhoun, son of John C. Calhoun, who died from excessive drinking; J. F. Reynolds, killed at Gettysburg; Nathaniel Lyon, Alfred Sully, and Israel B. Richardson, who fell at Antietam.

In the class of 1840, were Ewell, William Tecumseh Sherman, and George H. Thomas.

On the thirtieth of June, 1843, Grant graduated, the twenty-first on a list of thirty-nine classmates—all that were left of more than a hundred who entered the Academy with him. The rest had been weeded out from year to year. Robert E. Lee graduated fourteen years earlier, when Grant was a stripling of seven; Bragg and Pemberton six years earlier, Beauregard five, and Halleck four. Buckner came one year later, McClellan three, Burnside four, Warren seven, McPherson and Sheridan ten, and Howard eleven.

Leaving the Academy, Grant went as far as Philadelphia with his classmate, Frederick T. Dent of St. Louis, thence to Washington, and thence to his home in Ohio. At the final examination, his chief achievement was with his favorite horse York. In presence of the board of visitors he made the famous leap of six feet and two or three inches.

His career at West Point had been altogether unnoticeable. His scholastic standing was about the average. His reputation for integrity and fairness was high, and his observance of the truth so strict that he never indulged in the slightest exaggeration. But neither classmates nor professors fancied that he was born great, or going to achieve greatness, or likely to have greatness thrust upon him.

CHAPTER VII.

MEXICAN WAR—WITH TAYLOR.

IN 1843 the army of the United States numbered only seven thousand five hundred men, and West Point sent out officers for it much faster than they were needed. The custom was to commission graduates as second lieutenants by brevet, and many became gray-headed men before they reached the rank of captain.

Grant was accordingly appointed brevet second lieutenant in the Fourth Infantry. The usual ninety days' furlough after graduating he spent at his Ohio home, and then joined his regiment at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis.

The young soldier, with little work and much leisure, found recreation in the society of the neighboring city. Four miles west of the barracks also lived Colonel Frederick Dent,* the father of one of Grant's classmates. In 1815, when a young man, he had settled in Missouri, and bought eleven hundred arpents of land (eighty-five-hundredths of an acre making an arpent), ten miles southwest of St. Louis, on Gravois Creek. This place he called Whitehaven, in memory of his old home in Maryland, granted to his ancestors by King Charles. The new Whitehaven was in a pleasant region, looking out upon wooded hills and grassy valleys; and to its Southern hospitality, made easy by the unpaid labor of thirty slaves, Grant soon became a welcome guest.

Not solely or chiefly to see his old classmate did he frequent the place. There was metal more attractive. Julia

* Now eighty-one years of age, and still living in General Grant's family at Washington.

Dent, three or four years his junior, was the fifth child, but eldest daughter, of the house. Reared among slaves —"Black Julia," a girl exactly her own age, being her personal servant—she had inherited and acquired some of the local traits and habits of thought always perceptible in ladies of Southern education; but she had a sprightly mind, and a most sterling, lovable character—was amiable in disposition, comely in person, well-bred and attractive in manners. The logical result followed. Poet might have sung to the soberest old oak, that shaded the hospitable Whitehaven porch:—

> "Beneath thy boughs at fall of dew,
> By lover lips is softly told
> The tale, that all the ages through,
> Has kept the world from growing old!"

The lieutenant and the lady plighted their troth. But the family looked askance upon a match for the favorite daughter with a young itinerant, who had no fortune but a subaltern's pay, gave little promise of eminence in his profession, and from whom his wife must endure long separations. So the young couple could only promise to wait patiently, and to love each other all the more.

The country, meanwhile, was on the eve of war. Several years earlier, a few hundred Americans had settled in Texas, an outlying province of Mexico. They were chiefly Southerners, and an unparalleled proportion were patriots, who had "left their country for their country's good." But even American desperadoes believe in self-government, so Texas asked admission as a State to the Mexican Confederation. She was refused, with the additional indignity of having her commissioners imprisoned.

The President of Mexico was Santa Anna, who had already seen many ups and downs of fortune—to-day exiled or in prison, to-morrow chief ruler of the fickle republic. Sam Houston, the central figure in Texas, had had a still more checkered career. His truthful memoir would read like the bloodiest of dime novels. While yet in his teens he had been a boy-soldier against the Indians; then a volun-

tary resident among them for years, adopting their habits, and leading them by his strong will; next a representative in Congress, and then Governor of Tennessee. The latter office he suddenly resigned three months after his marriage, and, from some unknown cause, left his young wife, abandoned civilization, lived again for years among the Cherokees, was engaged in many battles, and finally settled in Texas, to appear again in the whirlpool of politics.

In 1835, Santa Anna marched into Texas at the head of an army to subdue the refractory province. War followed, with various fortune, for nearly a year. Two bodies of unarmed Texan prisoners, one hundred and eighty-five at the Alamo, and three hundred and fifty-seven at Goliad, were murdered by the Mexicans. These deeds of blood gave a battle-cry to the Texans. On the San Jacinto, eight hundred men led by Houston, attacked a fortified camp of sixteen hundred Mexicans under Santa Anna, shouting:—"Remember the Alamo! Remember Goliad!"

They stormed the breastworks, and, with a loss of only thirty-three in all, killed, wounded, or captured almost every Mexican, slaughtering many after the fort was taken. Houston, with the greatest difficulty, saved the life of Santa Anna himself, who was made a prisoner.

Mexico was soon ready to acknowledge the independence of Texas. But the question of boundary presented a new difficulty, Texas claiming west to the Rio Grande, and Mexico demanding that the border should be the Nueces River, three hundred miles farther east. Though the intervening country is made up of barren sand deserts, Mexico and Texas fought about it for years, the Texans receiving warm sympathy and support from our Southern and Western States, as the victims of the Alamo and Goliad were from along the Mississippi and the Ohio. Even the two brass field-pieces, which helped Houston to win the battle of San Jacinto, were a gift from citizens of Cincinnati.

Our Southern politicians, too, began to clamor in the name of freedom for the rich and virgin soil of the fair province—that they might cover it with slaves. Thus encouraged, in 1837 Texas proposed annexation to the United

States. President Van Buren opposed her request as conflicting with our well-defined national policy, and as likely to involve us in a war with Mexico. The protection of Great Britain and France was sought for by the revolted province, which thus invoked the potent influence of opposition to foreign interference on the American continent.

The death of President Harrison, and the treachery of Vice-President Tyler to the party electing him, proved more friendly to the Texans. In 1844, Tyler, as President, and John C. Calhoun, as Secretary of State, signed a treaty of annexation; but the Senate rejected it, so the question was referred to the grand jury of the nation. In vain did Webster and other prominent statesmen, supported by the entire Whig party and many Northern Democrats, oppose the projected addition to our territory, on the grounds of safe policy and sound political morality. The national lust for territorial expansion was irresistible. Van Buren opposed the measure, and so lost the Democratic nomination for the Presidency. Henry Clay, the Whig candidate, opposed it, and was defeated by James K. Polk, the Democratic nominee. So Texas was admitted in December, 1845.

The South regarded the result as a great victory for the Slave-Power. At the North a fresh impulse was given to the growing Abolition sentiment, both by the annexation and by a provision in the Texas Constitution, which authorized dividing her into five Slave States at some future day. As an index of the intensity of this feeling, I remember a mother, not more interested in public affairs than many New England mothers, who, when news of the annexation came, as she sat at her family breakfast-table, burst into tears at such an appalling pro-Slavery triumph.

It was so well understood that annexation might involve war with Mexico, that American troops were concentrated at Fort Jessup, on Red River, near the eastern border of Texas, more than a year before the admission of the new State. Brevet Brigadier-General Zachary Taylor, distinguished in the war of 1812, and in Indian contests, was sent to take command of this "Army of Observation."

Early in May, 1844, Lieutenant Grant obtained leave of absence for a visit to his Ohio home. Before the steamer conveying him was out of sight, his regiment, at Jefferson Barracks, received orders to start for Red River. There was no telegraph in those days, and Grant went on to Bethel, but the stage which bore him also carried an order in the mail for him to rejoin his regiment; so he remained at home but one or two days, and then returned.

He had barely time to bid adieu to his betrothed. Her family, quite willing that the prospective war should rid them of the young lieutenant, were not sorry to have him called away. But youth and maiden, blest with that rich inheritance of hope bequeathed by every generation of true lovers, parted with full faith in a radiant future.

It was the second week in May when the regiment embarked for New Orleans. In five days it reached Grand Ecore, on Red River, a cantonment four miles from the old town of Natchitoches, Louisiana, and so healthy that the officers named it "Camp Salubrity."

Our young brevet lieutenant varied his idle life by frequent visits to the ancient city, and to Fort Jessup, twenty-five miles in the interior, where most of the troops were encamped, and where horse races, "gander pullings," and the other amusements of that region were frequent.

Here the regiment was stationed for a year. But in June, 1845, in anticipation of annexation, Taylor was ordered to the western frontier of Texas, "to protect her from foreign invasion and Indian incursions." Choosing New Orleans as the port of embarkation, he rendezvoused his troops four miles below that city, near the old Jackson battle-ground. The Fourth were in barracks, and notwithstanding the heat and some yellow fever, the young officers delighted to frequent the city.

Their regimental commander had a weakness for the bottle. Sometimes, on his visits to town, he fell into the hands of the police, and was reprimanded or fined by the courts. On one of these occasions, Grant went in search of his peccant colonel, took a seat beside him in the court-room, and the two waited for his case of "drunkenness and

disorderly conduct" to be called. Before it was reached, they heard the tramp of approaching soldiers in the street, and a moment after, in a familiar voice, the words:—

"Halt! Ground arms!"

It was a squad of Grant's own company. The lieutenant instantly stepped out and asked:—

"What does this mean, corporal?"

"Well, lieutenant," replied that zealous subordinate, "we heard that the colonel had got into an ugly scrape with those rascally police, so I have brought up the squad to prove an *alibi!*"

The corporal, altogether serious, was sent back to the barracks with his squad, but without any very severe reprimand; and even the mortification of the crestfallen colonel was mitigated by this misdirected loyalty.

In August, 1845, the regiment left New Orleans by steamer. With the rest of the army it encamped at Corpus Christi, Texas, an old ranch, supported mainly by contraband traffic, for then, as now, the Mexicans could not guard their long frontier against smugglers. Horses, mules, blankets, and silver were brought to Corpus Christi and exchanged for "notions," cloth, and tobacco. With true border lawlessness, Colonel Kinney, keeper of the ranch, used to buy off with gold pieces the Mexican soldiers who came to suppress his trade, and fight off the Comanches, who came to steal his goods.

Twenty adobe houses about the ranch constituted Corpus Christi. Here the army remained until the following spring. It was encamped on a green slope covered with mesquite shrubs and evergreen oaks, extending down to the beach and along the water's edge for more than a mile. Taylor's head-quarters were beside the beach, only a few yards from Grant's regiment.

The vicinity of the camp afforded excellent fishing. Hunting deer, and occasionally panthers, shooting turkeys, ducks, and snipe, gave the officers additional amusement. A few miles from the coast thousands of deer roamed in herds, but they were too wary to come within range of the chaparral. Mexicans hunted them with a stalking-horse—

BREVET SECOND LIEUTENANT GRANT.

the dried skin of the head, neck, and part of the body of a horse, which they pushed before them as they crawled on their breasts until within rifle-shot of the grazing host.

Herds of wild mustangs also abounded. One day Taylor, finding his transportation short twenty-five mules, after swearing with his usual vehemence at the inefficiency of the quartermasters, collected in front of his tent all the Mexican traders and visitors in camp, and told them he would give a fair price for fifty wild horses. Several instantly started for the plains a hundred miles away, built a corral with funnel entrance, drove in the wild little beasts, and in ten days returned with the required number. Twenty-five were soon lassoed and broken to harness, the rest sold to officers at from five to twenty dollars apiece. Pony races at once became a popular amusement.

On the first of October, Grant received an appointment as a full second lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry, but he had become so attached to the Fourth, which had existed for more than fifty years, and won a distinguished record, that he asked permission to remain with it. The Washington authorities acceded to his request, and in December came his commission as full second lieutenant in the Fourth. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Whistler, who had been in the service for forty years—longer than any other officer except Scott.

Two of Grant's brother lieutenants were killed by a steamer explosion, and buried just after sunset on the beautiful bluff back of the camp at Corpus Christi. By the light of a single lamp, the church service was read over their graves, three volleys were fired, and the escort wheeled into line and marched away to fife and drum.

A theater, holding eight hundred persons, was finished in January, and a clever company whiled away many winter nights. The scenery was painted by amateurs among the officers. Corpus Christi had already become a village of one thousand civilians, chiefly camp followers. Many of the houses were permanent, though some were covered only with cotton cloth.

The annexation of Texas was simply an act of aggression on the part of a strong power against a weak one. No provision had been made for increasing the army of the United States, which was smaller than it had been for forty years. Both Congress and President Polk fancied that a little show of force would awe Mexico into submitting without resistance. The Government of Mexico *was* craven, but her people, always patriotic in spite of their ignorance, were eager to fight for the integrity of her territory. President Polk feared to take the responsibility of a war, and hints were given Taylor to invade Mexico without orders. But "Old Rough and Ready," as his soldiers called him, was a Whig, and not inclined to walk into such a trap.

Finally, he was imperatively instructed to advance; and on the eleventh of March, 1846, Whistler's brigade, to which Grant was attached, started for the Rio Grande. A battery which accompanied was commanded by Captain Braxton Bragg, destined, years later, to come to grief as a Rebel general at the hands of Lieutenant Grant. The army on the march formed a picturesque caravan. The undress uniform was then light blue, like our present cavalry pantaloons, not dark blue like our blouses. The regular uniform was a heavy frock coat, and a "stove-pipe" felt hat. Most pictures of battles in the Mexican war represent our soldiers as appareled in this comfortless coat and preposterous hat, but in the field and on marches they really wore light jackets and little flat caps or straw hats.

The long procession of blue, relieved by snow-white baggage-wagons and thousands of gleaming bayonets, marched over vast stretches of barren sand hills, where countless herds of dappled mustangs and spotted antelopes grazed, and gorgeous flowers of yellow, scarlet, and purple somehow found sustenance in the unpromising soil. Against the clear sky a magnificent mirage painted purple mountains, cool lakes, and green groves which at first it was difficult to believe unreal. Men and horses were frequently bitten by rattlesnakes, but seldom with fatal results.

On the fourteenth day from Corpus Christi, the soldiers left the desert, where they had traveled without seeing a

human habitation, and entered picturesque settlements on the east bank of the Rio Grande, among lovely wheat fields, orchards, and vineyards, where rills for irrigation ran in threads of silver through every field and beside every door.

At the mouth of the river, Taylor took possession of Point Isabel, which he made his depot of supplies, leaving a small force to guard it. The army marched twenty-seven miles farther up stream, and encamped beside the Rio Grande, here one hundred and twenty-five yards wide. Just across it rose the fair city of Matamoras, flags of the Mexican Republic flying, housetops covered with dusky faces, streets filled with native soldiery, and two hundred men and women upon the bank, gazing curiously at the new-comers.

The army, which had marched one hundred and sixty miles from Corpus Christi, then encamped in a field of green corn within full range of the Matamoras guns. A month was spent in building a fortification. Many soldiers, chiefly English, Irish, and German, deserted to the Mexicans, but a number were shot while swimming the river. The slaves of our Southern officers also ran away by the dozen, to the infinite disgust of their "owners."

Grant's regiment had nothing to do but to hunt wild boars, and go out occasionally to escort trains of supplies from Point Isabel. The colonel, by more than usual dissipation, tried the patience of his brusque commanding general beyond bearing, and Taylor said to him :—

"You have my permission to resign."

"It is impossible," replied the old officer, "I have spent all my property, and have no other means to live by. Military life is the only one I am acquainted with, and I am too old to learn any other."

The colonel was court-martialed and dismissed the service, but, in view of his long services, afterward reinstated by President Polk. He remained in command of the Fourth till 1861, and died in 1863.

The twenty-sixth of April brought wild excitement to the little camp. The first blood had been shed. Sixty-three dragoons, scouting under Captain Thornton, had been at-

tacked, sixteen killed or wounded, and the rest captured. The desire of the Government was gratified; war had begun, and the Mexicans had fired the first shot.

On the first of May Taylor started for Point Isabel, which was threatened by the enemy. When the troops marched away, joy bells were rung in Matamoras, where it was believed that the Americans were leaving the country. But the Mexican officers knew what the movement meant. They had threatened Point Isabel, to induce the uncovering of the new fort our troops were building opposite Matamoras, and the moment our army left they attacked it. So on the seventh, Taylor, having fortified and re-enforced the Point, started back to relieve the fort.

About noon the next day, his troops met the enemy on a prairie, three miles from Palo Alto (tall timber). The weather was intensely hot, and a halt was made of a couple of hours to park the wagons, and let the men lunch and drink from a cool, clear spring. As they started again, the Mexicans opened fire upon them, and a lively skirmish followed. Grant's regiment, on the extreme right, was in a hot place, supporting artillery, and pouring in a heavy fire. The Mexican lancers charged again and again with a good deal of gallantry, but were successfully repulsed.

The long, dry grass of the prairie was fired by the burning wads of the cannon, and great clouds of smoke presently hid the contending forces from each other. For half an hour, till the flames subsided, the action was suspended. Then, under cover of the smoke, the brigade in which were Grant's regiment and Ringgold's battery, made a detour, flanked the enemy on his left, and compelled him to change his line of battle—but not till Ringgold had been killed. Grant was with his company, which was commanded by Captain George A. McCall. Captain Page fell a few yards from him, his lower jaw shot away by a cannon-ball. Almost simultaneously a ball took off a soldier's head, scattering his brains and blood in the faces of his comrades. In another part of the field, Colonel McIntosh, of the Fifth, riding through the chaparral, was attacked by several Mexicans, wounded by a bayonet thrust through his neck, en-

tering at the mouth and coming out at the back. He was left for dead on the field, but recovered in a few days.

At the same moment with the movement of the Fourth, another was made on our left, so that the Mexicans were almost surrounded. Their line broke and fell back, and the ground was occupied by our troops.

The fight, which lasted for five hours, was chiefly with artillery, though there was some skirmishing at close quarters. The American force was about two thousand three hundred men; the Mexican much larger. Our loss was only fifteen in killed and mortally wounded. But it was the first encounter of the United States troops with a civilized enemy for thirty years, and was magnified accordingly. It was also Grant's first battle, and he was in the thickest of it.

That night the troops slept on the field, undisturbed save by the groans of their wounded comrades and enemies in the hands of the surgeons. Chloroform—blessed alleviator of pain—had not yet come into use.

In the morning they advanced again in line of battle, expecting an immediate encounter, but no enemy appeared. Feeling their way for two hours, they came upon the Mexicans posted at Resaca de la Palma (grove of palms), a deep, densely wooded valley crossing the road three miles from the Rio Grande. Captain McCall, with Grant and a hundred picked men, first encountered the enemy. There was a little skirmishing, and presently the two forces joined battle. It was in a thick chaparral, almost as dense as the woods at Shiloh, or the Wilderness. The artillery could do little good, but bayonets were crossed, and there was hot infantry fighting. The Fourth, though it had changed places, and was on our extreme left, chanced again to be in the sharpest of the fight. Taylor himself was under hot fire, and an officer proposed that he retire for safety. He replied:—

"No, we won't go back; but *let us ride a little forward, where the balls will fall behind us.*"

After several futile attempts to charge, the Mexicans gave way in confusion. The Americans followed in hot

pursuit, and, just beyond the ravine, came upon the enemy's camp, where beeves killed, fires lighted, meals cooked, and the silver dinner-service of a Mexican general left exposed, showed that the foe had fancied his position impregnable.

Without stopping to plunder, our troops pressed on, driving the fugitives pell-mell toward the river. Some were killed while retreating, some overtaken and captured, and many drowned in the rush at the Rio Grande.

The American loss* was larger than on the previous day, but still insignificant. Lieutenant Cochrane, of Grant's regiment, was among the killed. Our forces captured eight pieces of artillery, two thousand stands of arms, three standards, and a great deal of camp equipage. The Mexicans showed, in these two battles, better fighting qualities than at any subsequent period of the war; but they lost forever all that vast region east of the Rio Grande, which their republic had hitherto ruled. The campaign, on soil which our Government even claimed, was ended, and the army, which had been first one of "Observation" and then of "Occupation," now became "the Army of Invasion."

Taylor reached the river bank opposite Matamoras, in time to relieve the new fort. It had been under bombardment for six days, but though containing two artillery companies, a detachment of infantry, and all the women attached to the camp, only two persons were killed, and but ten wounded. Major Jacob Brown, of the Tenth infantry, who commanded the post, was one of the killed. The unfinished work was consequently named "Fort Brown." Brownsville, Texas, on the same spot, still commemorates him.

Intelligence of hostilities actually created wonder at Washington. Capt. Thornton's party had been attacked on soil to which Mexico had certainly more claim than Texas; but when the news reached President Polk, he declared, in an extraordinary message, that the Mexican Government had invaded our territory, and shot several of our fellow-citizens "*upon our own soil.*" Congress re-

* Killed and mortally wounded, forty-four.

sponded by resolutions of similar purport, and by authorizing the President to call out fifty thousand volunteers.

General Scott, the ranking officer of the army, was placed in charge, and requested to proceed to Mexico. But he was a Whig, and Democrats were intriguing for the appointment of a junior or political general over his head. So, in a note to Marcy, the Secretary of War, he wrote :—

"I do not desire to place myself in that most perilous of positions—*a fire in the rear* from Washington, and a fire in my front from the Mexicans."

The italicized expression was made the theme of merciless ridicule by Democratic newspapers, and for a while it kept Scott in disgrace with the administration.

Nine days after the battle of Resaca, Taylor crossed the Rio Grande and entered Matamoras, which the Mexicans had evacuated, a pleasant old Mexican city of stone and adobe houses, surrounding a noble plaza shaded with beautiful trees. Among other public property, an immense quantity of cigars and tobacco was found, which Taylor distributed among his troops, to their supreme satisfaction.

The hospitals, in a horrid condition, were filled with Mexican soldiers from the recent battles, their wives or daughters sitting beside their couches to keep off the abounding flies. Most of the people were filthy and covered with vermin, but some women were attractive, and evinced the usual native predilection for Americans. All day would they sit on the cool brick floors of their houses, with their rich hair neatly dressed, but wearing no clothing except a single robe. They were always ready to converse through their lattices, and at evening, above the city, large numbers bathed publicly in the river.

There was a strong desire to conciliate the Mexicans ; so plundering was not only forbidden, but actually prevented. Buildings occupied by quartermasters and commissaries were also regularly hired and paid for.

The army was only four or five thousand strong. All the regular officers knew each other ; for with nothing to do but drill there was abundant leisure. Soldiers mingled with the natives, learning to speak Spanish, and spending a

good deal of time at fandangoes. The men occupied A tents, the officers, wall tents. Grant's regiment was camped on the river bank, where malignant fever prevailed. His own company suffered much, and two others were quite broken up.

Early in August the command marched for Camargo. The heat was so intense that the soldiers could not travel in mid-day, so they started at midnight, and went into camp by nine in the morning. Along the road they purchased abundant supplies of apples, pears, pomegranates, quinces, and grapes, and passed pleasant ranches, with great herds of goats and cattle near them.

After marching one hundred and twenty-seven miles in eight days, they reached Camargo, one hundred and eighty miles above the mouth of the Rio Grande, an isolated old settlement with a grand plaza, spacious cathedral, and limestone houses with flat roofs. Here Taylor established his base of supplies and concentrated his growing army, while volunteers, wagons, horses, and provisions were constantly arriving from the United States.

Temporary fortifications were thrown up. Gideon J. Pillow, civilian major-general from Tennessee, dug his ditch on the wrong side of his breastwork, and gained thereby the ludicrous notoriety, which has never deserted him. Here Grant was made acting assistant quartermaster, and placed in charge of the property of his regiment—a much more active and responsible position than that of a second lieutenant in the line, and one which requires excellent business capacity.

Before the end of August Taylor started for Monterey with six thousand effectives, half of whom were volunteers. Transportation was scarce, and many officers bought pack mules for their personal comforts. On the march the soldiers attended fandangoes almost every night; for the Mexicans, though ready enough to fight on the field, were equally ready to dance with the invaders of their country.

Monterey, with seventeen thousand people, is the most important city of northern Mexico. It is built of limestone, the streets paved and clean, and fringed with beautiful gar-

dens, orchards, and vineyards. The town is two or three miles long, and its natural position very strong. When our army approached, it was well fortified, and held by ten thousand Mexican troops.

After ten days of reconnoitering, Taylor attacked it on the twenty-first of September. Grant's regiment was in Garland's brigade of regulars, on the extreme left of our line. The troops assaulted the city vigorously, and were vigorously opposed from forts, intrenched streets, and barricaded houses. One detachment reached the roof of a house near a Mexican redoubt, but was driven out. Two companies of the Fourth advanced to storm a fortification, and had a severe fight, in which Grant's friends and messmates, Hoskins and Wood, both fell mortally wounded while cheering on their men. More than one-third of the command was disabled, and it was finally driven back. Another party of the Fourth had a lively fight in the streets—loading behind buildings, stepping out to fire, and then hiding again. Once they lay upon the ground under a hot fire for half an hour, watching the shells which flew over them from Worth's command on the other side of the town. Before night they had lost very heavily.

It was said that during this fight the daughter of a former Mexican governor, her whole soul aroused at the invasion of her native soil, led a company of lancers in three successful charges. After the battle, the native Joan of Arc retired from the army and the town, and was seen no more.

During the day, a private of the Third Infantry, mortally wounded, said to a passing sergeant:—

"I am dying. I wish you would take this musket back to my captain. I have had it ever since I enlisted, and *I want to leave it to the old regiment.*"

Another, struck in the thigh by a bullet, exclaimed:—"I have got my ticket," and limped gayly off to camp on his uninjured leg. In similar phrase, during the Rebellion, would our soldiers sometimes say of a dead comrade, "He has handed in his checks."

In the rear, Worth's division had carried several important points, but the attack in front was a failure. Our

forces were driven back, but held one important redoubt which they had gained. The Fourth remained to guard this, the men lying in the mud and rain through the cold night, though they had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours

Just at dawn, the next morning, Worth's men stormed and captured, at the point of the bayonet, a height commanding the Citadel and the Bishop's Palace, and thus got the key of the city. The Mexican general then concentrated his troops in the streets, which so changed positions that there was little fighting during the day. The shattered Fourth was relieved by volunteers, and sent back to camp.

On the third and last day there was hard fighting from morning until night. Hand to hand and face to face, the Mexicans defended their homes with great obstinacy, from house-tops and narrow streets and around the grand plaza. Our artillerists sent grape and canister plowing through the town, and, in return, musket-balls rattled about them like hickory-nuts. As Taylor was standing recklessly in a very hot place, a lieutenant begged him not to expose himself so much. His only reply was:—

"Take this ax, and knock down that door."

Everywhere our men were breaking into buildings, while terrified women and children fell on their knees and begged for mercy. But the troops were well disciplined, and behaved admirably, while digging their way persistently from house to house.

Toward night, as very hard fighting was going on near the plaza, it was suddenly discovered that the detachment engaged was almost out of ammunition. The men were under a hot fire, and could not hold their ground for a moment without cartridges. Taylor's headquarters were a mile back, outside of the town, at "Fort Number One," a captured redoubt. Grant, who had been with his regiment from the firing of the first musket, volunteered to go and find him or Twiggs, and order up ammunition.

He prepared for his ride behind a house, and then dashed out. The moment he emerged from cover he was under a sweeping artillery and musketry fire from forts and houses.

MONTEREY. LIEUTENANT GRANT GOES FOR AMMUNITION.

But he was probably the best horseman in the army, and his skill did him good service. Before running the hot gantlet, he had adopted the posture of the Comanche Indians in similar peril—lying against the side of his horse, with one foot thrown over the saddle and his hand clutched in the mane. Being on the opposite side from the enemy, any shots to harm him must first pass through the steed.

His horse was well trained, and with Grant clinging to him in that awkward position, and "bobbing" up and down with his motion, he started at a quick run. On the way he had to jump an earth wall nearly four feet high. He made the leap splendidly, and though balls whistled and shells exploded all around him, Grant had the good fortune to reach the fort safely. He found Twiggs who gave the order to forward the ammunition, but before it could start our troops came pouring back. With great, but fruitless, gallantry they had got into a place in which they could not stay. As Grant himself afterward described it, they were like the man who caught a wild boar. When friends came up with congratulations, he replied:—

"Yes, I did pretty well in catching him, but now I wish somebody would come and help me let him go!"

That night ended the fighting. The Fourth had lost five officers and many men. Grant's duties as quartermaster of course excused him from going into battle, but he was not the man to avail himself of any such privilege. His gallantry and skill in riding for the ammunition were the theme of general admiration throughout the army.

Adjutant Hoskins being killed, Grant was now made adjutant of the Fourth, and afterward performed the duties of that position in addition to those of quartermaster.

The white flag was raised and commissioners appointed —Jefferson Davis, colonel of the First Mississippi Rifles being one—to arrange terms of capitulation. The Mexicans were allowed to retain their small-arms, accouterments, and one battery, but they were to retire within seven days. An armistice was agreed to for eight weeks, or until either Government should order it to cease.

The American loss was one hundred and twenty killed

and three hundred and sixty-eight wounded, chiefly from ill-advised attacks upon strong positions during the first day.

Our troops found Monterey a pleasant city. It had a great cathedral with the usual chime of bells and lurid paintings, but just then filled with Mexican ammunition.

Some weeks earlier the Mexican general commanding had issued a proclamation advising our men to desert. He afterward asked an American prisoner if our soldiers had not been tempted to do so. The captive replied :—

"Oh, no, they were not so green as that."

This was too much for the Mexican's English ; so an American interpreter was called to render "green" into Spanish. He gave it thus :—

"The soldier says they were not such d—d fools!"

On the day after the battle, Grant encountered an old Georgetown friend and playmate, now captain in the Ohio volunteers, with whom he exchanged confidences. The friend related that he was soon to be married ; and Grant confided to him his own engagement, and that his prospective father-in-law, Colonel Dent, had fallen into pecuniary difficulties, the result of a lawsuit of twenty years. On this account Julia had offered to release him, but, of course, he should accept no such freedom. As young men are wont, the two friends promised to name their boys for each other, and in pursuance of this agreement the first born of the Ohio captain, now a promising cadet at West Point, bears the name of Ulysses Grant White.

Taylor, on receiving orders to resume hostilities, marched his army to Saltillo, west of Monterey, but he left Grant's regiment behind, and conveniently shelved Colonel Whistler —now back in the army, through the kindness of President Polk—by keeping him in command of the city. Here died of disease Grant's early friend who secured his appointment to the Military Academy, Thomas L. Hamer, of Ohio. He was sincerely mourned by his own State, and by many political friends throughout the Union.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEXICAN WAR—WITH SCOTT.

ON the fourteenth of January, 1847, the regiment started for "Scott's line." From Camargo, it took steamer to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and from there to Vera Cruz. Only five thousand men were left with Taylor, so his campaign in northern Mexico was supposed to be ended. He was eminently a fighting man, but he found his main obstacle that which has been the chief embarrassment of all army commanders, from the days when Julius Cæsar in Gaul, was compelled so often to halt his army and gather supplies of corn. Taylor wrote to the Government: "Fighting and whipping the enemy is among the least difficulties we encounter; the *great question of supplies* necessarily controls all operations."

Scott, on reaching the Rio Grande, dispatched to Taylor his plan of operations. But his courier was captured and killed, so his letter went straight to Santa Anna, who thus learned that Scott proposed to capture Vera Cruz and strike for the city of Mexico, and that he had already stripped Taylor of all his troops except five thousand, of whom less than one-tenth were regulars.

Upon obtaining this valuable information, the Mexican chief determined to strike his enemies in detail. So in February, with nearly twenty thousand men, he marched upon Taylor, who had taken a very strong position in a mountain pass at Buena Vista, eleven miles from Saltillo. Santa Anna gave him one hour to consider a proposition for immediate surrender. Taylor would not accept the hour, but instantly refused. At dawn, next morning, the Mexicans pushed forward, and the fight soon grew desperate. Jefferson Davis, at the head of his Mississippi Rifles, was badly wounded, but remained on the field and greatly dis-

tinguished himself. Some of the raw recruits broke badly, particularly an Indiana regiment. In the midst of the action, when the result seemed extremely doubtful, while Taylor was standing beside the battery of Braxton Bragg, the enemy suddenly poured down upon it. Instantly, by order of the chief, Bragg charged his guns with grape and poured it into the Mexicans, who were almost at the muzzles. While the assailants cowered under this terrible hail, Taylor was reported to have shouted:—

"A little more grape, Captain Bragg."

There was nothing particularly marked in the phrase, but who can tell what mysterious chord the most commonplace words may strike if spoken at the right moment? The order tickled the public ear, and went from mouth to mouth and newspaper to newspaper, as indicating the pluck and coolness of "Old Rough and Ready."

Captain Bragg's grape saved the day. On his front the enemy broke and fled, though elsewhere fighting continued until dark. The Americans slept on their arms, expecting a renewal next morning, but when the sun rose Santa Anna had retired. The Americans lost nine hundred and forty-six in killed and wounded, almost one-fifth of the number engaged; the Mexicans about two thousand. Taylor's fight with his small force of raw recruits was the most gallant of the war, and made him its popular hero.

During these campaigns, one force under Stephen Watts Kearny, with Colonel Sterling Price of Missouri and Major Edwin V. Sumner of the regular army as subordinates, captured Santa Fé, New Mexico. Another, under General Wool, made a long campaign through northern Mexico, and joined Taylor at Saltillo. Meanwhile, Lieutenant John C. Fremont, with a little surveying party, and without knowing that hostilities had begun east of the Rocky Mountains, raised the American flag in California, and, with none to molest or make him afraid, annexed that great province to our national possessions.

Scott landed his force, twelve thousand strong, at Vera Cruz. Like that of Cortez, three hundred years before, it was a mere handful, in view of the numbers and resources

of the enemy. He planted lines five miles long around the the ancient city, and began the siege. Nearly all the fighting was with artillery. Here George B. McClellan, a lieutenant of engineers, began his career. He was in charge of a working party in the trenches, while Captain C. F. Smith commanded the outpost guard on their front. Once as McClellan's detachment was being relieved, Smith's line became involved in a sharp skirmish. McClellan did not go to his help, but marched off his command at a double quick, leaving Smith to take care of himself.

Ordinarily Scott was not a favorite among his men, but his grievances at Washington excited their sympathy, and even stimulated him into something like wit. Once, as he was walking the trenches, the soldiers rose up and stared over the parapet at his towering form. He cried:—

"Down, down, men; don't expose yourselves."

"But, General," replied one, "*you* expose yourself."

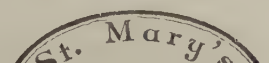
"Oh, well," answered Scott, "generals can be made out of any thing now-a-days, but men can't!"

It was much in the strain of President Lincoln's witticism in 1863. When friends condoled with him about the capture of a general at Fairfax Court-House, he replied:—

"Oh, I can make a new brigadier any day, but all those horses that the Rebels got cost us a hundred and fifty dollars apiece."

On the twenty-sixth of March, having bombarded Vera Cruz for five days, with the loss on our side of less than forty men, Scott was about to assault, when the place surrendered. Five thousand prisoners and five hundred pieces of artillery were captured. Our troops found the old city, established by the Spaniards nearly three hundred years ago, pleasantly built, with flat-roofed houses of limestone three stories high, and streets clean and regular.

An active offensive campaign was now prepared for. Congress had provided by law for the appointment of regimental quartermasters, and Grant was selected for that post by the colonel of the Fourth. The position brings some additional pay, and is usually offered, not to a brilliant, but to an energetic, painstaking officer.



Scott permitted no grass to grow under his feet. Ten days after the capitulation of Vera Cruz, his army, now only eight thousand strong, started for the heart of the Mexican republic. Three days later it reached the foot of snow-clad mountains. Santa Anna, who, after his bad luck with Taylor, had marched across the country to intercept Scott, held one of the first summits, known as Cerro Gordo [big hill], with fifteen thousand men and formidable batteries and intrenchments.

The next few days were spent in reconnoitering and cutting a winding road around the base of the hill. Then Twiggs carried a part of it by storm; and on the seventeenth of April, Scott issued an order for the next day's battle, which proved one of the most remarkable military papers in history. With minute detail and prophetic accuracy, it gave the programme for the successive movements, telling the time when each work should be carried, and what must be done next. That preliminary order reads almost exactly like a report of the battle.

That night Twiggs's men dragged howitzers straight up the hill by hand. It was like climbing the roof of a house; but before daylight they had their guns planted to command every thing except the crest itself. At dawn the Mexicans, astounded to find them there, opened a heavy fire with artillery. Right in the teeth of grape and canister, the troops, led by Harney, charged up the rough, almost perpendicular hill-side, carried the enemy's first battery, drove him out in a hand-to-hand fight, followed straight up to the second breastwork, and there, after a fierce bayonet charge, the Mexican eagles came down, and the Stars and Stripes went up amid tremendous cheers.

Harney had carried the key to the position, while Pillow was attacking on one side and Shields in the rear. There was no alternative, so the white flag was raised. Three thousand Mexicans surrendered, with forty-three pieces of artillery; seven thousand escaped, including Santa Anna. His carriage and personal baggage fell into the hands of Scott, who returned them to him.

The battle was extremely well contested, and, except

Buena Vista, the toughest of the war. Our loss was four hundred and thirty-one men, of whom sixty-three were killed. Grant was in the entire fight, but his regiment was not closely engaged, and its loss was slight.

Scott pressed on impetuously, and on the fifteenth of May reached Puebla, ending a most brilliant campaign of sixty days, in which he had captured several vital points. ten thousand prisoners and seven hundred cannon.

When his soldiers entered Puebla, many were suffering from sickness, and the rest were weary, dusty, foot-sore, and ragged. They piled their arms in the grand plaza and lay down to sleep in perfect security. Though in the heart of a hostile population, they felt that they were the ruling race. The natives felt it also, and even in their official dispatches invariably mentioned the invaders as "Americans"—a title to which they have the same geographical claim as we, and a stronger genealogical one.

Scott waited for nearly three months to rest and recruit his troops, who were greatly cut down by low fevers and dysentery, and also to see the result of pending negotiations for peace. Most of their road from Vera Cruz had been over barren mountains and plains, but at Puebla the desert ends, and the soldiers found themselves among picturesque vineyards and corn and wheat fields.

Puebla de los Angeles (city of the angels), a town of eighty thousand inhabitants, stands seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, two hundred miles from Vera Cruz, and ninety from the City of Mexico. It is near the site of an old-time metropolis, in which Cortez found two hundred thousand people with four hundred Aztec temples. But all their monuments are obliterated, save one enormous pyramid standing solitary on a desolate plain.

When Scott resumed his march for the capital, seeing the impossibility of preserving regular communication with Vera Cruz, he cut loose from his base, and determined to live on the country. His army, now increased to eleven thousand, started in the rainy season, but there were only two tents for each company, one for the sick and one for the arms. The men slept upon the ground, and were drenched nightly.

On the ninth of August, Grant's regiment left Puebla, and, marching out through the environs, saw the snowy summit of blue Popocatapetl, eighteen thousand feet above sea level, and, though thirty miles away, seeming in that clear atmosphere within a stone's throw.

Ascending barren mountains, cooled with icy lakes, on the third day the men reached the highest summit on the National Road, eleven thousand feet above the sea. Just beyond they looked down upon the grand basin of Mexico, with its steeples and domes, and its broad grassy bed glittering with lakes, like a mantle of velvet studded with stars. In the midst of this basin, high among the mountains, nestled the capital, with snow-white walls and shining temples.

The city, exposed to inundation from mountain streams, is surrounded by dykes, and entered only by eight causeways, each commanded by a small fort. The army found the narrow one on the great National Road, which goes in from the east, quite impassable. But a reconnoitering party sent southward soon succeeded in finding an easier approach. By passing along the shores of Lakes Chalco and Xochimilco, and cutting a way across rocky mountain spurs, Scott reached the Acapulco road, which enters from the south, and which the Mexicans thought it impossible for him to gain.

On the seventeenth of August, the army, Grant's regiment being in the advance, seized San Augustine, nine miles southwest of the city, after some skirmishing.

Beyond, toward the capital, the road was commanded by heavy guns, both from field-works and an old stone church, which served as a fortress, at the crossing of the Churubusco River. Four miles west of this point was Contreras, a fortified hill. Both these works were strong and strongly garrisoned. Midway between them, where he could re-enforce either, Santa Anna was stationed with his army.

A day or two of cutting roads and reconnoitering followed. There were several skirmishes, in which the Mexican lancers, in yellow cloaks and white caps and jackets, and the Mexican infantry, who wore pretty white and blue uniforms, were easily repulsed. Finally, under cover of a

cold, rainy night, our men were marched forward through chaparral and cactus to a new position. Tired and hungry, they slept on the ground until the rain flooded them, and then stood up until daylight.

Soon after dawn, Contreras was stormed. Our eager troops rushed up the steep hill-side with a yell, sprang into the intrenchments, and, after seventeen minutes of hand-to-hand-fighting, secured the position. The Mexicans lost twenty-two pieces of artillery, one thousand seven hundred men killed and wounded, and eight hundred prisoners, of whom one-tenth were officers. Before eight o'clock the fighting here on our left was over.

Meanwhile our right wing pressed forward, but met with severe resistance. Grant's regiment in Garland's brigade was with the advance, and had a hot skirmish in the little village of San Antonio. This was carried, and the column, re-enforced by the left wing, which came promptly up after taking Contreras, pushed straight forward on Churubusco. There it met with so stern a resistance that Scott, resorting to his usual tactics, sent strong forces around to the Mexican flank and rear. Just as these detachments attracted the enemy's attention, an irresistible charge was made on the front. Our men clambered into the embrasures and carried the formidable position by storm. They instantly turned all the captured guns upon the stone church, and this strong improvised fortress, after an obstinate fight, was also taken. Here Brigadier-General Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, injured two hours before at Contreras, by his horse falling under him, fainted with pain—a fact which, despite his gallant behavior, of course made him the subject of boundless ridicule when he became a candidate for the Presidency.

The Mexicans, harassed on the flanks by Pierce and Shields, fled precipitately toward the city, followed in hot chase over the long causeway by our dragoons. Captain Philip Kearny, who, though only thirty years old, had seen much of war, and in the French army had won the Cross of the Legion of Honor, pursued almost alone to the San Antonio

gate. There he lost an arm, but his gallantry won him the deserved brevet rank of major.*

The victory was complete. Scott lost upward of a thousand men in killed and wounded: the Mexicans far more, besides three thousand prisoners, thirty-seven pieces of artillery, and many small-arms.

The next two weeks were occupied in unsuccessful negotiations for peace. Meanwhile Scott tried a large party of deserters from our army who had been captured while fighting in the enemy's ranks. Twenty-nine were condemned and hanged. Their captain could not be legally executed as he had run away before the war actually began, so he was *only* lashed and branded.

On Scott's front, the rock of Chepultepec, the seat of the Mexican military academy, and crowned by a strong, heavily armed castle, commanded the road to the city. At its base, behind a stone wall, Santa Anna had posted a heavy force, with its left wing resting on Molino del Rey (the mill of the king). This was an old stone powder-mill, one story high and several hundred feet long, with a well-garrisoned tower at each end of its thick walls. The Mexican right wing rested on *Casa de Mata*, another massive stone building four hundred yards from the mill. The ground between was occupied by infantry and a field-battery.

When hostilities were resumed, Worth, with three thousand men, was ordered to take and destroy these strong defenses. After a heavy bombardment, on the morning of September eighth, he moved forward. The Fourth regiment was again with the advance, which captured the field-battery and compelled the enemy to retire. But in a few minutes the Mexicans rallied and drove our men back. Then

* No American was ever more a soldier for the love of it than "Phil. Kearny." After the Mexican war, unable to endure the piping times of peace, he volunteered in Italy, and at Solferino won from Louis Napoleon a second decoration of the Legion of Honor. In our war for the Union he became a major-general, and won high fame by his impetuous gallantry. He had lost his left arm, Major-General O. O. Howard, of Maine, his right; and it was a common jest between the two that they would buy their gloves together, and thus make one pair answer for both. Kearny was deeply mourned by the whole North, when he fell at Chantilly, Virginia, in 1862.

the fight grew furious as the assailants again advanced and rushed up the hill in face of a tremendous fire. A large number fell at the first volley, among them eleven of the fourteen officers who led the assaulting column. But the brave fellows never faltered. Pouring over the breastworks, they forced the enemy's center, isolating his wings, and then charged on the mill itself.

Grant had left his commissary wagons and was in the thick of the fight. While pursuing the Mexicans who were crowding into the mill for refuge, he saw Robert Anderson—afterward of Fort Sumter fame—fall, shot through the shoulder. A moment after he almost stumbled over his friend Dent, who lay upon the ground bleeding from a wound in the thigh. As he stooped to assure himself that his comrade was neither dead nor dying, a Mexican rushed from behind the mill and presented his musket to finish Dent, but startled by Grant's proximity and seeing Lieutenant Thorne standing near, with back toward him, suddenly wheeled, and with bayonet almost touching that unsuspecting officer, was about to fire, when Grant shouted :—

"Look out, Thorne!"

Just then the Mexican hearing a voice behind him turned round, and as he did so, Sergeant James M. Robinson (now captain Second Artillery and brevet brigadier-general), sprang forward and ran his little sergeant's sword through his body, while Thorne, who had taken the alarm at the same instant, turned and shot the luckless "Greaser" through the head.

All this passed in a twinkling. Then Thorne, Grant, and Robinson rushed into the mill, and chasing the fugitives from room to room, came out at the back of it. The rout had been so sudden that many of the enemy on the top of the building were unable to escape. Grant, surmising this, turned a cart up against the wall and climbed the shafts to the roof.

There to his surprise, he found an Irish soldier with musket on his shoulder, quietly pacing to and fro, keeping guard over forty or fifty prisoners of his own capturing. They still bore their arms, which Grant demanded.

As he was breaking the surrendered muskets one by one over the wall and throwing them to the ground, the guns of Chepultepec, which had got the range at last, began to drop shot thick and fast among our troops. The attacking force was ordered to withdraw. Grant hustled his prisoners down from the mill-roof, and the soldier marched them away.

Worth neither held Molino del Rey, nor destroyed it. His attack, therefore, seemed a needless slaughter, and the press severely censured him. It was the bloodiest battle of the war, and one-fourth of his command were either killed or wounded. Many were captured also, and some were barbarously shot after they had surrendered.

Dent, Anderson, and Grant were all brevetted for their gallant conduct in this battle. Grant, however, did not accept the brevet, as he received, a few days later, a full promotion by the death of the first lieutenant of his company, to whose rank he succeeded.

On the thirteenth of September, Scott made a feigned movement against the capital. When he saw that the Mexican general, thoroughly deceived, fancied it an attack in force, Scott ordered a sudden and vigorous assault upon Chepultepec, now weakened to meet the supposed movement against the city.

At a signal, breaches were made in the stone wall at the base of the hill, through which the assailants poured and climbed the steep ascent in the face of showers of grape and bullets. Reaching the redoubt, they drove the enemy from his guns and gained the ditch surrounding his fortifications. Filling this with their fascines, they rushed across, planted their ladders against the walls, and promptly effected a lodgment within the ramparts, though not without heavy loss.

Almost before Santa Anna discovered that the movement against the city was a feint, and this the real one, the Stars and Stripes were floating triumphantly over the fortress of Chepultepec. Many Mexicans escaped; many were killed in revenge for the slaughter of Americans a few days before, and many more were captured. Among the latter were fifty general officers, and a hundred cadets of the military

academy. These little fellows, from ten to sixteen years of age, had fought bravely, and many had been killed.

In and after this battle also, Grant's gallantry was conspicuous. The hot pursuit, in which he joined, toward the San Cosmo Gate,* was stopped at a cross-road, which the enemy defended from behind a breastwork and from the roof of a house in the rear. While skirmishing was going on in front, Grant, all alone, made a reconnoissance on our left. Then, believing the work could be turned, he took half a dozen men, led them around on a run with their muskets trailed, and so got to the rear of the building.

There he found Captain Horace Brooks, of the artillery, with fifty men, who had come up from another direction. To Grant's eager inquiry, whether he would join them, Brooks, without the least idea of what was to be done, beyond the fact that it was something against the enemy, promptly acquiesced, and in three or four minutes his men and Grant's had taken the enemy in the rear, were over the earth-work, and driving the Mexicans at the point of the bayonet.

Farther along the road toward the city was a second redoubt, but so close did Grant and Brooks keep to the fugitives, that the occupants could not fire upon their assailants without shooting their own friends; so this work also was abandoned, and its little garrison retreated.

The pursuing party, now within eight hundred yards of the city, dragged a small mountain howitzer up to the cupola of a church near by, and began to drop shot into the next breastwork, which was right in front of the gate itself. But being without support, the little band was compelled at length to abandon the unequal contest.

Grant received honorable mention in the reports. Captain Brooks gave him credit for helping to carry the strong field-work, and turn the enemy's right "after an obstinate resistance;" Major Lee, commanding the Fourth, for behaving with "distinguished gallantry," and Colonel Garland, who led the brigade, for "acquitting himself most nobly on

* In the rear of the city, directly opposite the gate on the front at which Kearny had been wounded a few days before.

several occasions under my observation." He was afterward brevetted a captain, to date from that day.

Next morning the city surrendered, and the towering form of the American General entered, greeted by triumphant huzzas from his troops. The war was over. Scott's campaign, though embracing no large operations, had been conducted with a sagacity, promptness, and skill which increased his well-earned reputation. At first, the people had been impatient about his slow progress, and denunciatory of West Pointers generally. Now these clamors were hushed. All officers who had won much reputation were graduates of the Military Academy. Of the four hundred and fifty killed, it was the *Alma Mater* of more than half.

The Mexican privates had fought with great gallantry. They were sorry-looking soldiers, ragged, dirty, wearing sandals instead of shoes; but they were brawny, thick-set fellows, who could subsist on little food, and were capable of the highest discipline. Well officered, they would make as good troops as any in the world, but their leaders were sadly inefficient. Most of them, too, were badly armed with old flint-lock muskets; but even in our own army not many percussion locks were yet in use.

Few officers, except the commander-in-chief, had gained the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth. Robert E. Lee* had won, perhaps, more fame than any other regular, and Jefferson Davis as much as any other volunteer. Grant's energy and coolness had given him a name somewhat above the average, but where all did so well none had become distinguished.

The war was so essentially in the pro-slavery interest, that a large Northern party opposed it bitterly. In the Senate of the United States, in February, 1847, when a member asserted that the Mexicans ought to welcome our troops, Tom Corwin, the Ohio "wagon boy" replied:—

"If I were a Mexican as I am an American, I would welcome them with bloody hands to hospitable graves!"

This remark, like the resolution of the Massachusetts

* Chief of Engineers on the staff of Scott, and his most able and trusted adviser.

Senate, thirty years before, which denounced the war of 1812 as "unworthy of a moral and religious people," called out sweeping maledictions. Corwin was unsparingly denounced and as hotly defended. How strange seem these fierce contests when the lurid glare of the hour has faded into the calm, pale light of history! The "wagon boy" sleeps now with that white Hand upon his lips which hushes all passion, and makes successive partisans wonder at the bitterness of every generation but their own.

The war had lasted twenty-six months. Our entire loss of life was twenty-five thousand men. Battle slays its thousands, but disease its tens of thousands. Comparatively few soldiers are killed by the bullet; of all these less than fifteen hundred died of wounds. The war cost us one hundred and sixty millions of dollars, but it added to our domain California and New Mexico, a region large enough to make fifteen great States of the Union. Vain were all attempts to prevent their incorporation into our territory—just as vain as the attempt of Josiah Quincy and other Federalists, fifty years before, to prevent the Louisiana purchase.

How little the fathers dreamed of the territorial destiny of the Republic! Quincy declared that the annexation of Louisiana would justify old States in seceding from the Union, "amicably if they can, violently if they must." He had actually heard that this new region might be cut up into six or more States, and that even the mouth of the Ohio would be east of the center of the contemplated empire! It was not for "these wild men on the Missouri nor the Anglo-Hispano-Gallo-Americans who bask in the sands on the mouth of the Mississippi," that our fathers had fought, Years later, John Quincy Adams fancied himself uttering a very extravagant jest, and caused general merriment in the House by saying that, at the rate we were going, we should yet see in Congress "the member from the Pacific," and "the member from the North Pole." And, still later, one chief argument Webster used against the annexation of Texas was, that our territory was already quite as large as wisdom or safety permitted. But not so did the people

regard it. They acquiesced in expansion, as they always will till Manifest Destiny is fulfilled, and the Republic stretches from the frozen zone to the glowing isthmus.

As we have said, Taylor came out the hero of the war. In vain did leading Whigs denounce him as "an ignorant frontier colonel." Their national convention at Philadelphia, in June, 1848, named him for President. It was against the fiercest opposition. After the nomination, Henry Wilson, a young delegate fresh from the anti-slavery atmosphere of Massachusetts, sprang upon a bench and exclaimed:—

"So help me God, I will do all in my power to prevent General Taylor's election!"

Daniel Webster denounced the nomination as "not fit to be made," and Horace Greeley, though acquiescing in it, wrote of the platform, which was strongly pro-slavery: "We scorn it; we spit upon it; we trample it under our feet!"

Already the Whig party gave signs of being riven by that Irrepressible Conflict which was to find final settlement only through the last logic of kings.

During the first few months of peace the army remained in Mexico. Grant was still busy with the duties of quartermaster. In this position he had impressed all with his practical talent and efficiency. In the hardest of marches he never failed to feed his regiment. Using his fast horse to some purpose, he went ahead, and by the time the men came up there was fresh beef awaiting them. He was careless about his dress, wearing hair and whiskers long and ragged. He always rose early in the morning, smoked much, chewed tobacco, but never drank to excess nor indulged in the other profligacy so common in that country of loose morals. Of his ruling passion, Coppée, who had been with him at West Point, relates this anecdote:—

"He was an admirable horseman, and had a very spirited horse. A Mexican gentleman with whom he was on friendly terms, asked the loan of his horse. Grant said afterward, 'I was afraid he could not ride him, and yet I knew if I said a word to that effect, the suspicious Spanish nature would think I did not wish to lend him.' The result was, that the Mexican mounted him, was thrown before he had gone two blocks, and killed on the spot."

Another officer gives the following reminiscence:—

"One day he came to see Colonel Howard, who was in command of the castle of Chepultepec. The colonel's quarters were inside of the fortress, which was surrounded by a high, broad earth-work. Grant rode up the slope outside, and, after riding around the castle two or three times, and seeing no post to hitch his horse to, deliberately spurred the animal down the broad, but long and steep stone stairs that led into the fort. When Colonel Howard came out of the castle and saw Grant's horse tied at the door, where, perhaps, a horse had never before been, he said, in astonishment, 'Lieutenant, how in the world did you get your horse in here?' 'Rode him in, sir,' quietly replied Grant. 'And how do you expect to get him out?' 'Ride him up the steps instead of down,' answered Grant; and, mounting the animal, he rode him to the foot of the stairs, and, with Grant on his back, the intelligent brute climbed like a cat to the top, where Grant, waving his hat to Colonel Howard below, disappeared like a flash over the breast-works."

Before midsummer the treaty had been ratified by both governments, and the army started back to Vera Cruz. On the way our lieutenant met with a misfortune. Every thing was paid for in cash. Mexico dealt chiefly with England and France, and while glad to cash drafts on London, would only take those drawn on New York at a discount of twenty-five or thirty per cent. The quartermaster must have specie to buy with, and Lieutenant Grant had a thousand dollars of Government silver for that purpose. The lock of his own trunk being broken, he placed it in that of Captain Gore. But one night Gore's trunk was opened by a thief, who stole all his valuables and this public money.

Grant made a report of the fact, supported by the affidavits of several brother officers, and asked the Government that he might be relieved of responsibility for the loss. It was brought before Congress, but in that circumlocution office twelve years passed before any action was taken. Finally, in 1862, after Grant had become a major-general and the hero of Donelson, a bill was passed which provided that in the settlement of his accounts as commissary and regimental quartermaster of the Fourth Infantry, one thousand dollars should be allowed him. Even then, eight senators, nearly all Republicans, voted against it.

Grant's regiment remained in Mississippi during July

and August. Obtaining leave of absence, he went to St. Louis and paid a visit to Miss Dent, whose devotion had never wavered through those years of separation. Then he visited his father's house in Bethel, Ohio, where he was greeted with great rejoicings. He had often written home during the war, but for six months before the capture of Mexico, not one word had come to his parents. They had suffered keenly, and anxiety turned his mother's hair gray. How many the hearts and homes which war makes desolate!

Of course, our quartermaster brought home a Mexican horse. He also brought as body-servant a young peon, named Gregory, presented to him by a Mexican gentleman. The lieutenant had educated him in the common branches, and now left him at his father's. For some years the lad remained with him, but finally went back to Mexico.

Grant had returned in the midst of a hot Presidential canvass. Democratic newspapers were publishing the affidavit of an Ohio volunteer that, at Camargo, Taylor had denounced Ohio soldiers as a set "of d—d thieves, who would run at the sight of an enemy." Grant happened to know the exact amount of truth in the story—a much larger grain than the delicious bits of biography which adorn our newspapers during every Presidential canvass usually contain. An Ohio soldier had seized a chicken in sight of Taylor, who ordered him to drop it. In pretending to comply, the volunteer only passed the fated fowl to a comrade behind him. The general saw this, also, and shouted:—

"Throw down that chicken. Any man who will steal is a d—d coward and would run from the enemy."

Grant, who happened to be sitting on his horse beside Taylor when this occurred, indignantly denied the story. He urged that if it were persisted in, Taylor himself should be written to, and that he would tell the truth though it might defeat his election. A proposition most creditable to his own simple integrity, but not indicating profound familiarity with the by-ways of politics. Grant said that he should vote for Taylor if he were in a doubtful State; but election day found him in Kentucky, and he did not vote at all.

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIES.

AFTER remaining a few days at home, Grant returned to St. Louis, where, on the twenty-second of August, 1848, he was married, at the bride's residence, on the corner of Fourth and Cerre Streets, to Miss Julia B. Dent. He had saved her brother's life, in Mexico, and opposition to the match had ceased. It was a merry wedding, as all weddings should be. The dancing continued until midnight. A Santa Fé traveler diverted the company with a lively and graceful Spanish dance. Among the guests were many friends of the Dent family, and many of Grant's old comrades from the city and the barracks.

Soon after the wedding, the regiment was ordered to the northern frontier, with head-quarters at Detroit, where companies C and E were stationed. Though Grant's place as quartermaster was with head-quarters, a brother officer got him ordered to the undesirable winter residence of Sackett's Harbor, on Lake Ontario, where one company was, and the rival secured the position of acting quartermaster. Grant uncomplainingly obeyed, and, with his bride, spent the winter at Sackett's Harbor. But his case was laid before General Scott, who promptly ordered him back to Detroit—after the closing of navigation had rendered winter travel impracticable. He returned there, however, early in the following spring. With characteristic magnanimity, he never revenged himself upon the officer who had caused his banishment. On the contrary, he aided and befriended him in after life.

At Detroit Grant spent more than two years, in the dull, monotonous existence of a garrison officer in peace times, its daily routine of idleness only enlivened by an occasional "board of survey." The record of one of these exciting

events now before me, shows that in May, 1849, a few tent-poles, tents, knapsacks, and haversacks, were examined and thus condemned:—

"The Board are of the opinion that the above-enumerated articles have been worn out in the service, and are not fit for further use.

"U. S. GRANT, First Lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, President."

The old barracks in the upper part of Detroit—not outside of it, where Fort Wayne stands—were tumble-down affairs. They extended from Catharine Street to the Gratiot Road, four or five blocks, and from Rivard Street to Russell, one block. The buildings were of wood, and surrounded by a board fence. The sutler's store, hospital, and officers' quarters have been removed a short distance, and are now occupied as dwellings or stores. The ground upon which they formerly stood is covered with residences and business blocks. Our German fellow-citizens have taken possession. Just north of the old fort is one of the largest breweries in the country, and on the corner where Grant's office was, an immense lager-beer hall is rising.

The barracks were only used as quarters for the men. The married officers lived in the town outside.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Grant immediately began housekeeping, with the bravery of honest, self-respecting poverty and the glowing confidence of young love, which sees only rosy tints in the overarching heavens. Their first home was near the garrison, in a little frame dwelling, with an arbor in front. It still stands on Fort Street East, between Russell and Rivard—a block which has changed very little since. Then, as now, Fort Street West was a fashionable quarter, but Fort Street East was occupied by Germans and other working people, and by some undesirable residents. When Grant took the house, it was suggested that he might have disorderly neighbors. But his domesticity was true, and he replied:—

"No matter; if home has a hell outside of it, it ought to be a heaven within."

The dwelling belonged to George M. Rich, and was hired for two hundred and fifty dollars a year. Old neigh-

bors still recall the pleasant interchange of evening visits, with their games of dominoes, and stories of Mexico and of pioneer life in Detroit.

In the spring of 1850 they left this house, Mrs. Grant going to her father's, in St. Louis, where her first son was born, and her husband making his home with his friend and comrade, Captain J. H. Gore, in a cottage rented from Mr. W. A. Bacon, at two hundred and fifty dollars per year, and situated on Jefferson Avenue, at the corner of Russell Street. With the Gores they remained permanently after Mrs. Grant's return. Jefferson is now *The* Avenue of Detroit,—as one egotistical thoroughfare in every city is bent on being called. The pleasant cottage in which they lived, itself unchanged, is now surrounded by elegant residences. But then the country was very open. Immediately back of the house was a pasture. There were no sidewalks and the soldiers had laid a single plank up to the barracks, and dug a ditch beside it for a drain.

As their landlord had been for several years connected with the army, his heart was warm toward officers. He was by profession a teacher, and his little school-house stood immediately back of the dwelling; so he encountered both tenants nearly every day. He found the elder one very sociable, and had frequent chats with him. But Grant was silent, and Bacon rather regarded him as the boy and Gore as the man. Though seeing him daily for twelve months, Bacon remembered so little of him that, thirteen years later, when the "Unconditional Surrender" letter was flashed over the wires to a thrilled and exulting North, Bacon pondered—"Grant, Grant: was not that a Lieutenant Grant who lived in my house with Captain Gore?"

Finally, remembering that the lieutenant had one day scratched his name with a diamond ring on a pane of glass in an upper chamber, he went home and looked at the autograph, before he was quite sure of his old tenant's name.

Detroit was the head-quarters of a large department, of which Major Sibley, from whom our Sibley tent is named, was quartermaster. Grant was quartermaster and commissary only of the post. He spent little time in his own

office at the barracks, leaving its light duties to his sergeant; but he was frequently at the office of the departmental quartermaster, where he ordered supplies for his regiment. The present Quartermaster-General of Michigan, then Major Sibley's clerk, recalls that after first meeting the post quartermaster, asked of Grant's sergeant:—

"Why in the world have they put that lieutenant in as quartermaster and commissary? Is it because he knows less than any other officer in the regiment?"

"He is the ablest and best officer in the old Fourth," replied the sergeant indignantly. "He knows the duties of a soldier better than any other man in the regiment."

Two doors below Woodward Street, on Jefferson Avenue, in a building yet standing, was the large, well-filled sutler store of the important post. One proprietor was a son of General Brady, famous in the War of 1812, and in Grant's day spending his old age in Detroit. This store was the favorite head-quarters both for retired officers and those on duty. In the back room a barrel of whisky stood always on tap, and each visitor helped himself, Grant not more nor less frequently than the rest.

Frontier posts, in peace times, are fraught with the most dangerous temptations for army officers. Active campaigning has left in them that insatiable craving for excitement which is kindled by all experiences full of novelty, of hardship, and of peril. However conscientious, they have practically nothing to do. In many cases, too, they are without the restraining influence of wives and children. Is it strange that so many fall deep into drunkenness and other vices?

Grant, who never could endure absolute idleness, did not seek relief in any excess of drinking. Horse-flesh was *his* "particular vanity." Detroit contained only twenty-five thousand people, and all the army officers were well known. The old residents still remember Grant for this trait. Whenever asked for reminiscences, they immediately tell stories of his gray horse, brought from Mexico, which was finally raffled off; or of his frequent gallops on the hardy little French ponies, which ran wild on the marshes

just outside of town; or of his running or riding races, sometimes, to the consternation of the timid and the delight of the gay, on Jefferson Avenue itself, where his face was exceedingly familiar. Everybody knew the appearance of "Sam Grant" in a cutter in winter or a buggy in summer, flying along after his "Cicotte mare." Then, as now, driving was the favorite recreation of Detroit, and the people decidedly approved both of him and the beautiful jet-black little mare, for which, in the beginning, Grant agreed to pay Cicotte, her owner, two hundred dollars, on condition that she would pace a mile in two fifty-five, drawing two men in a buggy.

The place chosen for this test was Jefferson Avenue, where the spirited mare finished her mile inside of the prescribed time, with Grant and Cicotte riding behind her. So the quartermaster bought her, and kept her for several years. Finally, he sent her to St. Louis, where she won a race for a thousand dollars, and was afterward sold for fourteen hundred.

Detroit had many attractions. A frontier city, and the home of Cass and Brady and other retired army officers, it was necessarily hospitable; and containing many old French families, it was fond of dancing and other gayeties. During the winter there were weekly assemblies at the leading hotel, the Exchange, where it is remembered that Grant, though a constant attendant, very seldom danced, but stood quietly looking on, with a pleasant word for everybody, and ready to drink in moderation with his more active comrades fresh from the cotillion. Mesdames Grant and Gore were fond of society, so there were also agreeable parties and masquerades at home, where candles, standing on stags' antlers, did service for gas, and supper was laid on the back piazza—the pleasant back piazza overlooking the garden full of peach-trees, where Grant loved to smoke his cigars in the golden twilight of summer evenings.

Rarely was life disturbed by more exciting events. Sometimes the military were called out to defend the authorities, holding some wretched fugitive slave in cus-

tody, against the aroused people; but Grant, fortunately, never had to render this revolting service. Horse-races and dog-fights were more common. Two dogs of Thomas Lewis and Horace Gray one day had a fierce contest on Grosse Island, in Detroit River. Finally, Gray, who resided there, exclaimed vehemently:—

"By heavens, Lewis! either your dog or I must leave the island!"

Grant was among the amused spectators, but left before the tenacious dogs could be separated. Twenty years after, he met Gray again. He was commanding the Army of the Tennessee, and Gray was major of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry. As they shook hands, Grant asked:—

"Well, Gray, which *did* leave the island, you or the dog?"

Though the last man in the world to quarrel, shortly before leaving Detroit, Grant got into a lively controversy with Zachary Chandler, at present United States senator, but then a rising young dry-goods merchant. Grant complained of him for violating a city ordinance in not removing the snow and ice from the sidewalk in front of his house. The neglect had caused much inconvenience to all the officers, and a severe sprain to our quartermaster who slipped and fell one night on his way home. The following sworn complaint, made before the mayor, is yet preserved in the Recorder's Court:—

State of Michigan, City of Detroit, ss.

U. S. Grant, being duly sworn, deposes and says, that on or about the 10th day of January, 1851, and for twenty-five days previous thereto, within the city of Detroit, Zachary Chandler did neglect to keep his sidewalk clear and free from snow and ice on Jefferson Avenue, in front of the house occupied by him, and did then and there commit many other causes contrary to the ordinances of said city. Further deponent sayeth not.

U. S. Grant.

When the trial came on, Chandler insisted upon his right to a jury, and conducted his own case. The chief witnesses against him were the young officers, and he assailed them with a power of vituperation on which the United States senator has hardly improved, notwithstanding

his great success in that direction. He denounced them as idle loafers, living on the community; and, turning to Grant, Gore, and Sibley, said:—

"If you soldiers would keep sober, perhaps you would not fall on people's pavements and hurt your legs."

The facts, however, were proved, and the jury was compelled to find against him. But, whether because public sympathy was with the civilian, or because the ordinance was really a dead letter, the verdict assessed only costs of court and a fine of six cents. The whole legal expenses to Chandler were less than eight dollars, for which trival outlay he enjoyed the unspeakable luxury of indulging in a great deal of abuse.

The trial was a nine-days' talk in the little city, and it was generally expected that Grant or one of his comrades would attack the vituperative civilian. Chandler, physically an enormous fellow, who "traveled on his muscle," was rather anxious to accept this appeal to another court, but nothing came of it. Both he and Grant laughed heartily over the quarrel fifteen years later, when the senator entertained the General of all our armies at his pleasant home in Detroit.

In June, 1851, the head-quarters of the Fourth were removed to Sackett's Harbor, New York, a village of a thousand people. The spot was not far off where, a hundred years before, in the old French war, Grant's grand-uncle, and his great-grandfather, were killed. In the war of 1812, too, Sackett's was a point of great importance, and the rendezvous of the American fleet on the lake. Here Henry Eckford made himself famous by building one man-of-war in forty-five days from the time the first tree was cut for her hull, and getting another hundred-gun frigate, one hundred and eighty-four feet long, and of thirty-two hundred tons burden, almost ready for launching in thirty-six days. The unexpected declaration of peace caused work upon her to be suspended. So the Government built a wooden house over her, and she perches now, looking just as Eckford left her half a century ago, but with her huge timbers a mass of powder post, and as soft as cork. Hard by stands an old

stone house, erected at the same time as a hotel, and then the largest building between the Hudson and the Pacific.

When Grant went to Sackett's Harbor it contained several old block-houses, built for Indian fighting. One still stands, and by doing duty as a stable, shows to what base uses we may return. The railroad has reduced Sackett's to an uneasy urban ghost. It has a custom-house, but no imports; and a naval station, commanded by an admiral who manifests the utmost efficiency compatible with the fact that there is not a war vessel of any kind within his entire department.

The Fourth was established in the pleasant Madison Barracks, of stone, half a mile from the lake, which afforded agreeable residences for the officers and their wives.

Grant, who still retained his capable and trustworthy quartermaster-sergeant,* had comparatively little to do but sign his name to official documents and draw his pay. An enthusiastic friend in the village, now has hanging in his parlor, framed and glazed, a notice dated July second, 1851, inviting sealed proposals for supplying the garrison for one year with fresh beef, "of good, wholesome quality, necks and shanks to be excluded," and signed, "U. S. Grant, Brevet-Captain, and A. A. C. S., Fourth Infantry."

In this quiet hamlet the quartermaster won his usual reputation.

"I can't see," said the collector of customs to one of his clerks, who had become much attached to Grant, "what you find in that man to be so fond of his company."

The friend insisted that there was a great deal more in "that man" than he had credit for; that he was full of knowledge, not only of affairs, but even of mechanics, and could give much curious information about machinery.

He always seemed careless and at leisure, but close observers noticed that his eye took in much of which his tongue gave no report. Then, as now, he would quietly scrutinize

* This sergeant now resides in Washington Territory. He lost both feet by an accident, and Grant, with habitual kindness, procured his remaining in the employ of the Government, and the appointment of his son to West Point.

a new visitor from head to foot, as if to read his character through and through. Though by inclination a worshiper with the Methodists, here he was a frequent, and his wife a regular, attendant at the Episcopal church, and when money was raised to erect a new house he joined in a subscription paper, still preserved because it bears his autograph.

Having seen the evil effects of liquor on brother officers in peace times, he became a Son of Temperance soon after reaching Sackett's, and drank no spirits whatever during his residence there. He also joined the Odd-Fellows, attending all their weekly meetings, though not taking any active part. But once chancing to be put upon a committee, he dissented from the majority report which was made by Messrs. Ford and Dana, one a lawyer, the other a bank cashier, and both leading citizens. At first it was thought a little presuming that a minority report, signed simply "U. S. Grant," should undertake to combat the views of men of such prominence and capacity. But the document proved so able as to kindle a suspicion that after all the quartermaster was quite competent to say his say when occasion demanded.

A citizen of Sackett's Harbor, relates that one quarrel excited a mild approach to profanity. "I tell the tale as it was told to me." Naturally, a horse was at the bottom of it. Two acquaintances, Phillips and De Wolf, were on the ice of the lake to "time" a horse they had just bought. The first half-mile was done in one twelve. De Wolf shouted to urge the racer to higher speed, at which the animal showed a little restiveness. Phillips, expecting that the next thing would be his heels through the dasher, incontinently rolled out on the ice, taking the reins with him. De Wolf dropped to the bottom of the sleigh, and only recovered the lines after the frightened horse had run two miles, at the imminent risk of his own and his driver's neck. Grant saw the the whole scene and bitterly upbraided Phillips for deserting his friend; but Phillips alleged that it was involuntary, as he had been thrown from the sleigh. Grant hotly replied:—

"It's a d—d lie! How could he fling you out and not

De Wolf? You are a coward. Never speak to me again! If you do I'll kick you."

Petty races, and even contests between a soldiers' fire company and a citizens' fire company interested the officers. In sooth these military heroes, deprived of the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, and other fascinations of the big wars, that make ambition virtue, found themselves also deprived of the tranquil mind. They were sadly at a loss for amusement and caught at any thing. One writes me :—

"Grant's life as an army officer was a very quiet, uneventful one. I was in the regiment with him during a portion of the Mexican war, and afterward on the frontier, but really can say nothing of his sayings or doings worth mentioning. He went about a good deal with horse-fanciers, took his drinks, smoked his pipe incessantly, played loo, and at length, after going to Sackett's Harbor, joined the "Sons," all in a very prosy, common-place sort of fashion. He read little, though I remember his expressing some liking for Reynolds's writings.

"During his whole connection with the regiment he would have been considered, both by his brother officers and himself, about as likely to reach the position of Pope of Rome, as General-in-Chief, or President of the United States. He was regarded as a restless, energetic man, who must have occupation, and plenty of it, for his own good, but as sincere and true, an amiable good fellow. He was modest, and unambitious—such a man as in our land of pretension and bluster could not be expected to go far.

"It required just such opportunities, events, and good luck to bring out the strong qualities and soldierly merits of Grant's character. Had he remained in the regular service, I think he would have jogged on quietly, doing duty with his regiment. But if circumstances had placed him in the cavalry, I believe he would have made his mark as a cavalry leader. He had all the requisite qualities, the *physique* and the *morale*."

Twenty-nine years old, and his hour had not struck! He was yet to be for many years "a brave man struggling with the storms of fate."

CHAPTER X.

RESIGNS.

In June, 1852, the Fourth Infantry was ordered to the Pacific Coast. Mrs. Grant's health would not permit her to undertake the long journey, so with sore regret her husband left her behind, and she accepted an invitation from his father and mother, to visit them.

The first son, already two years old, bore the name of his grandfather Dent. During Mrs. Grant's stay at Bethel a second was born, and named Ulysses. This young gentleman made his advent while Jesse was at Columbus attending the last Whig State Convention ever held in Ohio, and writing the platform which the expiring party adopted.

A few weeks after the birth of the young Ulysses, Mrs. Grant went to her father's, where she remained during her husband's entire absence. The boy was called "Buckeye," by Colonel Dent's negroes, because born in the Buckeye State. That was soon shortened to "Buck," a nickname which he still bears.*

The Fourth Infantry, coming from various points on the northern lakes, concentrated on Governor's Island, New York Bay. On the fifth of July, eight companies, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Bonneville, embarked for California, on the steamship *Ohio*.

Quartermaster Grant went with the force, which numbered over seven hundred, including eighty camp followers. Five officers took their wives and children. The *Ohio* had her proper complement of passengers before passage was engaged for the troops, and was, therefore, excessively crowded. Temporary berths for the soldiers were erected

* The following are General Grant's children in 1868:—I. Fred, born in St. Louis, May, 1850. II. Ulysses ("Buck"), at Bethel, Ohio, July, 1852. III. Nellie, on the Dent farm, August, 1855. IV. Jesse Root, Dent farm, February, 1858.

on deck several tiers high. The close uncomfortable quarters occasioned so much discontent and murmuring, that a strong guard was posted to prevent insubordination. Grant was constantly on duty, and as always popular among officers and men.

The weather was fair, and on the eleventh day the regiment reached Aspinwall. At that swampy, mushroom village, born of the California migration, all was excitement and confusion. Civilians were running hither and thither to obtain transportation across the Isthmus, and officers were busy in arranging plans to get their men over. Under the laws of New Granada, soldiers could not traverse the country with arms in their hands; so provision was made for transporting the guns separately.

The steamship company at New York had contracted to take the command across the fever-breeding Isthmus. The Panama Railway was completed only twenty miles, to the Chagres River. After a night in Aspinwall the party started by rail and soon reached the Chagres, where the ladies embarked for Cruces, eleven miles farther up the stream. They went upon open scows—the largest holding twenty persons—propelled by natives, six or eight of whom walked the planks upon the sides of each, plying their poles. As the current was very rapid, and the Chagres abounds in obstructions, the progress was about one mile an hour. The fleet set off late in the afternoon, and darkness overtook it three miles from its destination. The boatmen declared it unsafe to go on; so the passengers remained without food or water on the noxious river through the chilly night.

Next morning the slow flotilla reached Cruces. Thence the party continued overland, the men walking, and most of the ladies riding mules, procured with great difficulty through the energy of Grant. The traveling was so bad that most of the women donned pantaloons, and rode astride in sensible, masculine fashion. Several Sisters of Charity went in hammocks suspended from poles borne on the shoulders of natives, while the delighted children perched on the backs of nude, dark-skinned denizens of the Isthmus.

It was the rainy season, and the road mostly a narrow

CROSSING THE ISTHMUS TO CALIFORNIA, 1852.

defile, through dense chaparral, and deep gorges. The black mud was more than a foot deep. The mules waded it when they must, but plunged into thorny thickets and scaled sharp rocks to avoid it when they could.

After crossing precipitous mountains, and suffering alternately from broiling sun and drenching rain, the travelers reached Panama. There, through narrow streets, crowded with dusky men and women, and with native soldiers riding mules, armed with cutlasses, and swearing vengeance upon the invading Yankees, they wended their tortuous way to the Louisiana Hotel.

On the second morning was heard the welcome whistle of the steamer *Golden Gate*, from San Francisco, and the ladies were received on board. Several days passed before the soldiers came up after a long march by the way of Gorgona. Grant's duties kept him with the men and property of the regiment. He found it "a hard road to travel," particularly for the poor women and children. To the drum-major he gave twenty-five dollars to buy a mule for his wife. But it was impossible to get one, so she trudged through the mud and thickets with her lord. As skirts were impracticable, Grant gave her a citizen's coat, and her husband furnished her with pantaloons. During the march, malignant cholera broke out. Many soldiers were seized with it, and after excruciating tortures, closed their eyes, and were laid tenderly away under the endless tangle of shining vines, the bright flowers, and the gay birds of that tropical region.

The utter failure of the contractors brought out Grant's resources and energy. By aid of the alcalde at Cruces, he succeeded in procuring some transportation; and his great activity and efficiency were generally recognized. Considerable property was necessarily destroyed, for reasons which he afterward reported to a board of survey:—

"Camp, near Benicia, California,
September 3, 1852.

"Gentlemen: I respectfully submit the following statement relative to the loss of public property while crossing the Isthmus of Panama. The

regiment sailed from New York on the 5th of July last, under a contract which was to cover all expenses of transportation on land and water.

"Upon arriving at Navy Bay, it was decided by the contractors or their agents to send the troops by the Gorgona route, and the baggage by the Cruces road.

"Upon arriving at Cruces I found that the agent of the contracting parties had entered into a contract with Mr. Duckworth for the transportation of baggage, etc., from there to Panama. After waiting three days for Mr. Duckworth to furnish transportation I found that at the terms he had agreed upon, he was entirely unable to comply with his engagement. I was obliged, therefore, to enter into contract myself for the transportation of our baggage. This detained me two days more in Cruces, waiting to see the regimental baggage packed or safely stored. During this detention, the cholera broke out, among the few troops left with me as a guard, so badly that I was obliged, under recommendation of Surgeon Tripler, to put them under cover.

"The baggage, being protected only by tents, was, of course, liable to the depredations of the inhabitants, until it could be got under cover. Buildings were procured immediately to put the property in. All the natives that could be induced to work (about ten in number) were employed to pack the property and store it. But there being a large amount in bulk and weight, it could not be removed in one day, neither could the natives be employed at night; hence, a portion of the property was left over night unprotected.

"Had transportation been furnished promptly at Cruces, as it should have been under the contract, it is my opinion that little or no loss would have been sustained.

"I am, gentlemen, yours very respectfully,

U. S. GRANT, Brevet Capt. 4th Inft., Quartermaster 4th Regiment."

Grant's duties kept him on the Isthmus after most of the troops had embarked. Already the regiment had lost one hundred and fifty men, women, and children by cholera. Among other victims a sergeant and his wife died, leaving five children, one a baby at the breast.

When the command was all on the *Golden Gate*, the pestilence again broke out virulently. Quarantine regulations were strictly enforced, so the infected ship could not land, but was compelled to lie at anchor in Panama Bay or beat about in the open sea. There was dire consternation among the passengers. Veteran soldiers who had faced death in many battles, gave way utterly before this appall-

ing foe. Nearly a hundred were buried in ocean graves. Only one officer fell, Grant's old and loved friend, Major John H. Gore, a gentleman of unusual ability and promise, and warmly loved by his comrades. He was buried on an island in the Bay of Panama.

Quartermaster Grant at once detailed Lieutenant McFeeley to escort the bereaved wife to her father's house in Covington, Kentucky. She was transported back to Aspinwall in a hammock carried by two natives, while a third carried her little son upon his shoulders, and others bore five more hammocks containing her baggage and nurse. On the road, these thieves to the manner born stole her silver, jewelry, and even her clothing, until she and her child were left with only one suit apiece.

Meanwhile, upon the *Golden Gate*, Grant, ever forgetful of himself, mingled constantly with the suffering men, nursing them tenderly, and inspiring them with something of his own cheerfulness and fortitude. After some weeks of the epidemic, the regimental surgeon insisted upon a complete fumigation of the vessel. So rafts were procured, and the little command transported to the neighboring island of Flamingo. The authorities of Panama, from the main-land, witnessed this movement through their telescopes, and at once concluded that the Great Republic, of whose voracity Spanish-Americans ever stand in excusable fear, was landing an army of filibusters. Thereupon the governor of the city steamed over to the ship in the little tug *Toboga*, and demanded an explanation.

Quartermaster Grant and his brother officers, heartily amused at the mistake of his excellency, disclaimed any intention of appropriating his fair possessions. They even assured him that the keenest desire of their hearts was to get out of his dominions just as quick as steam could carry them. The ship was thoroughly fumigated and large quantities of infected clothing, tents and knapsacks were destroyed. Finally, after a detention of eleven days, the *Golden Gate* sailed for San Francisco, and arrived there about the last of August.

The young city then consisted chiefly of adobe houses,

around the Plaza. Even Montgomery Street boasted only one or two brick and stone blocks. Times were flush, and immigrants from every nation thronged the streets. White sand-hills loomed up everywhere, their dust blinding the eyes. The regiment was placed in Benicia Barracks, a few hours' sail from San Francisco, where it was again detained four weeks by sickness. Panama fever had taken the place of cholera, and many more deaths occurred.

On the sixteenth of September, the head-quarters, band, and five companies left Benicia by steamer. Six days later they reached Columbia Barracks, now Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, in Washington Territory—one of the loveliest spots in the world, among symmetric pines, spruces, and firs, whose trunks and branches are gorgeous with yellow moss. The fort stands on a pleasant bluff half a mile back from the most beautiful river of our continent. In front Mount Hood towers grandly. The bold mountain and the fair landscape at its feet are always enchanting, but especially so in the sparkling freshness of May or June.

The buildings of the post erected by Quartermaster Rufus Ingalls, consisted of two-story barracks of lumber for the soldiers, and one-story log quarters, with balconies looking out upon the river, for the officers.

The nearest civilization was a few miles away at Portland, Oregon, then a little settlement in the woods with a single street of one-story frame houses. Thither went our martial heroes for dancing parties and other amusements, though through the winter they had clever theatricals at the garrison, which Grant keenly enjoyed.

The neighboring land afforded excellent hunting of deer, elk, bears, and blue grouse, and the clear lakes abounded in ducks, geese, swans, and delicious trout. These luxuries, and the finest salmon in the world, caught in the Columbia, enabled the officers to fare sumptuously every day.

Some parties were sent out against the Indians, but Grant's duties as regimental and post quartermaster, to which latter position he was appointed in the spring of 1853, kept him at the fort. It was the depot of stores for

interior and remote posts, and also for fitting out expeditions, and his work was much more absorbing than at any time since the Mexican war.

As he had to receive and ship supplies, his residence was on the bank of the river, in a large two-story dwelling. It was sawed and framed in Boston, and carried around the Horn to California; but in 1850 lumber grew so cheap in San Francisco that Quartermaster Robert Allen bought it for one thousand dollars, and shipped it to Ingalls. After paying for its transportation it was the cheapest, as it was the best house at the post. It was known as "Quartermaster's Ranch."

Here in April, 1853, arrived Lieutenant George B. McClellan, of the engineers, to survey the west end of a proposed Northern Pacific Railway. Grant was kept busy for some weeks in fitting out the expedition, and McClellan was his guest. The two young officers, who had known each other in Mexico, were thrown much together, eating at the same table, and sleeping under the same roof, for nearly three months. Did any suspicion ever stir their hearts of the high place which one was just to miss, and the other easily to gain?

The former drum-major of the Fourth relates that he was indebted to Grant for the unromantic but utilitarian gift of a sow. Pigs were pigs in that market, thanks to the wonderful development of California, and the recipient soon found himself the possessor of a small fortune obtained by selling a dozen at forty dollars apiece. An officer states that he and the quartermaster shipped potatoes and other produce to San Francisco, and sometimes obtained rich returns.

Grant cared nothing for dancing, and very little for hunting. But he bought one of the finest horses in the Territory, and found his daily recreation in galloping through the beautiful woods. A brother officer writes:—

"One morning while sitting with some comrades in front of the officers' quarters, we observed Grant riding on his fine horse toward Major Hathaway's battery, which was in park about two hundred and fifty yards distant. As Grant drew near the guns, and we were observing the motions of his

fine animal, we saw him gather the reins, take a tighter grip on his cigar, pull down his hat firmly on his head, and seat himself securely in the saddle. 'Grant is going to leap the battery,' cried two or three of the officers, and we all stood up to see him do it. He ran his horse at the pieces, and put him over the four guns one after another as easily and gracefully as a circus rider."

He remained at Fort Vancouver for more than a year, widely known and liked. His quarters were the temporary home of all visitors. He was an admirable host, and made his guests thoroughly welcome. There was always quiet enjoyment, and sometimes boisterous hilarity at the quartermaster's hearth, when old army friends, or favorite civilians, were there for a night. His comrades did not fail to notice the singular vividness and comprehensiveness with which he narrated the stirring engagements of the war, and how accurately his memory like an open book reproduced not detached incidents, but the action of the whole army as a unit—what it tried to do, what it accomplished or failed in, and what errors weakened its plan. After one of these talks, they would remark:—

"How clear-headed Sam Grant is in describing a battle! He seems to have the whole thing in his head."

In August, 1853, he was promoted from a brevet captain to a full captain in his regiment, to fill a vacancy caused by the death of Captain Bliss, famous as Taylor's adjutant-general during the Mexican war. Early in October he started for Fort Humboldt, California, to take command of his company, F. Shortly after, during a visit to San Francisco, in conjunction with three other officers, he leased the Union Hotel, on Kearny Street—now a part of the City Hotel—for a sort of club billiard-room, at five hundred dollars per month. Subscriptions were obtained, and the enterprise might have been successful had the officers been better business men. Grant could not give it his personal attention; agents were derelict or dishonest, and the rents did not come in. After advancing a good deal of money, he suffered as usual for believing other men as just and honest as himself, and the house was given up. The old lease is still preserved as one of the curiosities of San Francisco.

Grant spent several months commanding his company at Humboldt, a post two hundred and forty miles north of San Francisco, and seventy south of the Oregon line built for protection against the Indians. The barracks and officers' quarters were of hewn timber, plastered within, and adorned with outside chimneys of stone. They stood on a plateau surrounded by pleasant prairies and dark woods of spruce and pine, and affording a splendid view of Humboldt Bay.

The only town in the vicinity was Eureka, three miles from the fort. It was originally and accurately surveyed by James T. Ryan, with an instrument improvised of two vials and a bit of wood. Ryan had all the versatility which new countries bring to the surface. He wanted to build a saw-mill, but labor was high, and machinery scarce. So he bought the old steamer Santa Clara, and took her up the dangerous coast to the new city of Eureka. Just before starting his compass was stolen. He found a little river-compass, with the glass broken, and taking a pane from his pilot-house window, cut out a circular piece with a pair of scissors while holding it under water, and fitted it into the top of his instrument, by the aid of which he ran his steamer safely into Humboldt Bay. Then raising her upon the ground without moving the machinery, he used her power to drive a saw-mill beside her, in which he employed sixty men and cut out eighty thousand feet of lumber per day. This ingenious and typical pioneer was afterward elected a brigadier-general of militia, and a member of the California Senate. In 1861 Senator McDougall thus introduced him to Abraham Lincoln:—

"Mr. President, this is General Ryan, a loyal neighbor of mine, who can build a cathedral and preach in it, a ship and sail it, or an engine and run it."

When Grant was at Fort Humboldt, Eureka consisted of Ryan's mill and twenty houses. It was a pleasant situation, and its hospitality made it a favorite resort for the officers. Ryan kept a barrel of whisky always on tap, and his well-furnished table was supplied with venison, ducks, geese, snipe, grouse, chicken, sweet milk, and biscuits of

Genesee flour; for in those days California obtained wheat from New York instead of shipping her own to Gotham and even to London, China, and Japan.

Communication with San Francisco was solely by water, and ships were from ten days to six weeks on the way. They brought mails without the least regularity. The officers looked out anxiously every morning for a sail, and when one appeared, galloped down to Eureka for their letters or a stray newspaper. A number of Indians employed about the mill gave picturesqueness to the little town. Sometimes an evening was enlivened with a dance, when the few women of the neighborhood were in great demand.

Among Ryan's possessions was a horse called Eclipse, for which our captain had a special admiration. Twelve years later, when Grant was at City Point, just before his final campaign, Ryan called on him, and found him with Sheridan and Sherman, their heads bent over a map. Grant, who never forgets an old acquaintance, instantly recognized him, inquired for his family, for the old saw-mill, and particularly for Eclipse, saying:—

"He was the finest horse I ever saw west of the Rocky Mountains."

An officer remembers that, asked how he liked the clams which abound there, Grant pronounced them "a first-rate substitute for gutta-percha oysters."

He frequently visited his brother-in-law, Lewis Dent, who was running a ferry-boat at Knight's Ferry, on the Stanislaus River, and was at one time interested in that enterprise. There are traditions in the neighborhood of Grant's helping to run the boat, and once, when in a peculiarly jovial mood, of his appearing on the road driving three horses tandem at a spanking pace, with three buggies in long procession whirling after, to the amazement of the villagers.

In truth, *some* relief seemed necessary, for life at Humboldt was insufferably dull. The line captain's duties were fewer and less onerous than the quartermaster's had been, and the discipline was far more rigid and irksome. No greater misfortune could have happened to him than this enforced idleness. He had little work, no family with

him, took no pleasure in the amusements of his brother officers—dancing, billiards, hunting, fishing, and the like—and riding alone, however inspiriting, may grow monotonous after several months of it! The result was a common one—he took to liquor. Not by any means in enormous quantities, for he drank far less than other officers, whose reputation for temperance was unsullied; but with his peculiar organization a little did the fatal work of a great deal. Like Cassio, he had very poor brains for drinking. The weakness did not legitimately belong to his character, for in all other respects he was a man of unusual self-control, and thoroughly master of his appetites. Who can tell whether subtle Nature grafts upon us a new trait, or transmits an old one from the fathers to the children to the third and fourth generation? Who can tell how far this had been acquired from the influences of boyhood and army life, and how far inherited from an ancestor, generations back? Our captain had not yet learned the truth which enabled him afterward to bring this propensity under absolute control—that total abstinence was the *only* safety for an organization like his.

He was guilty of no gross indecorum or misdeed; but he fell so far under the influence of this insidious foe, that an intimation reached him that official notice would be taken of it, if he did not place his resignation in the hands of the commandant to be forwarded to Washington, at the first repetition of the offense. Grant received this information with his usual serenity. He was anxious to be once more with his family, and he peremptorily and instantly declined to hold his commission by anybody's favor. He sent in his resignation to take effect July thirty-first, 1854, remarking to a friend:—"Whoever hears of me in ten years will hear of a well-to-do old Missouri farmer."

He returned to New York, where he arrived forlorn and poor. Some brother officers at Governor's Island were glad to lend a little money to their old comrade in his ill fortune. He then went to Sackett's Harbor to find the former sutler of his regiment, who had received from him many personal and official favors, but who had suddenly sold out at Fort

Vancouver and gone home, during Grant's temporary absence, owing him sixteen hundred dollars of borrowed money. He found this person, but neither then nor afterward recovered a cent of the debt. It wounded him very deeply—the treachery far more than the loss. The scurvy debtor was afterward an army officer, and in some sense at the mercy of Grant, whose indignation he feared. But the General was too large to wreak personal revenges, and never showed him special disfavor.

The tide in the affairs of Captain Grant now seemed to have passed the flood which leads on to fortune, and to threaten that his future voyage should be

"Bound in shallows and in miseries."

It had certainly fallen to its lowest ebb. He returned to New York moneyless and disheartened. But he had written to his father, who immediately sent Simpson, the younger brother, to relieve his embarrassments. He reached home to find heartiest welcome. After several weeks in St. Louis, he and Mrs. Grant paid a visit to his father's at Covington, which lasted from September until the middle of November, and then they returned to Missouri.

He was thirty-two years old, with a family to support and without any means except sound health, the stimulant of warm affection, and that indomitable and "equal mind" which dares Fortune to do her worst.

CAPT. GRANT'S RESIDENCE IN AND ABOUT ST. LOUIS.

CHAPTER XI.

FARMER.

THE autumn of 1854 Captain Grant passed with the Dents, then living on Walnut Street, St. Louis. The colonel, however, remained in charge of his farm and negroes at Gravois, where, before winter, his family and his son-in-law joined him. Here Grant remained four years, residing alternately in "Whitehaven," the old family mansion, at "Wishtonwish," a pleasant little cottage erected by his brother-in-law Lewis Dent, and at "Hardscrabble," a log house which he himself had built. The Whitehaven farm is cut in twain by Gravois (rocky bed) Creek, from which the neighborhood takes its name. The long, low, spacious homestead, with its great stone chimneys at either end, its wide and hospitable porch, its whitewashed negro-quarters in the rear, and its barns of logs and stone, looks out from among tall locust and spruce trees upon broad, green meadows, sunny orchards, and sober woods. Three-quarters of a mile south stands Wishtonwish (Indian, whip-poor-will), a picturesque cottage, in a park of noble oaks; and one mile northwest, Hardscrabble, where Grant made himself a home, and, carrying out his purpose, became "a steady-going farmer." Our views of the three places, all substantially unchanged since Grant lived upon them, are carefully copied from photographs. The others on the same page, showing the St. Louis residences, are also from photographs, except the house on the corner of Seventh and Barton, which is from a sketch.

Colonel Dent had given sixty acres of the Whitehaven tract to Julia and her husband. Here, in a pleasant grove of young oaks, the captain chose an elevated spot a hundred feet back from the road, as the site of his log dwelling, and here he reared his air-castle. Not very imposing archi-

St. Mary's COLLEGE

tecture the latter—only a pleasant home, the loves that hallow it, and the competence that provides for it. He hauled the stones for the cellar of his material habitation, the logs for its walls, and the shingles, which he had split with his own hands, for its roof. At the "raising," all the neighbors came with their negroes to assist, after the helpful custom of the new country. Grant had three or four slaves, given to his wife by her father, but they were more trouble than help to him. He was too kind-hearted to enforce unpaid and reluctant labor with severity. So he took the brunt of the work until his excellent constitution suffered seriously.

The life of a farmer was not all his fancy had painted it—by no means so comfortable as riding after the Cicotte mare, or ordering provisions for a little garrison. Though he raised two hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre, and produced much wheat, which then commanded a high price, with quiet humor he named the little place "Hardscrabble" as an accurate description of his struggle to wrest a living from it. It was well stocked with fire-wood, which the negroes cut and loaded, while he hauled large quantities to St. Louis.

Of course, he drove the best of horses; and as one who knows a good beast is always merciful to it, he never rode on the loaded wagon, but trudged ten miles to market. "The horses," he would say, "have enough to draw without carrying a lazy rider." His pet pair, a bay and a gray, he permitted nobody but himself to drive, and with them he would take seventy bushels of wheat to St. Louis. His boast was, that they could draw a heavier load than any other horses in the neighborhood. At first the adjacent farmers supposed it only a boast, but after working side by side with him they found that the captain was authority on horses. On the road, with invariable good-nature, he would frequently unhitch his own strong team to help neighbors or strangers out of the mud. Many leading St. Louis families bought their wood of Grant, and yet remember how he threw off the loads at their doors, pocketed his money, mounted his wagon, and rattled briskly home-

ward. Sometimes he would discharge such a cargo at Jefferson Barracks—where he had been on duty for a year as second lieutenant—and have a chat, a cigar, and a glass of wine with the officers when his work was finished.

Hauling wood ten miles at four dollars a cord was not very remunerative, but it was Grant's easiest mode of making money.

In the blue army overalls of a private soldier, a slouched hat, which had a tendency to turn up before and down behind, and heavy boots with pantaloons tucked into them, he was any thing but a fop, and guests at the Planters' House used to stare a little when he went in to dine with his friends.

Toward old army comrades his heart warmed always. In general he was strictly temperate, though there are traditions that once or twice meeting a brother officer of the Mexican war he sent his team home by the first negro he could find, and the two, making a night of it, went over their old conflicts, till each

> "Grew vain;
> Fought all his battles o'er again;
> And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew his slain."

But these were rare exceptions. Coppée, a fellow-student at the Military Academy, relates one of the ordinary instances:—

> "Grant, with his whip in hand, once came to see me at the hotel where were Joseph J. Reynolds, then a Professor at West Point, D. C. Buell, and other officers. I remember that to our invitation to join us at the bar, he said:—"I will go and look at you; but I never drink any thing myself."

Officers frequently rode out to Hardscrabble to see him, and sometimes on the way down would meet him coming to town with a load of potatoes. Then he would turn back for a few pleasant hours at the farm with his old companions in arms.

In 1856, Mrs. Dent, the mother of his wife, died. Like all her family, she had become greatly attached to her son-in-law, and she often spoke of an impressive dream which

she interpreted as indicating that he would one day rise to some very high position.

During the same summer the tedium of the farmer's life was broken by a visit to Galena, where his brothers now carried on the tanning and leather business of their father. For several years before they succeeded to it, Jesse Grant and E. A. Collins had conducted it jointly, there and at Cincinnati. The dissolution of the old firm kindled anew Jesse's rhyming propensities, and he appended the following to the regular legal notice in the Galena papers :—

"In Eighteen Hundred Forty-one
Our partnership was first begun ;
We two then became as one
To deal in leather.
Some little business we have done
While together.

"For a dozen years we've toiled together
In making and in vending leather ;
Suited to every stage of weather,
E'en dry or rain ;
But now a time has come to sever,
And we are twain.

"E. A. Collins is still on hand,
And occupies his former stand,
In which he alway held command,
To buy or sell.
As matters now are being planned
May he do well.

"J. R. Grant the old off-wheel,
As quick and true as smitten steel,
Doth still a strong desire feel
To do some more.
Expect then soon within the field
A bran new store.

"Our hearty thanks we humbly send
To every customer and friend
Who has stood by us to the end
With free good will,
And add, 'In future we intend
To serve you well.'

"Now, one thing more we have to say
To those who owe—'We want our pay!'
Then send it on without delay—
The full amount;
For still we have some debts to pay
On firm account."

Jesse, carrying out his boyish resolution, had retired from active business at sixty, leaving the affairs of the new store to Simpson and Orvil, with whom their brother now enjoyed a pleasant visit.

After the captain's return from Galena a second brother of Mrs. Grant's proposed to make the long, perilous overland journey to the Pacific. One of the colonel's negroes begged that he might be sent as a protector to "Young Mass'r John." Consent was given. Grant provided the outfit, and when a neighbor suggested that on reaching a free State George might leave "Mass'r John" to shift for himself, he replied:—

"I don't know why a black skin may not cover a true heart as well as a white one. Besides, I have long ago tested George's intelligence and honesty, and I trust him thoroughly."

George made the trip—a friend more than a servant—and in time was fully installed in charge of the business at Knight's Ferry, in California, where he built him a cabin, married a squaw, and rapidly accumulated children and property.

But the captain was not always so confident. One day, near a grocery, a neighbor's negro beset him for "a quarter."

"For what?"

"To buy me a paper of tobacco."

Grant stepped in and bought the tobacco for the African. When asked why he had not given the money, he replied:—

"Oh, Tony would have spent that for whisky."

On the day of the Presidential election in 1856, returning from St. Louis, where he had taken a load of corn, he passed, in his abstracted way, the polling-booth of his dis-

trict; but remembering presently what day it was, he reflected a moment. For Buchanan he had no admiration; but then he was not altogether free from the army and slave-holding prejudice against abolitionists and against the Pathfinder, whose name just then was so stirring the hearts of the young men of the North.

"I will go back," said he, "and vote against Fremont."

So he tied his horses to a tree, walked back to the polls, and put in his ballot for the democratic ticket—the first vote of his life, and one of which he lived to be heartily ashamed.

An old citizen declares, that in those days he could not have borrowed a hundred dollars in that country neighborhood. This may be an exaggeration of the fact that he was sorely straitened for money; but he was neither penurious nor wanting in public spirit. For a poor widow in a neighboring county, who had been burned out and her children left without shelter, he raised, by personal effort, a sum sufficient to relieve her. And when asked to contribute for the building of a new church, he replied:—

"I am very glad to; we ought to have a comfortable place for preaching. I don't attend as much as I should, but Julia and the children do. We ought also to have a Sabbath-school in the neighborhood."

While living at Wishtonwish one winter, he discovered that some interloper was cutting and carrying away wood from the Hardscrabble tract, two miles distant. On a bright moonlight night he started to catch the thief. While sitting upon a stump, he heard a team coming, and hid himself. A burly fellow, who rented a neighboring farm, stopped his horses within fifty feet of him, chopped a tree, cut it up, loaded it, and then started for the main road. Grant took a short cut, intercepted him, and accosted him with an air of surprise:—

"Halloo, Bill! going to St. Louis with your wood, I suppose?"

"Y—es."

"How much do you ask for it?"

HARDSCRABELE, BUILT BY CAPT. GRANT.

"About four dollars."

"Well, I'll take it. Bring it over to my house."

"No; I have promised it to a man in town."

"But I must have it. Now there's no use in hesitating; you must haul this load to my house, and pay me twenty dollars for what you have cut and carried away before. That won't be more than half price, you know."

"If I don't, I suppose you'll sue me before the squire?"

"No, we won't trouble the squire or the public, but will settle the matter right here and now."

And the captain, his sense of humor giving way to his indignation, sprang forward and seized by the collar the huge trespasser, who instantly cried:—

"Hold on! I'll do it; but don't say a word to anybody."

The wood was delivered, the money paid, and the thieving discontinued.

Grant's neighbors found him, though very sociable, silent about persons of whom he could not speak well. Often he kept his hearers sitting up until midnight around the wide-mouthed cheerful fireplace at Hardscrabble or Whitehaven, listening intently to his vivid narrations of army experiences. Though exceedingly amiable, and ready to give or take a joke, he was possessed of a certain dignity which made it impossible to impose upon or be too familiar with him.

He was called the most industrious farmer in the whole country. His hands had grown hard and horny, and his frame rheumatic and bent, as if from premature old age. Yet in these four years he had been unable to "make both ends meet," and his father had advanced him some two thousand dollars. Farming was a failure, and it was time to find some other employment.

Harry Boggs, an intimate friend who, with his wife, a niece of Colonel Dent's, had been present at Grant's wedding, was in business in St. Louis as a real estate agent and collector. One day in the autumn of 1858, Grant, while in the city with a load of corn, met Boggs and said:—

"The old gentleman is trying to persuade me to go into business with some one, and he speaks of you. He thinks I could soon learn the details, and that my large acquaintance among army officers would bring enough additional customers to make it support both our families."

"I have worked hard to build it up," replied Boggs, "and I do not want a partner unless he can increase it, but I think you can. Come and see me the next time you are in town."

Then, like a wise man, Boggs consulted his wife. She favored the project, thinking that from the large circle of Grant's and her uncle's friends the patrons would be largely re-enforced. So Grant and Boggs agreed upon a partnership.

CHAPTER XII.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

ON the first of January, 1859, the new firm began. The partners knew each other so well that no written agreement was necessary. No change was made in the office, but the little sign at the door was changed to correspond to the new style, and this business card was issued :—

H. BOGGS. U. S. GRANT.

BOGGS & GRANT,

GENERAL AGENTS,

COLLECT RENTS. NEGOTIATE LOANS. BUY AND SELL REAL ESTATE, ETC., ETC.

NO. 35 PINE STREET,

Between Second and Third,

SAINT LOUIS, MO.

At first, Grant left his family at Hardscrabble. He could not afford quarters at a hotel or even at a boarding-house, but Boggs, who lived at two hundred and nine South Fifteenth Street, had an unfurnished room which he was invited to occupy. He lived in it in genuine camp style. There was no carpet, and a bedstead with one mattress and a wash-bowl standing upon a chair were the only furniture. Here Grant remained for two months, taking his breakfasts and suppers at the house, and on Saturday nights walking

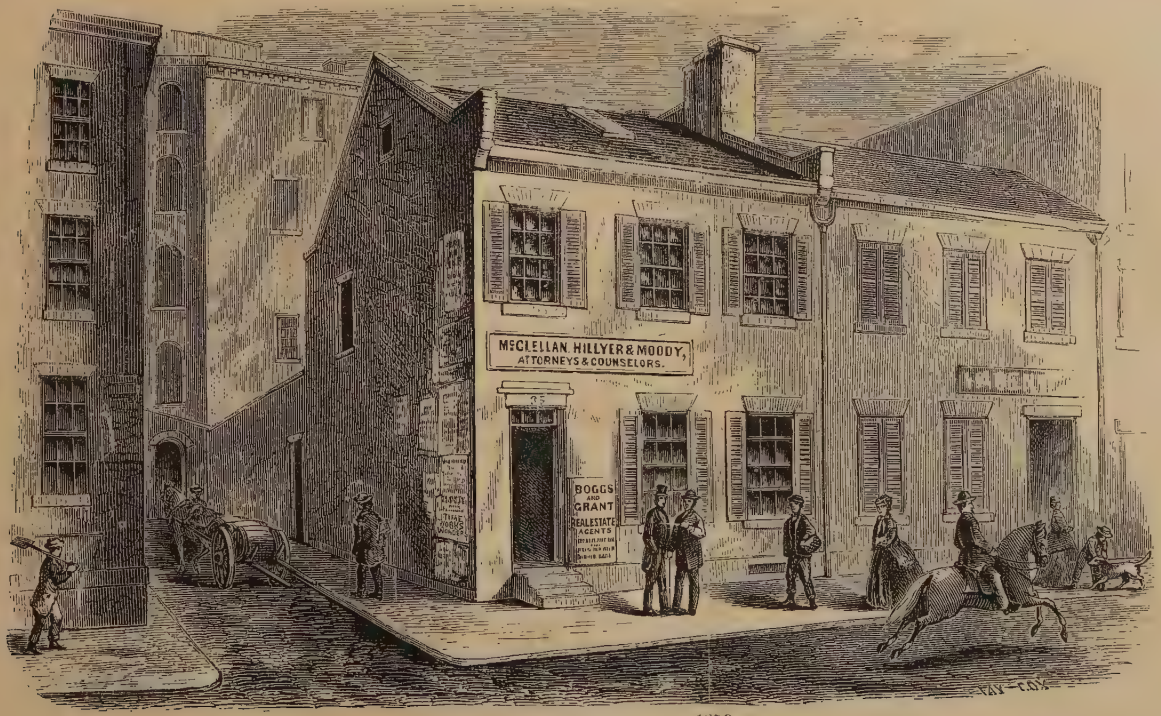
out to Hardscrabble. He was always at his city home of an evening, and was very quiet and companionable.

Early in the spring he sold at auction his farming tools and stock and rented Hardscrabble. Then he removed to St. Louis, and took up his residence in a little frame house on the corner of Seventh and Lynch Streets. It was near the river, not altogether a pleasant neighborhood, but the rent was only twenty-five dollars per month.

The old office of Boggs and Grant yet stands—though in the changed numbering it is now designated as two hundred and nineteen—in Pine Street, one of the narrow St. Louis thoroughfares which unfortunately have never been burned out and widened since the old French rule. The law-firm occupied the entire lower floor of the ancient brick dwelling, of which we present an accurate view. It consisted of two large rooms, connected by folding doors. Beside a front window looking out on the street, stood the desk of Boggs & Grant. Here, talking through the open window with customers on the side-walk, Boggs negotiated many a loan and heard the gossip of many a summer afternoon. The projecting sign bore the words: "Boggs & Grant. Real Estate Agency. Money loaned on Real Estate security."

Boggs, who had a good many houses to rent, and a good many tenants to collect of, inducted his new partner into the business by taking him about town and introducing him to all the leading customers. Then, at the suggestion of Colonel Dent, he left Grant to look after the business while he visited Philadelphia, where, as a young man, he had resided for many years and formed acquaintances among wealthy citizens. Money in Philadelphia was worth but five or six per cent., while in St. Louis ten per cent. was legal interest and fifteen often the current rate.

He succeeded in effecting an arrangement with one capitalist in Philadelphia and another in New York to let the firm have four hundred thousand dollars at eight per cent., to loan out in small sums secured on real estate. Returning to St. Louis early in March, in excellent spirits, he advertised that Boggs & Grant were ready to advance money on real estate at ten per cent., the borrower paying the two per



BOGGS AND GRANT, ST. LOUIS, 1859.

cent. additional to cover expenses of examining titles and negotiating the loan.

Like all advertisements which offer money instead of asking it, this brought hundreds of applicants, but the firm rejected some as unsafe, and the attorneys of the Eastern capitalists—who, it was agreed, must be satisfied with the securities—refused to accept others. The end of the promising scheme was that Boggs & Grant made about enough out of it to pay the expenses of the senior partner's eastern trip.

The captain engaged in the new business with all his energy, though incapacitated somewhat for the first four months by ague and rheumatism which he brought from Hardscrabble. Often, during the spring afternoons, his "chill" would come on, and so weaken him that McClellan or Hillyer had to support him to the Third Street omnibus, by which he rode homeward.

Boggs, on his return, found that Grant had diligently collected the rents, and let all the vacant houses to good tenants, except one, in which a plausible but undesirable woman had established herself. She was afterward got rid of only by the combined and persistent efforts of the landlord and the two agents.

If Grant ever neglected his duties, it was when he called upon some army officer with a bill for rent. Then he sometimes would light his cigar, discuss for an afternoon the old campaigns, and quite forget that he was junior partner in the firm of Boggs & Grant, real estate agents, with an unreceipted bill for rent in his pocket.

His quickness at figures was of great service to Boggs when a customer stopped at the window to get a note discounted at a trifle higher than the legal rate. Nevertheless, the senior partner, from the serene heights of long business experience, rather looked down upon the junior, who carefully performed a clerk's duties, and meekly accepted a round scolding when of a morning, as sometimes happened, he was late at the office. Occasionally it would be ten or eleven o'clock before he took his place at the desk, pleading in extenuation that Mrs. Grant, who had several children to

care for, was late with the breakfast. The "scrabble" in town was quite as hard as it had been in the country. A lady, whose husband had requested her to call on Mrs. Grant, asked on her return:—

"Why did you send me there? The house is shabbily furnished, and they must be very poor."

The husband replied that Grant was a most estimable gentleman, though with little business capacity. On further acquaintance she became devotedly attached to Mrs. Grant, and formed a friendship which still continues.

Grant traded Hardscrabble with an attaché of the Court-House for a frame cottage on the corner of Ninth and Barton Streets, with a high roof and pleasant overhanging shade-trees. To this dwelling, then quite in the outskirts of the town, he removed in July, 1859, and occupied it during the remainder of his residence in St. Louis.

When Grant took the house, there was a mortgage upon it for fifteen hundred dollars, which the former owner assumed, giving as security a deed of trust on Hardscrabble. A year or two later, when the deed fell due, he failed to pay it; so Grant was compelled to sue for the recovery of Hardscrabble, and several years of litigation followed. After Donelson and Vicksburg, when the case was in court in St. Louis, an old woman who had lived near by was on the witness stand. In reply to questions, she stated in detail who had lived in this house. One year it was Jones, the next Smith, and so on.

"Who lived in it in 1859?" asked the lawyer:—

"Some man by the name of Grant," she replied.

"Do you know where he is now?"

"I think he is somewhere in the war. *It seems to me I have heard of him there.*"

So great was the law's delay, that only in 1867 did Grant recover Hardscrabble. He now owns it, and has also bought Wishtonwish and the Whitehaven house, with six hundred acres of the old place.

The earnest captain tried hard for success in business. He dressed plainly, and walked in and out of the busy office without attracting any attention. The three attorneys

thought him laboring under some special depression of spirits. His eyes, always sad, were then unusually so. His favorite theme was still the battles he had fought, but he related them in a matter-of-fact way, without the least halo of imagination or romance. He was minutely acquainted with the Italian war then in progress. He studied newspapers, pored over maps, and frequently said:—

"This movement was a mistake. If I commanded the army, I would do thus and so."

The attorneys would smile, and think it of very little consequence what their humble acquaintance would do under such impossible circumstances. They did not believe much in village Hampdens, or mute inglorious Miltons, but they enjoyed his chat. When night came, he would not go home as long as any one remained to talk or listen.

Hillyer and he discussed politics a good deal, for an anti-slavery controversy was raging in the slave State of Missouri. Hillyer's sympathies were republican, Grant's democratic. Hillyer, quick and fluent, would lead his opponent off to side issues, but Grant, following slowly, always brought him back to the main question, and held him to it tenaciously.

The firm did not make enough to support two families. Grant's friends were glad to lend him money, for his genuineness and uprightness had won greatly upon them; but still they looked upon him in that patronizing way with which egotistic Success is wont to regard modest and bewildered Unpracticality. They thought him a little out of place on this bustling sphere—one of the "people such as hang on the world's skirts rather than actually belong to it." Still they were a good deal drawn to him, and earnestly hoped—the most ambitious hope they had for him—that some day he might succeed in earning a good livelihood.

The partners had many conferences upon their affairs, and Grant saw the necessity for some change. Just then the county engineership of St. Louis became vacant. It was a post worth nineteen hundred dollars a year, and one for which Grant's West Point education rendered him thor-

oughly competent. Therefore he determined to get it, and thus increase the revenues of the firm. The appointment rested with the county commissioners, to whom he wrote the following business-like application :—

St. Louis Aug, 15th 1859

Hon. County Commissioners,
St. Louis County
Mo.

Gentlemen;

I beg leave to submit myself as an applicant for the office of County Engineer, should the office be rendered vacant, and at the same time to submit the names of a few citizens who have been kind enough to recommend me for the office. I have made no effort to get a large number of names, nor the names of persons with whom I am not personally acquainted.

I enclose herewith also

a statement from Prof. J. J. Reynolds, who was a class mate of mine at West Point, as to qualifications.

Should your honorable body see proper to give me the appointment I pledge myself to give the office my entire attention and shall hope to give general satisfaction.

Very Respectfully
Your Obt. Svt.
U. S. Grant

This document is still preserved among the records of the county. On the back it bears these indorsements—the first official, the rest exuberant:—

"Application of U. S. Grant to be appointed County Engineer. Rejected.

Attest, S. W. EAGAR, Jr.,
Sec. Board of St. Louis Co. Commissioners."

"*Note.*—The within-named Captain U. S. Grant is now a Major-General in the United States Army, and is in command of the Department of the Tennessee. September, 1862."

"*Nota Bene.*—Capt. U. S. Grant is now Lieutenant-General of the United States, and the highest officer in the service. May 25, 1864."

"The hero of Vicksburg."

"Captured Richmond, April, 1865."

"Captured the whole Rebel army, 1865."

"General United States Army, 1866."

One inscription more remains to be made before the record of Grant's official positions under the republic is complete.

The appended recommendation ran thus:—

The undersigned take pleasure in recommending Captain U. S. Grant as a suitable person for County Engineer of St. Louis County.

August 1, 1859.

N. J. Eaton,	Robt. M. Renick,	Chas. A. Pope,
Jno. P. Helfenstein,	Robt. J. Hornsby,	W. S. Hillyer,
F. Overstoltz,	G. W. Fishback,	Wm. L. Pipkin,
L. A. Benoist,	J. McKnight,	K. McKenzie,
Jas. M. Hughes,	J. O'Fallon,	Baman & Co.,
Lemuel G. Pardee,	John F. Darby,	C. W. Ford,
James C. Moody,	Thos. E. Tutt,	A. S. Robinson,
Felix Coste,	T. Grimsley,	Geo. W. Moore,
C. S. Purkitt,	S. B. Churchill,	R. A. Barnes,
J. Addison Barret,	J. M. Mitchell,	Thos. Marshall,
D. M. Frost,	J. G. McClellan,	John Horn,
Ed. Walsh,		Taylor Blow.

All the signers were prominent citizens; many afterward became rebels. Tutt was a leading merchant; Blow, a wholesale druggist; Benoist & Co., an old family of bankers; Pope, an eminent surgeon; Robinson, a bank cashier; McKenzie, a well-known Scotch settler, formerly of the Hudson Bay Company; Ford, local superintendent of the United States Express; Fishback, editor of the St. Louis *Democrat;* Coste, executor of the estate of Bryan Mullanphy, an eccentric Irish citizen, who left three-quarters of a million of dollars for the benefit of immigrants passing through St. Louis; and Frost, an ex-captain, whom Grant had known in the army. He, it was, who just after the Rebellion began, was captured with his camp of Confederates near St. Louis by General Nathaniel Lyon. He is now a reconstructed rebel farmer residing near the city. Ford and Fishback are still in their old positions. Hillyer, of the law-firm, was on Grant's staff during the war, rose to the rank of brigadier-general, and is now connected with the Internal Revenue in New York. Moody was Hillyer's partner, afterward a circuit judge, impeached by the Missouri Legisla-

ture for some construction of law which it reprobated. McClellan was of the same firm, and is still practicing his profession just across the street from the old office.

Grant's friends worked hard for him, and his classmate, J. J. Reynolds, sent in the strongest assurances of his fitness. His claims were duly canvassed by the commissioners, but politics determined almost every thing. There were five members of the board—Lightner, Taussig, and Farrar, republicans, and Easton and Tippet, democrats. Grant, from his political antecedents, was supposed to have democratic proclivities, for in those days there was more truth than satire in the witticism which defined an "old whig," as "one who takes his whisky regularly, and votes the democratic ticket occasionally."

There was no other special objection to him. His ability as an engineer was accorded. He was not much known, though the commissioners had occasionally seen him about town, a trifle shabby in dress, with pantaloons tucked in his boots. They supposed him a good office man, but hardly equal to the high responsibility of keeping the roads in order. He might answer for a clerk, but in this county engineership talent and efficiency were needed!

There was another applicant, C. E. Salomon, a brother of Governor Salomon of Wisconsin. He was a German, known to be a good surveyor, and frequently seen at his professional work. His superior activity was an advantage, and he was also strongly pressed by the German citizens who cast more than half the entire vote of the county. Grant stood second in the estimation of the commissioners, though there were many other applicants. But Salomon quite overshadowed him, and the record shows the result:—

"September 22, 1859. Ordered by the board, that C. E. Salomon be, and he is hereby appointed County Engineer; to hold until otherwise ordered by this board, at a salary of one hundred and sixty dollars per month."

The vote stood three for Salomon, two for Grant. During the war Salomon became colonel of one of the German regiments, and fought under Lyon at Springfield. He still

holds the county engineership. Grant believes that his failure to get it was most fortunate ; that if he had obtained it, he might, perhaps, have plodded along until now, in the St. Louis court-house. But his disappointment was bitter. Nineteen hundred dollars per annum was the purse of Fortunatus to the modest captain, and, with unusual earnestness, he longed for the position. The obtaining of it would have gladdened his heart far more than the Generalship or the Presidency in later years. It was not a question of personal feeling, but of making sure provision for the loved ones at home.

This project failing, in September, after a life of less than nine months, the firm of Boggs & Grant, real estate agents and money lenders, came to an untimely end.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LEATHER STORE.

CAPTAIN GRANT next obtained a temporary position in the St. Louis custom-house, but in less than a month the collector died, and he was again out of employment. Through the fall and winter he sought work in many places, but found it nowhere. These were dark days, but he bore them calmly and patiently. Early in the new year, he sent in this second application for the engineership, based on a current rumor:—

"ST. LOUIS, February 13, 1860.

"President County Commissioners:—

"SIR: Should the office of county engineer be vacated by the will of your honorable body, I would respectfully renew the application made by me in August last for that appointment. I would also beg leave to refer you to the application and recommendations then submitted, and on file with your board.

"I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant, U. S. GRANT."

But the vacancy did not occur, and he was destined to live no longer in St. Louis. Now, his old acquaintances are fond of talking of the shy, unpractical man, whose future they so little suspected, but whose slightest words they recall with keen interest. One lady remembers his almost girlish fondness for her flower-garden, a taste which he has manifested through his entire life.

He never told coarse stories and was never profane. His strongest language was the pointless Western imprecation, "Dog on it," or the mild oath, "By lightning." The restraining influence of his mother's teachings, operated so powerfully that he has never uttered an oath in his life. At least his nearest friends assert this with so much emphasis and unanimity that I think the solitary exception already related must be fabulous. He says:—"I

always disliked to hear anybody swear except Rawlins." Old army comrades who remember the peculiarly vigorous and eloquent anathemas of the chief of staff will understand the exception.

In one respect had Grant been specially fortunate. During all these years of poverty and struggle, his wife brought to him that utter devotion, sympathy, faith, and love of a sweet, true-hearted woman, which has buoyed up so many a sufferer weighed down by heavy burdens. Her tenderness and fidelity were so warmly returned, that she looks back on their life in St. Louis as one of exceeding happiness.

They had now four little mouths to feed; so, in the spring of 1860, Grant paid a visit to his father, at Covington, Kentucky, to discuss his future. For six years Jesse had left the chief conduct of his Galena business in the hands of Simpson and Orvil, though he still owned it, and the name of the house stood "J. R. Grant." To the brothers the father referred the case of Ulysses. They offered him a place in the store at an annual salary of six hundred dollars for the present. If he liked and proved useful, Jesse intended to give him an interest, but not so large a one as to his brothers, who had assisted in building up the concern.

The father had already gratified his ambition for a competency. Six years later he found himself worth one hundred thousand dollars, and determined to make over his property to his children. Ulysses desired none of it, insisting that he had done nothing toward accumulating it, and that the Government had provided amply for him. So Jesse only gave one thousand dollars each to the children of Ulysses, to aid in educating them, and divided the remainder between his other surviving sons and daughters. In his seventy-fifth year, he still resides in Covington, where he is postmaster of the city, and gives daily personal attention to the duties of his office. He weighs a hundred and ninety pounds, is broad-shouldered and erect, has straight brown hair, shaggy eyebrows, full overhanging forehead, and a fringe of silvery-brown whiskers. He is a little deaf in one

ear, and his eyesight is failing, but he is singularly clear-headed, and remembers dates with perfect minuteness. With good opportunities in boyhood, he would have become prominent and influential in public affairs.

In March, 1860, Ulysses removed to Galena, Illinois, on the Galena River, four miles above its junction with the Mississippi. The little city of six or seven thousand people has a curious Swiss look. The river cuts it in twain, and the narrow and crowded main street threads the valley, while on the north side a bluff rises like a roof for two hundred feet.

Upon the summit, and in terraces along the side, perch most of the residences. One ascends to them by wooden steps, leaving the top of the tallest spire far below.

Galena, in the midst of the richest lead region in the world, underlying half a dozen counties of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin, had fourteen thousand inhabitants a quarter of a century ago. Then all the lead was brought to the city to be shipped; people and wagons crowded the narrow streets, and a Tower of Babel went up in the form of an enormous brick hotel, containing two hundred rooms. Its owners, who named it the De Soto House, builded rasher than they knew. If the ghostly form of De Soto stalks through its deserted halls, they must remind him of the primeval quiet which he found on reaching the Mississippi. The intrusive railway, giving to half a dozen little stations equal facilities for shipping lead, has cut down the magnificent expectations of Galena, and left her far behind Dubuque, Iowa, nineteen miles distant, and on the other side of the Mississippi.

Near Galena, in early days, Winfield Scott, Jefferson Davis, Albert Sydney Johnston, David E. Twiggs, and other well-known army officers, were frequently stationed. E. D. Baker, the Oregon senator, who was killed at the head of his regiment at Ball's Bluff in 1861, and William H. Hooper, Congressional delegate from Utah, were both old residents of the vicinity. At Hazel Green, Wisconsin, ten miles north, sleeps James G. Percival, the modest and lovable poet, the accomplished linguist and savant.

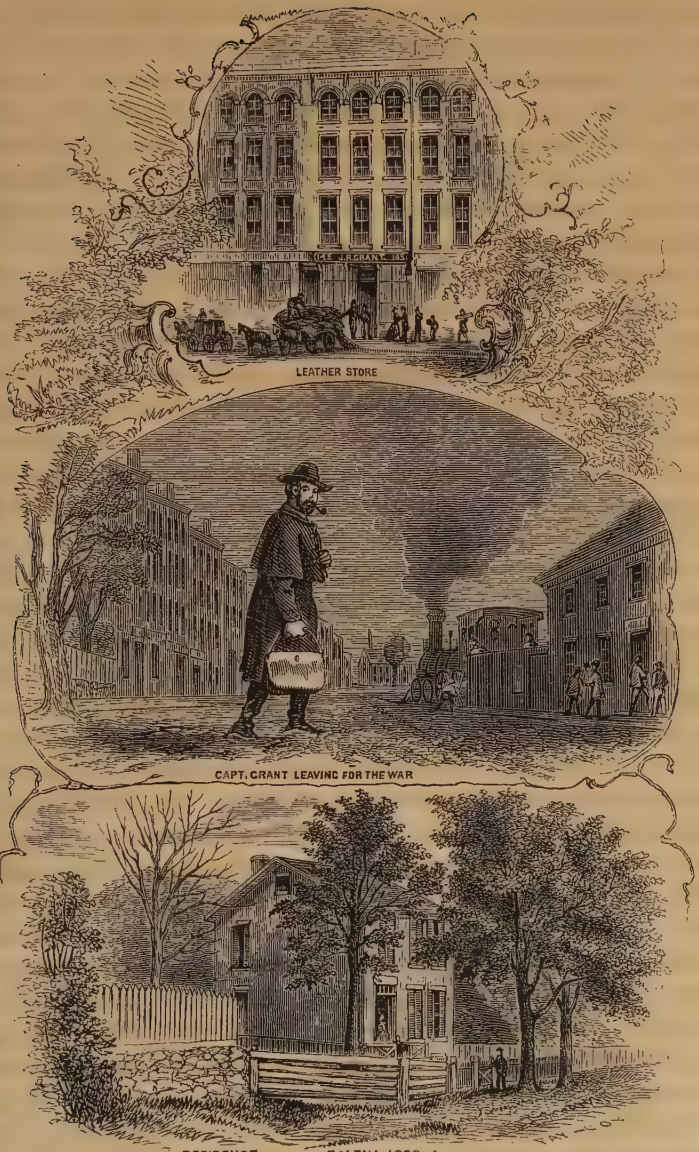
Grant's father-in-law, Colonel Dent, was likewise familiar with Galena in early days, and erected one of the very first buildings. He traded with the miners, supplied the military posts above with provisions, and ascended to the Falls of St. Anthony on the first steamer which ever ventured up to that point. Indian warriors, squaws, papooses, and dogs, on the approach of the boat, fled to the nearest American fort, and reported that an evil spirit, belching fire and smoke, was coming to destroy them.

Grant took the little dwelling shown in our picture. It is on the top of a picturesque bluff, and he had to climb stairs two hundred feet high every time he went home from the store. The leather-house had a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, and its annual business reached the same amount. It dealt in shoe-findings, saddlery hardware, French calf, fancy linings, and morocco, all bought in the East, and in domestic leather tanned in the chestnut oak-woods of Ohio, from hides purchased in Galena.

The captain cheerfully began his new duties. He wore a rough working dress and his favorite slouched hat, and smoked a clay pipe incessantly. He was temperate in every thing else, for he had totally abstained from drink for several years. He was courteous and popular with all who met him on business, but never sought acquaintances. He was a very poor salesman, could not chaffer, and did not always know the price of an article. So, whenever a difficult or an important customer was to be dealt with, Orvil, Simpson, or one of the clerks took him in charge.

He weighed leather for filling orders, and bought hides, which he frequently unloaded and carried into the store on his shoulders. One day Rowley, clerk of the Circuit Court, sent down for leather to cover a desk in his office. The captain walked up to the court-house with the leather on his back, measured it, cut it, and tacked it on. A year and a half later, Grant was a major-general in the field, and Rowley a captain on his staff.

During one of the periodic depressions of western currency, the house bought pork and shipped it to New York to pay Eastern bills, and save the enormous price of ex-



CAPT. GRANT IN GALENA, 1860-61.

change. One day some farmers, who had brought a load of pork, asked for gold instead of notes, to pay their taxes. The clerk offered it at a rate which Grant thought exorbitant, so he suggested that they go to the bank and learn the current premium. The result was that they saved twelve dollars. Could such a man be expected to succeed in trade?

In truth, Grant felt out of place. The life was distasteful to him. Jesse spent a few weeks in Galena every year, but the business was mainly in the hands of Orvil, thirteen years the younger, a fact which could not have been pleasant to the elder brother. An old neighbor remarks:—

"Though very unnoticeable he attended to business faithfully and talked a great deal, but always about places that he had seen—never of what he had read. His conversation was entertaining, but fact, and not fancy, interested him."

"I first encountered him," says another, "coming down the hill toward the store with Orvil. He wore a blue overcoat and old slouched hat, and looked like a private soldier. He had not more than three intimates in the whole town."

The bread and butter question was still a serious one. The rent of the dwelling was only one hundred and twenty-five dollars per annum. Much of the time Mrs. Grant had no servant, but took the whole care of her house and the four children. Her husband had no extravagant habits; though not naturally frugal, he was now so perforce. Still, the six hundred dollars a year proved utterly inadequate to support him. It was raised to eight hundred, but even upon this he was unable to live. The want of money hampered him, and he went to the war considerably in debt, but paid every dollar from his earliest earnings in the army.

Who will ever forget the autumn of 1860—the Presidential campaign which stirred every county in the Union and proved the last before the great rebellion. The Lead Region was thoroughly alive. Galena,—a democratic city,—was in the strongest republican Congressional district of the United States. Elihu B. Washburne, a leading public man of the Northwest had been its representative for

three years, but Captain Grant his townsman, was so inconspicuous a citizen that Washburne did not even know him.

Two of the four Presidential candidates being popular Illinoisans, there were practically but two parties in that State—the Lincoln and the Douglas party. Each little town had its Douglas club, and its "Wide-Awake" or republican club. The Galena Wide-Awakes selected for their captain, John E. Smith, an old militia officer.

The Douglas club, delighted that Grant's sympathies were democratic, while his father and brother were both radical republicans, and also desiring the benefit of his professional training, elected *him* captain, but he absolutely declined to serve, alleging that he had not been long enough in Illinois to vote, and also that he wished to attend to business, and not meddle in politics.

One evening, chancing to be in the hall where the Wide Awakes were drilling, he instructed them for a few minutes on the invitation of their captain. This was the only active part he took in the canvass, but his proclivities were decidedly for Douglas. Before the end of the campaign, that candidate made a speech in Dubuque, and Grant went to hear him. After returning, he was silent, until asked:—

"How did you like Judge Douglas?"

"He is a very able, at least a very smart man," replied Grant, "but I can't say I like his ideas. If I had the legal right to vote I should be more undecided than ever."

His friends inferred that he thought he detected some unfairness or demagoguery. At all events, after this his sympathies tended toward republicanism. Rowley tried to convince him that he was a legal voter, as, computing his residence from the day he arrived alone from St. Louis, he had been in Illinois a year; but dating from his arrival with his family, it was less. Orvil interrupted:—

"Now you had better let Ulysses alone. If he were to vote he wouldn't vote our ticket."

"I don't know about that," replied the captain; "I don't quite like the position of either party. I never voted but once, and that was against Fremont."

"You ought to be ashamed of having voted for Buchanan."

"I didn't; I voted against Fremont. I thought it would be a misfortune for the country if he should be elected. Otherwise I have never meddled with politics."

The election came. A party of young republicans sat up to receive the returns by telegraph, and before midnight learned that Abraham Lincoln had been chosen President. Then they had a jollification at the leather store. The captain assisted his brothers to play the host, dispensing oysters and liquors, of which all except him partook. He seemed as much gratified as any one at the result, and from that time was regarded by his friends as a moderate republican.

Through the exciting winter which followed the election, Grant manifested far more interest in public affairs than ever before, and was positive in his condemnation of the indecision and imbecility of President Buchanan. In December, he wrote a letter, of course not designed ever to be made public, but from which I can not resist the temptation to take two or three extracts, as showing his personal hopes and his views on public affairs, expressed in the full frankness of intimate friendship:—

"In my new employment I have become pretty conversant, and am much pleased with it. I hope to be a partner soon, and am sanguine that a competency at least can be made out of the business.

"How do you all feel on the subject of Secession in St. Louis? The present troubles must affect business in your trade greatly. With us the the only difference experienced as yet is the difficulty of obtaining Southern exchange.

"It is hard to realize that a State or States should commit so suicidal an act as to secede from the Union, though from all the reports, I have no doubt but that at least five of them will do it. And then, with the present granny of an executive, some foolish policy will doubtless be pursued which will give the seceding States the support and sympathy of the Southern States that don't go out. The farce now going on in southern Kansas is, I presume, about at an end, and the St. Louis volunteer General Frost at their head, covered all over with glory. You will now have seven hundred men more in your midst, who will think themselves entitled to live on the public for all future time. You must provide office for them, or some of them may declare Missouri out of the Union. It does seem as if just a few men have

produced all the present difficulty. I don't see why by the same rule a few hundred men could not carry Missouri out of the Union."

Business was dull. In the daytime, friends lounged in the store, and during the long winter evenings there were euchre parties, at which Grant smoked his pipe, but not with his usual serenity. The national troubles weighed upon his mind, and he expressed gravest apprehensions for the future. A friend suggested:—

"There's a great deal of bluster about the Southerners, but I don't think there's much fight in them."

"Rowley," replied Grant, earnestly, "you are mistaken; there *is* a good deal of bluster; that's the result of their education; but if they once get at it they will make a strong fight. You are a good deal like them in one respect —each side under-estimates the other and over-estimates itself."

Few in either section believed that there was serious business at hand. The North thought the South would not fight, because it blustered so much; the South thought the North would not, because it blustered so little. Our sanguine theorists believed that the diffusion of civilization and Christianity had turned the swords into plowshares—that hereafter diplomacy, and not war, was to be the final arbiter in great disputes. Our republicans laughed at conservatives, who had long been crying "Wolf, wolf!" and made "Union-saving"—because always synonymous with some dishonorable concession to slavery—a term of reproach. Conservatives replied with a feebleness which seemed to indicate that even they did not believe much in their own fears. There was a portentous hush and expectancy. It was the quiet that presages the earthquake.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE LONG ROLL.

THE embers so long smoldering blazed at last. On Friday, April twelfth, 1861, came news that South Carolina rebels had attacked Fort Sumter. Then, with clinched lips and flashing eyes, Galena, like the rest of the North, waited the issue for two days.

Monday, the fifteenth, brought intelligence of the capture of the little fortress. The "wolf" had come, and side by side old fearers and old scoffers sprang up to drive him away. The prairies were on fire. In Galena business was suspended. At the leather store, thronging visitors from town and country all talked of the one theme. The quiet captain had never been so excited. His conversation was no longer of horses, or adventures in the Mexican war. He said:—

"I thought I had done with soldiering. I never expected to be in military life again. But I was educated by the Government; and if my knowledge and experience can be of any service, I think I ought to offer them."

The next evening a meeting was called at the large stone court-house. Before the gathering, the town was paraded by a band of musicians, bearing the Stars and Stripes. Everywhere they were received with enthusiastic cheers; for it had just dawned upon the people that the American flag was something more than a pretty plaything—that it was the symbol of national unity and free government—of the fruition of all that the fathers hoped, struggled, and died for.

Among others on the way to the meeting was John A. Rawlins, a young Galena lawyer, of humble birth and self-education. Though recently admitted to the bar, he had already gained a large practice, and was the most popular

man in his Congressional district. In the Presidential campaign, just ended, he had been the Douglas candidate for elector; and in "stumping" with his republican competitor, he had won high reputation as a popular orator.

Douglas was the leader, the very soul of the Northwestern democracy, and as yet Douglas had not been heard from. Friends said to Rawlins:—

"It is an abolition fight; do not mix in; if you do, you will injure our party."

"I don't know any thing about party now," he replied. "All I know is, traitors have fired on our flag."

The hall was filled to overflowing. Mayor Brand, a democrat, was called to the chair. In taking it he intimated that the republicans had brought on the threatened national convulsion. He favored some "honorable compromise," and opposed making war upon any portion of our common country.

His weak-kneed honor sat down. Elihu B. Washburne, the sturdy representative of the district in Congress, sprang to his feet and began fervidly:—

"Mr. Chairman, any man who will try to stir party prejudices at such a time as this, is a traitor!"

Shouts of applause followed. Then Washburne offered a series of resolutions, pledging the people to support the Government in maintaining the integrity of the Union and the supremacy of the flag, recommending the immediate formation of military companies, ready for any call, and, concluding:—

"Finally, we solemnly resolve, that having lived under the Stars and Stripes, by the blessing of God we propose to die under them!"

Amid loud cheering Washburne took his seat. Then on every side rose the cry, "Rawlins!" "Rawlins!"

The slender, erect, young lawyer, elbowed his way through the dense throng, up to the little open space on the platform, where his pale face, coal-black hair, and flashing eyes, could be seen by the entire audience. He was still thoroughly angry at the advice of his political friends. He spoke in a deep, rich voice, which would have filled a hall

ten times as large. For three-quarters of an hour, amid profoundest silence, he reviewed the past; the real or fancied wrongs of the slave-holders; the good faith in which the northern democracy had fought their battles under the constitution; the blood and toil expended in the founding and defending of the Republic; the cheerfulness with which minorities, hitherto out-voted, had submitted to the will of the majority—as on the Missouri Compromise, the Mexican war, and the Kansas-Nebraska bill. That was the American way—to trust the future, the good sense, justice, and sober second thought of the people. Warming with his subject, he made a most cogent and stirring argument. Finally, his voice filling every corner of the old court-house, and ringing out like a trumpet over narrow, winding streets, and sharp hills, he rose to his climax :—

"I have been a democrat all my life; but this is no longer a question of politics. It is simply country or no country. I have favored every honorable compromise; but the day for compromise is passed. Only one course is left for us. WE WILL STAND BY THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY, AND APPEAL TO THE GOD OF BATTLES!"

The effect was electric. The audience sprang to their feet, and gave cheer after cheer for the old flag, for Major Anderson, and for the maintenance of the Union at whatever cost.

Captain Grant was present. Though he had known Rawlins as the attorney for the leather-house, he had no intimate acquaintance with him, but this speech so thoroughly expressed his own feelings, that, from that hour, his heart went out to the young orator. As they walked homeward, he said to Orvil :—

"I think I ought to go into the service."

"I think so too," replied his brother. "Go, if you like, and I will stay at home and attend to the store."

Two evenings later (Thursday), witnessed another meeting for raising volunteers, and again the court-house was crowded. At the hour, John E. Smith, the militia captain, arose, thumped on a seat, and said :—"The meeting will come to order. I nominate for chairman Captain Ulysses S. Grant."

The motion was carried. Many citizens were familiar with Grant's name since his election as president of the Douglas club, but not a hundred persons in Galena knew him by sight. The audience looked on with curiosity, while a small stooping gentleman, in an old blue army overcoat, with a rusty black hat in his hand and his head thrown a little awkwardly on one side, passed through the crowd up to the platform.

He took the chair with a few remarks, during which all were struck by his composure and fluency of speech—qualities which he has never exhibited since when called before the public. But then, like every one else, he was nerved up by the great occasion. He stated that the object of the meeting was to raise and equip a company, and in reply to a question about military organization—of which nineteen-twentieths of the people were entirely ignorant—he explained the number of men and officers in a company and regiment, and the duties and pay of each.

Rolls were immediately opened for volunteers. A. L. Chetlain—afterward brigadier-general—and nine or ten others, recorded their names. Rawlins suggested that the original list be carefully preserved, as autographs of the men who first enlisted might one day be valuable.

In twenty-four hours there were fifty-one volunteers, and within a week the roll was full, and two hundred had been rejected. The company joined the Twelfth Illinois regiment of three months' men.

On Saturday morning, Rowley, entering Grant's store, said:—

"Captain, there's to be a meeting for raising volunteers at Hanover to-night, and Rawlins and I are going. Suppose you go with us."

"I think I will. Come down after dinner, and Orvil and I will take the ponies and drive you over."

The meeting was held in a school-house, and Grant presided. After excellent speeches by Rawlins and others, the captain, for the first time in his life, was asked to address an audience. He replied in his matter-of-fact way:—

"I don't know any thing about making speeches; that is not in my line; but we are forming a company in Galena, and mean to do what we can for putting down the rebellion. If any of you feel like enlisting, I will give you all the information and help I can."

Many names were enrolled. At eleven o'clock the meeting closed. On the way home the young men talked about military life and the rebellion.

ROWLEY.—"I guess the seventy-five thousand troops the President has called for will stop all the row."

GRANT.—"I think this is a bigger thing than you suppose. Those fellows mean fight, and Uncle Sam has a heavy job on his hands. If I am needed I shall go."

RAWLINS (jestingly).—"Captain Grant, suppose we get up a company for the war; you shall be captain, and Rowley and I will toss up to see which shall be first lieutenant and which second."

Grant replied that he thought himself competent to command a company. No one could tell how long the war might last, as the rebels were brave and desperate. Many West-Pointers who sympathized with them had good natural talents, in addition to the very great advantage of a military education, and would make excellent officers.

The Galena recruits, ignorant of military outfit and duties, constantly consulted Grant, who gave all the desired information, and devoted four days to drilling them. He was their first choice for captain, but he declined to run; so Chetlain, who aspired to the position, was elected. Washburne, busy about many things, as yet knew little of Grant; but one day, Collins, Jesse's old partner—a peace democrat—accosted him on the street:—

"A pretty set of fellows your soldiers are, to elect Chetlain for captain!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, Chetlain is well enough, but he hasn't had any experience. They were foolish to take him when they could get such a man as Grant."

"What's Grant's history?"

"Why, he is old man Grant's son, was educated at West

Point, served in the army eleven years, and came out with the very best reputation."

Washburne called upon the ex-officer, and they had a talk. Grant said:—

"I left the army, expecting never to return. I am no seeker for position, but the country, which educated me, is in sore peril, and, as a man of honor, I feel bound to offer my services for whatever they are worth."

"Captain," replied Washburne, "we need just such men as you—men of military education and experience. The Legislature meets next Tuesday;* several of us are going to Springfield; come along—you will surely be wanted."

"I guess you will have to get along without me hereafter," Grant said to his brothers. "Uncle Sam educated me for the army, and, though I have served through one war, I am still indebted to him. Now he is likely to want all the help he can get."

To Springfield the captain went with Washburne, Russell Jones, and another leading republican, all particularly glad to secure him, because he had sympathized with the democracy.

The Legislature met. Grant took quarters at the Cheney House, and waited for events. All was confusion. Officers in uniform rushed hither and thither, sending off telegrams, and giving orders excitedly, without system or organization. The military hero of the hour and the State, Captain John Pope, could bring no order out of this chaos.

Washburne and his friends urged Governor Yates to give Grant a position; but other men had political claims, and in the bewildering scramble there was much delay. Grant, simple-hearted and unselfish, was shocked and disgusted at the self-seeking all around. He said, vehemently:

"This is no place for me. I will go home to Galena. I will not be an office-seeker, and I can't afford to stay here idle."

"Hold on a little, captain," replied Washburne; "every thing can't be done in a moment. Have patience."

* April 23d.

Thus, day after day, Grant's restlessness was soothed. The prospect *was* discouraging. Already he had tendered his services to the Government at Washington, and the adjutant-general had not even the grace to answer his letter. His name had been mentioned to the governor of his native Ohio, but no commission had been offered. Now, in his adopted Illinois, there seemed to be no place for him.

His Galena friends kept him in Springfield with the greatest difficulty. Finally, about the first of May, Governor Yates, after asking him if he could tell how many men and officers there were in a company and in a regiment—which was more than his excellency yet knew—took Grant into his office as clerk and military adviser to himself and his adjutant-general. The latter had no printed forms for transacting the important business of his office. Grant ruled sheets of paper until blanks could be printed, systematized the whole business, and turned it off with the greatest ease. He consulted no books, having at his fingerends all needed information; yet he did his work so undemonstratively that neither governor nor adjutant-general was particularly impressed with his capacity.

The office work once reduced to mere clerical routine, Grant assumed more important duties. On the fourth of May he was put in command of Camp Yates, during the temporary absence of Captain Pope. Next he mustered in several new regiments, including the Twenty-first, at Mattoon. He was called "captain," but he had neither uniform nor commission.

The Vicksburg Sun, of May thirteenth, commented with glee upon a report of "one Captain U. S. Grant," to the governor, that Illinois boasted just nine hundred muskets, of which only sixty were in serviceable condition. It drew a ludicrous picture of the Prairie State and her ex-captain, with three-score rusty guns, coming to conquer the South. They learned something more in Vicksburg, by and by, of "one Captain U. S. Grant" and of Illinois soldiers.

Toward the close of May, he went home on a brief visit. On his way back to Springfield, a friend asked:—

"Why don't you put in for one of these Illinois regi-

ments? As things are going, I don't know why you are not as much entitled to a colonelcy as any one."

"To tell you the truth," replied Grant, after a moment's hesitation, "I would rather like a regiment, *yet there are few men really competent to command a thousand soldiers, and I doubt whether I am one of them.*"

By the tenth of June all the regiments had been mustered in, and Grant went on a visit to his father, in Covington. His old friend McClellan, was in command at Cincinnati, just across the river, and Grant called upon him twice. He did not propose to ask for an appointment, but thought that McClellan might invite him to come on his staff. Fortunately, he did not find that general at his office on either occasion.

Meanwhile there was trouble in the Twenty-first Illinois Infantry, at Camp Yates. Colonel Goode, its commander, a large, fine-looking man, a Kentuckian by birth, had been in the Mexican war, the Lopez expedition against Cuba, and the Kansas border troubles. At the outbreak of the rebellion he was city clerk at Decatur, Illinois. He raised a company, and finally rose to the colonelcy of the Twenty-first. But what experience ever taught one, not born to it, to control men?

The troops became insubordinate; many deserted; and it became evident that the colonel was utterly incompetent. The governor, therefore, refused to commission him,* and about this time, meeting a book-keeper from the Galena store, asked:—

"What kind of a man is this Captain Grant? Though anxious to serve, he seems reluctant to take any high position. He even declined my offer to recommend him to Washington for a brigadier-generalship, saying he didn't want office till he had earned it. What *does* he want?"

"The way to deal with him," replied the book-keeper, "is to ask him no questions, but simply order him to duty. He will obey promptly."

* Goode afterward sought to re-enter the regiment as a private, but was refused. He then became a Peace Democrat, and in 1868 met his death in a personal rencounter in Missouri.

Thereupon the governor dispatched to Grant:—

"You are this day appointed colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteers, and requested to take command at once."

This was on Saturday. Before the telegram reached Covington, Grant had started on his return. Spending Sunday with his old classmate, J. J. Reynolds, at Terre Haute, Indiana, he was again in Springfield on Monday morning, and immediately began the duties of his new position. Of his commission, dated on the sixteenth of June, Yates declares:

"It was the most glorious day of my life when I signed it."

Colonel Grant found his new regiment in the worst possible condition. The men mostly without tents, without uniforms, and as ragged as Falstaff's recruits, wore their oldest clothes, after the manner of volunteers about to get new suits from the Government. They were chiefly farmers' sons, of fine physique—the best raw material for good soldiers, but utterly demoralized by want of discipline. General John E. Smith* says of the colonel's first visit to his command—

"I went with him to camp, and shall never forget the scene when his men first saw him. Grant was dressed in citizen's clothes, an old coat worn out at the elbows, and a badly damaged hat. His men, though ragged and barefooted themselves, had formed a high estimate of what a colonel should be, and when Grant walked in among them, they began making fun of him. They cried in derision, 'What a colonel!' 'D—n such a colonel,' and made all sorts of fun of him. And one of them, to show off to the others, got behind his back and commenced sparring at him, and while he was doing this another gave him such a push that he hit Grant between the shoulders."

The soldiers soon learned that their quiet commander was not to be trifled with. One of the first morning roll-calls was an hour late. Grant observing it, simply sent them back to their quarters. There being no morning report, no rations came in that day; so they begged, borrowed, and bought food wherever they could find it. At the first dress parade several officers appeared without coats. Said Grant, sharply:—

* Pepper's Personal Recollections of Sherman's Campaigns.

"This is a dress parade. Officers are expected to wear their clothes. Dismiss the men to quarters."

He turned and walked away without another word. A few of these sharp penalties and admonitions brought men and officers to their duty In ten days there was tolerably good discipline, and ultimately the regiment became one of the best in the service. Notwithstanding his severity, the men grew attached to him, as soldiers always do to officers who are just, self-controlled, and "know their business."

Before taking the field, Grant paid another flying visit to Galena. He must have an outfit, and no gifts of swords, horses, or money, poured in during these days of obscurity. With genuine human nature, instead of applying to his kindred, he procured the indorsement of Collins, his father's old partner, to his note for three hundred dollars, and with the proceeds bought horse and uniform.

One Sunday afternoon, during this visit, he rode over to Washburne's, in whose library the two talked for several hours, about the rebellion and the means necessary to crush it. Grant's intelligence, self-abnegation, and clear-headedness were so palpable, that they won for him a powerful and enthusiastic friendship, which was never to be shaken in dark days yet to come.

The regiment had been mustered in for only thirty days, but it re-enlisted for the war. Soon after Missouri called for aid. Governor Yates said:—

"I would send another regiment, if I had transportation."

"Order mine," replied Grant; "I will find transportation."

Yates did order it to Mexico, in northern Missouri, and Grant marched his men across the country, as the shortest and best way to make soldiers of them. They started in high feather, a good deal more troublesome to their friends than they seemed likely ever to be to their enemies. But the colonel soon put a stop to depredations. The first night he had a number of men tied up by the thumbs, and in a few days they were as disciplined and orderly on the march as of late they had been in camp.

In a week they reached their destination. Pope was in command of north Missouri. Grant, though a junior colonel, was placed in charge of a brigade. His men had nothing to do but guard railway trains and bridges, and occasionally make short marches in pursuit of the swarming bushwhackers. On one excursion, several soldiers obtained whisky, and soon began to stagger. Grant immediately halted the regiment, went through the ranks, examined each canteen and emptied out liquor wherever he found it. He had the men tied behind baggage wagons till they grew sober, and sharply reprimanded the officers for permitting such a gross abuse.

While in civil life, he once said to a friend:—

"If a man wants promotion in the army, he should resign and take advantage of the first war to go in for promotion. He is morally sure of a higher position."

Now, encountering Grant in the field, this friend asked:—

"Well, are *you* going in for promotion now?"

"No, I am nicely fixed at Galena. To tell you the truth, I would not go back to the regular army short of a colonelcy, and I know very well that I could not get that."

Notwithstanding his love of discipline, his heart was tender and lenient. A colonel asked his counsel as to how he should deal with a boyish volunteer who had left an excellent home, but was now falling into bad company, gambling, and neglect of duty. Grant replied:—

"The army is a hard place. It will ruin a great many young men. Talk to him and try to teach him more self-control. Do every thing to counteract the evil influences of camp-life, but don't punish him, unless you find it absolutely necessary, for that brings a sense of degradation."

The regimental chaplain was in the head-quarters mess. Shortly after he joined the regiment, Grant said to him:—

"Chaplain, when I was at home, and ministers stopped at my house, I always invited them to ask a blessing at the table. I suppose it is quite as much needed here as there, and I shall be glad to have you do it whenever we sit down to a meal."

In July began a special session of Congress. Illinois

had thirty-six regiments in the field. President Lincoln sent a printed notice to each of her senators and representatives, requesting them to recommend four soldiers for brigadiers, in the desired order of rank.

The delegation met at the parlor of Senator Trumbull, in Eighth Street. Washburne, urging that the northwest corner of the State had sent many troops, and was entitled to a brigadier, placed Grant in nomination. Then the delegation voted for each candidate separately. Grant was the only one who received every vote, therefore he stood at the top of the list. Hurlbut, Prentiss, and McClernand followed in the order named.

Nearly forty other appointments were made the same day, the seventh of August, but the commissions dated back to the seventeenth of May. Grant stood number seventeen on the list. Above him were Franklin, Sherman, Buell, Pope, Hooker, Kearny, and Fitz John Porter. He knew nothing of his good fortune until one morning the chaplain, brought him a morning paper from St. Louis, saying:—

"Colonel, I have some news here that will interest you."

"What is it?"

"You are made brigadier-general."

Grant read the announcement and replied:—

"I had no suspicion of it. It never came from any request of mine. It must be some of Washburne's work."

Thus, after two months of command, Grant's connection with the Twenty-first regiment ended. An account of it from his own hand, concludes:—

"We did make one march, however, from Salt River, Mo., to Florida, Mo., and return, in search of Tom Harris, who was reported in that neighborhood with a handful of rebels. It was impossible to get nearer than a day's march of him. From Salt River the regiment went to Mexico, Mo., where it remained for two weeks, thence to Ironton, passing through St. Louis on the seventh of August, where I was assigned to duty as a brigadier-general, and turned over the command of the regiment to that gallant and Christian officer, Colonel Alexander, who afterward yielded up his life while nobly leading it in the battle of Chickamauga."

CHAPTER XV.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL.

FREMONT commanded the department, and to him the new brigadier reported. The forces near Pilot Knob were expecting to be attacked; so Grant was placed in charge, and built fortifications. After remaining ten days, and seeing nothing of the enemy, he was suddenly ordered to Jefferson, the State capital, which was also threatened.

His old friend Hillyer was still in the St. Louis law office. During one of the hottest of dog days in that hottest of cities, while he was lounging at his desk, in rushed William Truesdail,* an old client of the firm, a man of tremendous energy, who had been every thing everywhere—merchant, sheriff, real estate speculator, bank-teller, and contractor on New York, Panama, and Texan railways.

"Ah! Hillyer," exclaimed the breathless visitor, "glad to see you—been looking everywhere for you—remember Grant?—used to be clerk in your office, you know—brigadier-general now—commanding at Jefferson City—been there to see him—got a big contract for you and me—told him we were in partnership—he said, 'I'll do any thing I can for Hillyer;' and gave me letter to Hunterschott, the commissary; so, I've got a splendid contract—papers all ready—come out and sign them with me. By the way, Grant said he wanted to see you."

Hillyer looked into the contract, signed it, and a day or two after received a telegraphic request from the General, to accept a place on his staff. Without the least idea of entering the army, but desirous of seeing his old friend, he took a train for Jefferson. But Grant had been

* Afterward widely known as chief of secret service in the Army of the Cumberland.

summoned back to St. Louis, and had left word for him to follow immediately. He did so, and at the Planter's House found the General, who, seemingly infected by the bustling Truesdail, accosted him:—

"Come, Hillyer, here's your horse all ready. I have kept a steamer waiting for you three hours. I am going to Cape Girardeau, and want you to go with me on my staff."

"Why, I haven't enlisted!"

"No matter for that; you can enlist on the way."

"But I've got no clothes, and no money; my wife expects me home to tea, and my business needs attending to."

"Well, I owe you fifty dollars, and here it is—that will do for money. As for clothes, I guess we have enough among us to supply you. We're ordered to the field, and expect a fight with Jeff Thompson. If you survive it, I'll give you leave of absence to come home and settle your business."

"But I've just taken a beef contract. I can't keep that and be on your staff."

"That's a fact; so you had better give it up and come along."

Hillyer turned over the contract to a friend, and started down the river.

"By the way, General," he asked, after they had embarked, "what's to be my rank—and have you got a commission for me?"

"Well, not exactly; but Fremont, who has authority from the Government, promises me he will appoint you. Of course I shall get you the best rank I can. For the present we will call you captain."

In the evening the two studied minutely the elaborate instructions which had been given to Grant. Jeff Thompson's camp was to be surrounded, McClernand coming up from one direction, Prentiss from another, a third Union column from another, and Grant from Cape Girardeau.

"Well," said the General, laughing heartily, "this plan will work, except in one contingency. If Jeff Thompson stays where he is, we shall close in upon him beautifully;

but if he happens to move ten or twelve miles, we haven't the least chance of catching him."

On the steamer was a young journalist, Thomas W. Knox, of the *New York Herald*, who had just begun his campaigning. Most correspondents, fearing that the war would be over before they could witness actual conflict, envied Knox, who had had the good luck to be present at Booneville and Wilson Creek, the first skirmish and the first battle of the West. Now expecting a fight at Cape Girardeau, he meant to be "there to see." In the evening, he wrote to his journal some account of Grant's personal appearance—the first newspaper description of him which ever appeared—closing with an apology for saying so much about an unknown brigadier:—

"The General is decidedly unmartial in appearance, and would be the last man among the twenty occupants of the cabin who would be selected as superior officer of all. He is about forty-five years of age, not more than five feet eight inches in height, and of ordinary frame, with a slight tendency to corpulency. The expression of his face is pleasant, and a smile is almost continually playing around his eyes. * * * *Thus much I have said concerning him, as it is possible he may figure prominently in action before many weeks.*"

On the night after Grant reached Girardeau, a German regiment came with its band, and gave him his first serenade. Hillyer, requested by his chief to acknowledge the courtesy, responded in genuine American rhetoric, telling his martial hearers, very few of whom comprehended English at all, that it was the time for deeds, not words. He appealed to their patriotism, and pointed his climax with the lines:—

"Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
God and *your native land!*"

Probably not one man in the regiment was born in the United States, so Hillyer's quotation caused much merriment, which he enjoyed quite as much as anybody.

On Grant's approach the wily Jeff slipped away, and in two or three days the General went to Cairo, head-quarters

of the district which had been placed under him. It included Southern Illinois, Western Kentucky and Tennessee, and the mouths of three important rivers, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and the Cumberland.

When Grant assumed command on the fourth of September, he superseded Brigadier-General B. M. Prentiss. Their commissions bore the same date, but Grant stood first on the list, and had been a captain in the regular army. Prentiss, however, claimed seniority on the novel ground that he had been a brigadier-general of militia. I remember meeting him in St. Louis one day, and expressing my surprise that he had come away from Cairo. He replied, bitterly:—

"Yes, I have left. I will not serve under a drunkard."

Of course, the question of rank was decided against him, and he was sent to another field. Grant had eight thousand soldiers in his district, three little wooden gun-boats patrolling the river, and several iron-clads building at Mound City, six miles above Cairo. Fortifications were begun at the latter ague-stricken city, at Bird's Point opposite, on the Missouri shore, and at Fort Holt, on the Kentucky shore. The rebel commander in that region was Polk, a bishop of the Episcopal Church, who had exchanged the crozier for the sword. Grant soon learned that Polk was marching a force upon Paducah, Kentucky, a few miles above Cairo, and a most important point, because at the mouth of the Tennessee. He instantly telegraphed Fremont, asking permission to seize the town. As there was no time to waste, he fitted up an expedition, and, failing to get an answer, dispatched a second time to Fremont:—"I am nearly ready to go to Paducah, and shall start should not a telegram arrive preventing the movement." Still no answer. Grant lingered impatiently until ten that night, and then said to his staff:—

"Come on; I can wait no longer. I will go if it costs me my commission."

His forces, three regiments and a light battery, steamed up the river, and early next morning took possession of Paducah without firing a gun. While they were landing, the rebel General Tilghman and staff, with a company of

recruits, hurried out of town by railway. A force of the enemy four thousand strong, approaching from the south, and within three hours of the city, turned back on learning of Grant's arrival. Rebel flags were flying from several houses. The moment the troops entered, loyal citizens began to tear these down and to run up the Stars and Stripes. The General captured a great quantity of bacon, leather, and other Confederate stores; and issued an order encouraging the citizens to pursue their usual avocations without fear, and adding, "*I have nothing to do with opinions, and shall deal only with armed rebellion, and its aiders and abettors.*"

Grant, remaining but a few hours, left a garrison and returned to Cairo. There he found a dispatch from Fremont, "Take Paducah if you are strong enough." His prompt action without orders was of great importance. Twelve hours' delay would have given the rebels the mouths of the Tennessee and the Cumberland, points which we could never have wrested away without hard fighting.

On the fifteenth of September, his Galena friend, Rawlins, reported for staff duty at Cairo as assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of captain. From the evening of Rawlins' speech, in April, the General had been pressing him to enter the service in some such capacity, and had frequently assured him that he thought he would make a good regimental adjutant! The securing of Rawlins on his own staff proved most happy. To great promptness and singularly clear judgment, he added unselfish patriotism and heartiest loyalty to his chief. Of all the able and devoted soldiers, whom Grant's sagacious knowledge of men has called to responsible and difficult positions, few have done the country such signal service as John A. Rawlins.*

Grant's peculiar aptitude for military life, soon made itself felt at Cairo. New-fledged colonels and captains, brilliant in gold and feathers and fresh uniforms, were, at first, merry about the shabby civilian suit and rusty stove-pipe

* Now brigadier-general in the regular service, and chief-of-staff of the armies of the United States.

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hat in which the General appeared when not on parade, but soon saw that he was a thoroughly practical and accomplished soldier. Two qualities were strongly marked: (1.) Whatever he did was done on *his own* judgment. He showed unusual modesty of opinion and unusual confidence of action. He heard all friendly suggestions with unvarying politeness, and then did—exactly as he saw fit. (2.) He trusted subordinates thoroughly, giving only general directions, not hampering them with petty instructions.

He never consulted authorities, but, seeming to have the Army Regulations at his tongue's end, disposed instantly and methodically of every question. No papers accumulated. The moment one came in, it was indorsed and referred to the proper subordinate, or, if valueless, torn in pieces and thrown on the floor.

Though keeping no books, he was thoroughly acquainted with the minutest affairs of his entire command, and surprised both old and new friends by the ease, precision, rapidity, and efficiency with which he turned off business. His friend Washburne paid him a visit in October, and was deeply impressed with his promptness and ability. From that hour, Washburne maintained so earnestly that our General was the "coming man" of the war, that even his friends used laughingly to accuse him of having "Grant on the brain," and being a little out of his wits.

He was not alone in his estimate. The rebel officers congratulated themselves that they had on their side the flower of the old army. But once, in discussing the matter at Richmond, Ewell said:—

"There is one West Pointer, I think in Missouri, little known, and whom I hope the Northern people will not find out. I mean Sam Grant. I knew him well at the Academy and in Mexico. I should fear him more than any of their officers I have yet heard of. He is not a man of genius, but he is clear-headed, quick, and daring."

Colonel Richard J. Oglesby* was commanding at Bird's

* Afterward major-general, wounded in the battle of Corinth, and governor of Illinois from 1864 to 1868.

Point. So easy was he in giving passes to the people about him to cross to Cairo and purchase goods, that his soldiers called him "Samaritan Oglesby." Grant was finally compelled to issue an order that no one should cross from Kentucky or Missouri, without a pass from himself, as supplies could be freely purchased in Cairo, and many went directly to the rebel army. But the applicants, like Richard, had "a tongue that could wheedle with the devil," and their importunities were so pressing that the colonel was constantly seconding their appeals, each one of which seemed to him a "peculiar case." One afternoon, however, Oglesby appeared at head-quarters, and said vehemently :—

"General, you have no idea how these people annoy me ; they throng my office in a perfect mob ; they keep me employed from morning till night. Why, I don't even get time to talk !"

"Really, colonel," replied Grant, with a smile, "that must be a severe restriction upon you."

However, the order did not accomplish its purpose, so it was soon revoked.

Grant's troops were learning his worth. Chetlain, serving under him as lieutenant-colonel, wrote back to his Galena friends, "This man is the pure gold." Still he was not exempt from scandal. He abstained wholly from liquor, save for a few days after an attack of ague, when he took it by order of his surgeon. But a ring of contractors, whose hostility he had provoked, made this the excuse for reviving the old story of drunkenness. Washburne, reading it in the newspapers, and altogether ignorant of Grant's personal habits, inquired of Rawlins by letter whether there were any grains of truth in the story. The aid replied, explaining the only fact that had given color to it, and adding, that as much as he loved Grant, he loved the country more, and if, at any time, from any cause, he should see his chief unfit for the position he occupied, he should deem it his duty to inform Washburne at once. Before mailing the letter, he handed it to Grant. The General, who had suffered keenly from these reports, read it with much feeling, and said, emphatically :—

"Yes, that's right; exactly right. Send it by all means."

The staff telegraphed to Washburne that Pope's friends were urging his promotion to a major-generalship, whereupon assurances were obtained from the President that no major-general would be appointed from Illinois until some brigadier *earned* promotion in the field.

"Of course," replied Washburne, "that's all we want."

On the thirteenth of October, in a flag of truce letter, Polk proposed an exchange of the prisoners held by the Southern Confederacy. Grant replied:—

"I have not the power to make any exchange of prisoners. I recognize no Southern Confederacy myself, but will communicate with the higher authorities for their views."

Fortune had been kind in giving the General a detached, and therefore a comparatively independent command, and in placing that command at a most important strategic point. The East does not at all comprehend the passionate enthusiasm of the people of the Northwest for the Mississippi. If they do not wed it annually with ring and stately ceremonial, they still love the muddy river as old Venetians did the shining Adriatic. Even before the purchase of Louisiana, when France, who owned that province, placed some obstructions on commerce at the river mouth, the whole West was ready to fight for it. At the outset of our war, the one great cry west of the Alleghanies was, "We must have the Mississippi. Neither its mouth nor its banks must ever be under the jurisdiction of any other Government than our own." Even the banners of recruits bore the inscription:—"The rebels have closed the Mississippi. We must cut our way to the Gulf with our swords."

So accident had given Grant the two great keys to success—independence and opportunity. Did he possess the third, without which all others are worthless?

CHAPTER XVI.

BELMONT.

THE rebels held the Great River from the Gulf almost to Cairo. They had strongly fortified Columbus, Kentucky, only twenty miles below Grant's head-quarters, an extremely defensible position on the east bank, with bluffs two hundred feet high. The General, restive at having the enemy so near him, had several times earnestly asked for permission to attack, but it was refused.

His long-coveted opportunity for action came at last. On the first of November, Fremont, who was in southwest Missouri expecting daily an attack from Price's army, ordered him to make demonstrations below Cairo, on both sides of the Mississippi, that Polk might not send Price re-enforcements.

Grant immediately started one command under Oglesby down the Missouri shore, and another under Charles F. Smith along the Kentucky shore to the rear of Columbus. At ten o'clock on the night of the sixth he started in person down the river, with three thousand men, upon five transports protected by two wooden gun-boats. The troops were entirely raw; several hundred had not received their muskets until two days before. Probably not a dozen officers and men all told had ever heard a hostile gun fired.

Nine miles below Cairo the boats tied up for the night at the Kentucky shore. The head-quarters steamer was so crowded with men, that there was no opportunity for lying down, so the General and staff slept in their chairs in the cabin. About midnight came a note from W. H. L. Wallace, in Charleston, Missouri, announcing that the rebels were crossing from Columbus, and had already thrown several regiments into Belmont, apparently to intercept Oglesby and re-enforce Price. Grant immediately said:—

"The only way now to make this expedition of any value is, to attack. Besides a skirmish will give our men confidence. They enlisted to fight; if we bring them back without an engagement, they will think we are afraid to pit them against the enemy. The rebels will think so too, for in all our flag-of-truce meetings they have been a little supercilious. It is time for them to find out whether we fear them."

BELMONT, FORT HENRY, DONELSON, SHILOH, CORINTH, AND IUKA.

Early next morning, Grant landed his little force in Missouri, four miles above Belmont, and at the lowest point out of reach of the Columbus batteries. Hauling the cannon up the steep bank, and leaving the transports under guard of the gun-boats and a battalion of infantry, our troops moved forward a mile and formed in line of battle.

Soon after nine, A. M., a mile and a half above Belmont, the fight began, in a swampy forest. The soldiers, never under fire before, got behind trees and blazed away quite at random, but Grant, with his staff and Logan, rode along the front, encouraging them and rallying them from their hiding-places, but never roughly, remembering that habit alone can bring discipline. When the enemy had fallen back, Grant cried out to his adjutant:—

"Stop the men, they are wasting ammunition."

Rawlins has a stentorian voice; but as he tried to repeat this order to the colonels, it was lost in "the thunder of the captains and the shouting." Grant, likewise, bending down from his horse to bring his mouth as near as possible to the ears of his men, screamed:—

"Don't fire till you see somebody, and then take good aim."

As they pressed forward, rebel bullets began to hum again like the noise of a cotton factory. A shot in the stifle-joint disabled Grant's horse. Hillyer immediately gave the General his own and took Grant's pony, which his negro servant, Bob, was riding for a reserve; but the pony was ridiculously small for a war-horse, so Hillyer soon returned him to Bob, and obtained another steed.

Two of our soldiers in the woods got in the rear of a long, lank, loose-jointed rebel, who had become so interested in shooting as to remain behind a tree until cut off from his command. The frightened prisoner said he belonged to the Second Tennessee regiment. Grant asked:—

"How large is the force fighting against us?"

"To God, stranger," exclaimed the terrified Tennessean, lifting both his hands above his head, "I can't tell. This yer ground was just kivered with men this morning. Swar me in, stranger; I'll fight for you; swar me in, but *don't* kill me."

The conflict waxed hot. Our green soldiers gained confidence, and drove back the enemy from tree to tree. At noon Grant said to his staff:—

"There has been just about fighting enough to do the troops good and inspire them with confidence. I should be

glad to withdraw now, but that's out of the question, and we must press on."

Press on they did for four hours, until they charged through the abatis right into the enemy's camp at Belmont, capturing six pieces of artillery, several hundred prisoners, and the tents and personal baggage of two thousand men. Hundreds of muskets were lying on the ground, and scores of horses running about. The rebels had fled in all directions, but chiefly down behind the river bank.

Grant's little force had fought splendidly, but victory proved too much for it. Bands played the national airs, the pursuit of the enemy ceased, and the boys devoted themselves to giving cheers for the Union, and to plundering. One succeeded in lifting an enormous canvas-covered trunk on the back of a captured horse, and riding off with it,—a feat worthy of Blondin. Rawlins said to a sergeant, who was rolling up a bundle of clothing at the door of a tent:—

"Collect your men at once; we must get out of this."

"What," asked the surprised sergeant, "and give up the position?"

All the troops supposed that Grant was to hold Belmont; but he had no such intention, as it was completely commanded by the Columbus batteries on the opposite shore, and infantry could cross at any moment from Polk's large army.

Belmont is half a mile back from a sharp bend of the river. Toward the hollow of this bend, through heavy timber, most of the rebels had retreated. Colonel Dougherty suggested that they had not crossed to Columbus, but were probably hidden under the steep bank.

"No doubt they are," replied Grant. "We have accomplished all we want, and we must get away just as soon as we can."

On the Columbus bank, in full view, long lines of troops in gray were marching toward the rebel transports, to be ferried over, while it was impossible to tell how many had crossed already. This made Grant extremely anxious, and he did not join in the general jubilation. In vain did he order his men away. Some were busily rifling trunks, cap-

turing horses, and changing their guns for those left by the flying enemy, while McClernand, from his saddle, was making a spread-eagle speech to the rest. Finally, by order of his chief, an aide set the camp on fire. As the tents blazed up, the shells from Columbus, which had been all the while shrieking far overhead, dropped nearer and nearer, for the rebel gunners had almost obtained the range.

The father of Frederick the Great had a pleasant habit of kicking subordinates out of his tent, when he could not refute their logic. One day an officer steadfastly refused to be drawn into a controversy. The king asked why, and the officer replied:—

"Sire, your arguments are too convincing."

So our hitherto immovable soldiers yielded promptly to the incontrovertible logic of these shells, and the General soon had the men marching briskly, though without much order, toward their boats.

But before they had gone far, rebel troops, in line of battle and with flags flying defiantly, appeared on Grant's right flank, marching from the river to intercept him. Almost at the same moment another confederate column emerged from the woods and appeared on his left. Dire confusion and sharp fighting followed. One of the staff, who had never been under fire before, exclaimed:—

"Why, General, we're entirely lost? They have surrounded us."

"Well, then," replied Grant, with unmoved serenity, "we will cut our way out. We have whipped them once to-day, and I think we can again."

Subjected to the most appalling form of attack—an enemy hanging on both flanks—the troops behaved admirably, and finally reached the boats. When they were on board, the entire rebel force, having concentrated back from the river, appeared in line of battle, in a corn-field, within a hundred yards of Grant. He said, earnestly:—

"One good fire would disperse those fellows. If I had a hundred and fifty men at command I could whip them. Logan, can't you get your regiment off the boat?"

"I could," replied Logan, "but the men are so demoral-

ized already that I fear we might not get them on again. I think we had better let them alone."

Grant reluctantly assented, and he and Rawlins rode down the bank a quarter of a mile to bring up a battalion left to guard the boats. But it had withdrawn without orders; so the chief and his adjutant-general found themselves quite outside of the Union lines. As they rode leisurely back, on rounding a bend of the river they came in full view of the rebel force, within fifty yards of them. Grant walked his horse, that he might not show alarm. He wore no mark of rank except his sash, which was concealed by the blue overcoat of a private, so he was not recognized as an officer. General Polk, with the enemy's advance, noticed him, and said to his sharp-shooters:—

"There's a Yankee, if you want to try your aim."

But the men were all firing at the crowded Union transports, and nobody thought the single soldier worthy of notice.

It was no time for loitering, and the two put their horses on a run for the boat. Rawlins' happened to be faster than Grant's, so he left the General behind. In the midst of that close race for life, along came black Bob, not on Grant's pony, which he had lost, but on another which he had captured. His hat flew from his head, and the Intelligent Contraband, with shells bursting all around him, was frightened almost to death.

Gilpin-like he ran a race, and Gilpin-like he won it, too, for he passed both Rawlins and Grant, and first reached the head-quarters boat. Rawlins rode on next, and, in the confusion, under that hot fire, the plank was drawn in and the steamer started. Just then Grant appeared on the bank. The captain of the steamer did not know the quiet, rough-looking soldier, apparently a private, who stood there amid whistling bullets, but an aide explained that it was the General commanding. So the plank was again run out, Grant rode his horse up it, and the transport pushed off.

The rebels were now so near that our gun-boats opened upon them with grape and canister, cutting great gaps in their columns. But from the best cover they could find,

"NIGGER WUF. MORE TO ME."

they poured a vicious musketry fire into our crowded transports.

The next day their Columbus papers stated that our men were slaughtered until streams of blood poured from the transports and crimsoned the Mississippi, and Polk ordered the firing stopped, declaring that this was too much shedding of blood, even though it flowed from the invaders of their soil! Actually, not a man was killed, and only two soldiers and one deck-hand wounded. The reason—over-shooting—was a common one, as the assailants were on higher ground than the steamers.

It was five o'clock when the little Union fleet got off. On the head-quarters boat, Hillyer was missed, and it was feared he was killed; but he turned up uninjured. The next question was, What had been done with the General's horse? While it was being discussed, and Bob kept himself safely out of sight, a quartermaster invited Grant to the lower deck, saying:—

"Come, General, and see what a pretty rebel pony I have captured."

Grant, upon viewing it, seemed greatly surprised, and then said, smilingly:—

"Why, captain, this is *my* pony; I am very glad you saved him for me."

Just then Bob came up with a most sheepish expression.

"You rascal," asked Rawlins, sternly, "why didn't you take better care of the General's pony?"

The darkey, who stammered badly, replied as quick as he could get the unwilling words out:—

"I reckon General Grant thinks a horse wuf more'n a nigger, *but a nigger's wuf more to me!*"

Next day Grant sent a flag of truce party to look after his wounded. It was accompanied by the wife of a lieutenant-colonel who had failed to return with his regiment. She suddenly came upon his dead body on the field, gazed a moment, then exclaimed agonizingly, "Poor, poor soul! is it gone?" and fell prostrate upon it, while every looker-on, friend and foe, was moved to tears.

Grant's total loss was four hundred and eighty-five men,

only eighty-four of them killed. He brought away two captured field-pieces and one hundred and seventy-five prisoners, and destroyed the entire camp equipage of the enemy. The rebel general reported his loss at six hundred and forty-two. Of course, both parties claimed the victory, the foe with the more reason, as he held the ground at the close of the engagement. Polk said in his report:

"The enemy were thoroughly routed. We pursued them to their boats seven miles, then drove their boats before us. The *road was strewn with their dead and wounded, guns, ammunition, and equipments.* Our loss considerable; theirs heavy."

Still Grant was content with the result, and delighted at the conduct of his soldiers. In a congratulatory order he said that, during all the battles of the Mexican war, he "never saw one more hotly contested, or where troops behaved with greater gallantry," and he wrote to his father, "I feel proud to command such men."

Never before had he taken into battle a force larger than one company. Now he had handled successfully three thousand men in a difficult position. Both he and they had gained confidence. Their conduct had strengthened him in the belief that our true policy was to move at once and everywhere on the enemy, and not wait to drill and discipline troops, as the rebels could profit by that delay quite as much as we.

The battle made his name a little known to the country. In Virginia it would have excited universal attention and newspaper comment, but as it was fought in remote Missouri, the people knew little about it. They had the general impression that it was a decided defeat, yet they were so utterly weary of Buell's and McClellan's delays that they were delighted to hear of one unknown Western general who thought that war meant fighting, and had availed himself of his earliest opportunity to stir up the enemy.

CHAPTER XVII.

FORT HENRY.

THE battle of Belmont resulted from a demonstration ordered by Fremont, but before it was fought he had been removed. Halleck, who succeeded him, had some reputation as a writer on military science, an army engineer, and a successful California politician and lawyer. Grant, with the exaggerated respect of a man not facile with the pen for one who writes "like a book," over-estimated his ability, and long before his appointment, said:—

"McClellan is in his right place in the East, and I hope they will order Halleck here. *He* is the best man for the West."

Halleck proved a soldier with some strong points, but excessively dogmatic and rude to visitors. A good military theorist, but so timid that he would never attack without a "sure thing;" the truth, "nothing risk, nothing win," had never dawned upon his opaque brain. He did not even seem to know what the war was about.

> "Ours not to reason why,
> Ours but to do or die,"

is a good principle for the private soldier, but no general could succeed as commander-in-chief, who had not one glow of sympathy with the hopes and fears of the loyal people.

The lower branch of Congress had already, "*Resolved*, That in the judgment of this House, it is no part of the duty of soldiers to capture and restore fugitive slaves."

Notwithstanding this, one of Halleck's earliest official acts, was to issue his infamous "General Order Number Three," alleging that fugitive slaves harbored in our

camps carried military information to the enemy, and directing their expulsion and absolute exclusion from our lines.

In this, as in all other cases, want of decency was want of sense. The charge, utterly false, returned to plague its inventor. Though serving the country faithfully and efficiently afterward, he never recovered from the damage it inflicted upon his reputation for truthfulness.

On the principle of letting well enough alone, Halleck retained our General in command at Cairo. A friend soon wrote Grant that President Lincoln was willing to make him a major-general. He replied:—

"No; I do not want promotion till I have earned it."

During their years of struggle, his wife had more than once brought a smile to the faces of her friends by the remark:—"Mr. Grant has great natural ability. He would fill any public position well if he once had a chance."

Now that his promotion was talked of, one of his own relatives said to her:—

"Ulysses may get along as a brigadier, but he had better be satisfied with that, and not seek to rise higher'

"There is no danger of his reaching a position above his capacity," she replied indignantly. "He is equal to a much higher one than this, and will certainly win it if he lives."

Unlike some of our prominent generals, he avoided even the appearance of evil. When a near relative asked that a contract for supplying the District of Cairo with harness and leather might be given to him, Grant indorsed upon the petition a request that it might *not* be granted, as the applicant was his kinsman.

Colonel Ross, commanding at Cape Girardeau, asked permission to suppress *The Eagle* newspaper, which, not daring to publish original treason, copied columns of articles hostile to the Government from "copperhead" journals of Cincinnati and Chicago. But Grant refused, on the ground that, however objectionable these might be, whatever could be published in Ohio or Illinois must also be permitted in Missouri.

During his entire cadetship at West Point, Charles F. Smith had been one of his instructors. Smith was then an

ideal soldier—one of the finest-looking men in our whole army. Officers respected him, cadets idolized him. Grant esteemed him, next to Scott, the greatest man in all the world. In the Mexican war, afterward, his brilliant exploits fired anew the enthusiasm of his former pupil.

Smith was now a brigadier-general of volunteers, in command at Paducah. On the way thither he had reported to Grant. He was still a soldier of striking appearance—erect and graceful, with a fine face, and hair and beard white as snow. Grant received him with enthusiastic affection, though with great embarrassment at finding their positions reversed. It seemed almost impossible for him to give an order to his old instructor, and he could no more have reprimanded him than an affectionate son could rebuke his father.

During the autumn, in a visit to Paducah, Grant's deference was so obvious and painful, that Smith said :—

"General, I am now a subordinate. I know a soldier's duty. Pray, feel no awkwardness whatever about our new relations."

Smith had come from the East in disgrace. He sometimes drank to excess; and, while serving in Virginia, his loyalty had been most unjustly questioned. He had even been publicly charged in Congress with drunkenness on the field of battle—a slander which almost justified the declaration of Richardson of Illinois :—

"I feel this day that our armies would do better, and gain more and greater victories, if the riot act could be read, and both houses of Congress dispersed to their homes at the earliest possible moment."

Scott was hostile to Smith, and had once seen him intoxicated in Washington. But for this he would probably have been general-in-chief instead of McClellan, and not serving as a subordinate under his former pupil.

Grant, always indulgent to his friends, and ready to forgive seventy times seven offenses, was only the more zealous in his attachment now the veteran was in trouble. The stories of Smith's disloyalty probably arose from the "conservative" tendencies which he had in common with

all our old regular officers. Dispatches from Cairo to the Northern press charged him with neglecting his duty in Paducah, and also with returning fugitive slaves. Grant instructed Rawlins, who supervised all newspaper telegrams, to expunge every thing derogatory to him. Rawlins reported that though he could stop these rumors from going over the wires, he could not prevent their being sent by mail.

"Never mind," replied Grant, "any report against Smith must be a lie. Stop it anyhow; that will make it twenty-four hours later in seeing the light."

The steamers between St. Louis and Cairo gave aid and comfort to the rebels. One day at Commerce, Missouri, the *Platte Valley* was stopped by Jeff Thompson with a six-pounder. The guerrillas rushed on board, asking:—

"Where is Grant? Where is the paymaster?"

Grant had intended to go up to Cape Girardeau that day with a paymaster, but they were prevented by some pressing business. It was suspected that the captain of the boat had given information. The guerrillas captured eight or ten Union officers on board, but were sorely disappointed at not bagging more important game. Several occurrences of this nature induced Grant in November to recommend to Halleck that the carrying trade between Cairo and St. Louis "be performed by Government, charging uniform rates," and commerce "be cut off from all points south of Cape Girardeau." The letter concluded:—

"There is not a sufficiency of Union sentiment in this portion of the State to save Sodom.

"This is shown from the fact that Jeff Thompson, or any of the rebels, can go into Charleston and spend hours, or encamp for the night, on their way north to depredate upon Union men, and not one loyalist is found to report the fact to our picket, stationed but one and a half miles off."

The suggestion was promptly carried out.

The next cause of serious embarrassment was Halleck's order to expel fugitive slaves. Rawlins often found in the newspaper dispatches submitted to him for revision, information which had not yet reached head-quarters. His rule

was, to strike out nothing that was true, unless it would interfere with early military movements. On one occasion, the Chicago *Tribune's* dispatch alleged that three negroes who sought protection in our lines at Bird's Point, had been sent out by Colonel Oglesby, in accordance with Halleck's order. Rawlins, not having heard of the occurrence, expunged the statement. A few minutes later in came the representative of the Chicago *Times* with a dispatch repeating the allegation. Rawlins erased it again. The correspondent said:—

"I know it's true; I saw it done myself."

"That may be," replied the aide, "but I can't let it go until *we* receive information of it."

Grant, who from the next room had overheard the conversation, stepped out, and asked:—

"What is it?"

Rawlins explained, and the General inquired:—

"Is the story true?"

"Yes," replied the correspondent, "I am sure of it."

"Very well, let it go."

The journalist promised to notify his fellow quill-driver that both papers might be fairly treated. But through some mistake, which persons familiar with journalistic rivalry may possibly comprehend, the *Tribune* man was not informed, and his journal did not receive the dispatch until one day later. Thereupon that emphatic newspaper denounced Grant bitterly for suppressing news and carrying out Halleck's infamous order.

The truth was, the three negroes had brought valuable information about Jeff Thompson's movements and strength. After receiving it, Oglesby obeyed technically Halleck's order and sent them away, but he understood very well that just outside of camp some of his officers were waiting for them. The fugitives were ferried over the river into Illinois, and, before the *Tribune's* publication, were safe in Ohio.

Kentucky, West Virginia, and Missouri, were all ranged on the Union side, and had many slave-holders fighting in the national army. Therefore, all along the border fugitive-

slave cases brought countless annoyances. Grant, the most subordinate and law-abiding of men, was sometimes puzzled to know how to deal with them. An old Kentuckian, who had often given valuable information about rebel movements, and had endured imprisonment at Columbus for being a Unionist, lost several negroes. On endeavoring to reclaim them from our camp opposite Cairo, he was arrested as a spy. Grant, December twenty-fifth, instructed Colonel Cook, commanding at Fort Holt:—

"Your communication in relation to Mr. Mercer is received. I will see that he does not trouble your camp in future so frequently as formerly. I am satisfied, however, from other evidence than his own, of his loyalty, and regret that he should have come so much under your suspicion.

"While we wish to keep every thing from the enemy, it is our duty to alleviate the hardships—consequent upon a state of war—of our Union friends in the border States as far as practicable. I gave permission for a man to go into your camp for the purpose of recovering his fugitive slaves. If General Order Number Three, from head-quarters Department of the Missouri, had been complied with, this would not have been necessary. Mr. Mercer now reports to me that these negroes were found concealed in one of the huts at Fort Holt, and that the owner was forcibly prevented from recovering his property.

"If true, this is treating law, the orders of the commander of the department, and my orders, with contempt. Mr. Mercer does not charge that this was by your order; but after your attention was called to the fact that fugitive slaves were in your camp, as the pass over my signature informed you was probably the fact, an investigation should have been had, and the negroes driven out. I do not want the army used as a negro-catcher; but still less do I wish to see it used as a cloak to cover their escape. *No matter what our private views may be, there are in this department positive orders on the subject, and these orders must be obeyed.*

"I direct, therefore, that you have a search made; and if you find these or any other fugitive slaves in camp at Fort Holt, you have them expelled from camp; and if, hereafter, you find any have been concealed, or detained, you bring the party so detaining them to punishment."

But the loyalty of the negroes was uniform and zealous, and it was impossible to expel from the camps the only class in the South friendly to our cause.

With the country in general, Grant was advancing. Less than two weeks after writing the above, he made another decision, which showed whither his sympathies were tend-

ing. The agent of one Doctor Henderson, applied to Ross, the Union commandant at Cape Girardeau, to have Henderson's errant negro returned. The law only required that slaves who had worked upon fortifications, or otherwise in direct connection with rebel armies, should be retained and treated as freemen. But Ross declined to return this one, because, though remaining at home, he had been working for his master, who was in the rebel army. To his report of the case, Grant* dictated a reply sustaining him, and taking ground quite in advance of legislation up to that time. It concluded:—

"While it is not the policy of the military arm of the Government to ignore or in any manner interfere with the constitutional rights of loyal citizens, except when a military necessity makes individuals subservient to the public interests, it certainly is not the policy of our army in any manner to aid those who in any manner aid the rebellion. If such a master has a civil right to reclaim such property, he must resort to the civil authorities to enforce that right. The General commanding does not feel it his duty to feed the foe, or in any manner contribute to their comfort. If Dr. Henderson has given aid and comfort to the enemy, neither he nor his agents have any right to come within our lines, much less to invoke our aid and assistance for any purpose whatever."

The hostility of speculators still continued, because Grant's long experience as quartermaster, and his inflexible integrity caused the exposure and defeat of several ingenious devices to cheat the Government. On his suggestion it was finally ordered that the quartermaster at Cairo should buy hay and grain, as was needed, direct from the neighboring farmers without any intervention whatever by middle men. The enraged contractors traduced Grant, and reiterated formally the old charges of drunkenness.

Meanwhile he suggested officially to Halleck the necessity of a law, providing that "*all fraudulent contractors be impressed into the ranks, or, still better, into the gunboat service, where they could have no chance of deserting.*" Such a general could not fail to make bitter and unscrupulous enemies.

Buckner commanded the rebel army near Bowling

* January fifth.

Green, and Buell expected a fight with him. There were fears that Polk might send Buckner additional troops, so in January Halleck directed Grant to begin threatening demonstrations in western Kentucky, sufficient to keep the Columbus rebels at home. He added :—

"Make a great fuss about moving all your forces toward Nashville, and let it be so reported in the newspapers. Let no one, not even a member of your staff, know the real object. Let it be understood that twenty thousand or thirty thousand men are expected from Missouri—that your force is merely the advance guard. The object is to prevent re-enforcements being sent to Buckner. Having accomplished this, slowly retire to your former position."

These instructions were obeyed to the letter. Hundreds of visitors, and a score of correspondents, flocked to Cairo to accompany the important movement. Horses could not be bought or hired, so the members of the press modestly insisted that army horses should be detailed for their use. But steeds were scarce even at head-quarters, and these pressing requests finally exhausted the patience of Rawlins, who said :—

"You can't get horses here, that's all there is about it. General Grant doesn't keep a livery stable."

The journalists were nothing if they were not cynical, and as they walked away one murmured the retort :—

"Well, he might well enough, from the number of asses about his head-quarters!"

Of course the secret of the real nature of the expedition could not be kept from all the correspondents. Having the good fortune to be told confidentially but authoritatively that the movement was only a feint, I returned to St. Louis, and so avoided the comfortless winter journey.

On the thirteenth of January the force, six thousand strong, started through the Kentucky mud. Discipline was very strict. Straggling was forbidden ; and a stringent order directed that any soldier taking or destroying private property should suffer severest punishment, and any officer aiding or countenancing it be deprived of his sword and expelled from the army.

One morning the good woman of a house where the General

and his staff had spent the night, complained that the Twenty-second Illinois Volunteers had stolen the honey-comb from her bee-hives, and Grant indignantly ordered that they be punished. The regiment was drawn up in a hollow square, and Hillyer in a speech of proper rhetoric told the men that the General, who had admired their bravery at Belmont, was deeply grieved at their present misconduct. A fine of five dollars was imposed upon each officer, and one dollar upon each private.

When the march was renewed, Grant rode along to the front and was greeted with cheers by regiment after regiment. But the Twenty-second received him with ominous silence, and when he had passed on gave an illustration of the democratic spirit of volunteers. The men shouted:—

"Who stole the honey?"

Then they answered in deep tones:—

"General Grant's body-guard."

"Who ate it?"

"General Grant's staff."

"Who paid for it?"

"The Twenty-second Illinois." (Groans.)

They were right, at least in part. Months afterward it was discovered that the body-guard were the real culprits.

The command remained out for a week. Its object was accomplished. No re-enforcements were sent to Buckner, and though Buell himself was not drawn into fighting, his subordinate, George H. Thomas, won the battle of Mill Spring, the first of his many soldierly achievements.

The Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, great highways to the heart of the South, enter the Ohio at Smithland and Paducah, a few miles above Cairo. On the Tennessee, sixty-five miles above its mouth, was the rebel post, called Fort Henry, of which little was known. A few miles east, on the Cumberland, was Fort Donelson.* The project of attacking Henry, had long been talked of East and West. Grant had asked Halleck's permission repeatedly but unavailingly, and Commodore Foote, commanding our gun-boat

* Map, page 198.

fleet, was equally eager. On the twenty-third of January the General went to St. Louis to gain Halleck's consent, but received instead a rebuke for meddling, and an order to return to Cairo.

He took time, however, to visit his aged father-in-law. At the outset of the war Colonel Dent was a rebel sympathizer, and when Grant spoke of entering the service, he replied:

"Yes, you were educated for the army, and it's your most natural way to support your family. Go into it and rise as high as you can, but if your troops ever come on this side of the river I would shoot them."

This, however, was only vehemence of expression from an old planter, whose interests and associations had always been with the slave-holders. Now Grant rode out to Gravois, and found the colonel delighted to see him. Negroes were growing scarce on the family estate; most had already gone, in anticipation of the coming millennium. Those who remained were ordered to kill a turkey, and get the best dinner possible for the General. Dent asked about the fight at Belmont, and listened to an account of it with hearty satisfaction.

In spite of Halleck's rebuff Grant clung tenaciously to his purpose, and on the last of January he and Foote both earnestly urged again that they be permitted to go on the expedition. Grant wrote that it would have an admirable effect upon the troops, besides establishing a good point for operations against Memphis, Columbus, and Nashville. His chief-of-staff said:—

"I think the capture of Fort Henry much more important than it seemed to me at first."

"Yes," replied the General, "I think so too. We will get ready at once to move against it."

On the first of February permission came. Grant and Foote were already nearly prepared. Newspaper telegrams were no longer supervised by Rawlins, but by Colonel Riggin, a volunteer aide, who reversed Rawlins' practice and allowed every thing *untrue* to pass, on the ground that it could only mislead the enemy. Halleck was so anxious to

keep this expedition secret that he had instructed Grant not to let even his own staff know of it. Only those who aided in the preparations were informed, and Riggin was still in the bonds of ignorance.

Late on a dark Sunday night, a Chicago correspondent chanced to see two gun-boats back out from the landing and move noiselessly up the river. This was enough for the imaginative reporter. As Agassiz can describe a fish from one fin, so this professor of the quill knew all about the expedition from two gun-boats. He instantly telegraphed to his journal that a great movement was on foot, which would startle the enemy and electrify the loyal country.

Riggin, supposing it a canard, permitted the dispatch to go. It was widely published, and came back to Cairo before the main expedition started. Grant, seeing that such blunders were inevitable, then made a new rule for newspaper correspondents, which he always followed afterward. He simply instructed each :—

"You yourself must determine what it is proper to send. I trust your discretion and your honor to give no information of value to the enemy."

This worked admirably; the confidence he reposed in the journalists was never broken, save in one single instance.

The correspondents at Cairo learned of the movement, but gave no publicity to it. I chanced to be in St. Louis when one telegraphed me :—"You can not come too soon—take the first train." I arrived just after the expedition had started, and, overtaking it at Smithland, was received on the head-quarters' boat, where for several days I saw much of the General and his staff.

Commodore Foote was an officer of great simplicity of character, and earnest, unaffected piety. He always asked a blessing upon meals in his cabin, and when lying in port was prominent at church and Sunday-school. His gun-boats, new in warfare, had just been completed. They were low, sheathed with iron, looked like enormous turtles, and were manned chiefly by men hitherto employed on river

transports. They had never been tested, and their first trial was looked upon with great anxiety.

Our land forces, debarking three miles below Fort Henry, were the first Union soldiers, coming from the North, who had penetrated a Cotton State. At noon, on the sixth of February, after safely removing the torpedoes, with which, as our scouts learned from a loquacious rebel woman, the enemy had planted the river, Foote moved out with his steamers, and opened fire on the fort. Grant dared delay the attack no longer, as he knew that heavy rebel re-enforcements were approaching.

The iron-clads worked to a charm, turning off the enemy's shots as a roof turns off hail, and firing with great precision, while they steamed forward within three hundred yards of the work. In one hour and fifteen minutes after Foote fired his first shot, the fort struck its flag.

Grant's troops, sent to invest it in the rear, were so delayed by mud and swollen streams, that they did not get up until after its surrender; hence the rebel infantry escaped to Donelson. General Lloyd Tilghman, his staff, sixty artillerists, and fifteen guns, were captured with the fort. The fight being only with artillery, the killed and wounded on both sides were less than a hundred.

The garrison had left in such haste that camp fires were blazing, meat boiling, bread half mixed, and letters, and packs of cards from games interrupted, were lying upon the tables. Our delighted troops donned rebel pantaloons and coats, hats and shirts, and some even grew demonstrative on rebel whisky.

Among our prisoners was a lieutenant of artillery, born and reared in the North. The night after the capture, while enjoying the hospitalities of the General and staff on the head-quarters' steamer, he talked so insolently about the "Vandal horde" and "invading our country," that Grant, ever lenient to Southern rebels, but bitter upon their Northern sympathizers, confined him in the hold.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DONELSON.

BEING suddenly called to New York, after the capture of Fort Henry, I stepped into the General's office on the steamer to say "good-bye." He replied :—

"You had better wait a day or two."

"Why ?"

"I am going over to attack Fort Donelson to-morrow."

Feeling that this gave me some liberty of questioning, I asked :—

"Do you know how strong it is ?"

"Not exactly ; but I think we can take it ; at all events, we can try."

The next day and other days passed, but the command was powerless. The country was under water, infantry could hardly march, and it was impossible to move artillery. Grant chafed sadly. Halleck telegraphed :—

"Hold on to Fort Henry at all hazards. Picks and shovels are sent, and large re-enforcements will be sent immediately."

This was thoroughly characteristic of the two men. While Halleck was talking about spades and re-enforcements, Grant seriously contemplated moving upon a strong fort which he knew next to nothing about, with infantry and cavalry, and without a single field-piece.

Finally the roads becoming barely passable for artillery, on Wednesday, February twelfth, he started with eight light batteries, and fifteen thousand troops—without tents or baggage—for Donelson, on the Cumberland, twelve miles across from Fort Henry. It was named in honor of a nephew of Andrew Jackson—a rebel, though his uncle had bequeathed a sword to him with the injunction,

"That he fail not to use it when necessary in support and protection of our glorious Union, and for the protection of the constitutional rights of our beloved country, let them be assailed by foreign enemies *or domestic traitors.*"

Before noon our troops drove in the rebel pickets. The fort proper covered about a hundred acres, its outworks spread over several miles. The approaches were over rocky hills, obstructed by fallen trees. Grant's men advanced cautiously through thick woods, and after considerable skirmishing invested the post on all its land sides before dark. Their arched line from the river above nearly to the river below, was like an over-bent bow, the stream answering for the string. At the lower end, on our left, were Foote's gun-boats and Grant's transports, which had come up the Cumberland with rations. At the upper end in front of our right, but within the rebel lines, was the little town of Dover.

Only the promptitude of Grant's movements made them successful. The rebels had already determined to evacuate Columbus, and hold the Tennessee and Cumberland at all hazards. Beauregard was bringing up troops from Columbus when he learned that Fort Henry had fallen. Albert Sidney Johnston, commanding all the confederate troops in the West, said, on hearing the news:—

"Then I will defend Nashville at Donelson."

He strengthened the fort, until twenty-one thousand men, with sixty-five pieces of artillery, garrisoned it. Grant was attacking an army one-third larger than his own, and protected by formidable works!

Thursday was spent in reconnoitering, and pushing forward our lines. There were sharp skirmishes over the yellow earth of many fresh works. The rebels were digging like beavers, but the spade was of little use now. Their fatal mistake had been in not resisting Grant as he approached over the difficult roads from Fort Henry.

By sundown we had lost four hundred men. The night was terrible. The mercury was only ten degrees above zero. With the improvidence of raw soldiers, many of our troops had thrown away blankets and overcoats on the

march. Now they suffered intensely from cold, having no tents or protection of any kind, and being unable to build fires, within musket range of the enemy. Before morning, a driving snow-storm began. Many were frozen. The wounded, shivering on the ground between the two lines, cried agonizingly for water. Many were delirious. Some had arms or legs torn off, and in the ghastly light of the snow one old, white-haired man in gray homespun, was seen lying against a tree with his scalp torn off by a shot, and hanging over his face. The snow was crimsoned with blood, and during the night angry picket-firing was kept up.

Friday morning brought re-enforcements under Lew Wallace, which made Grant's force nearly as large as that of the enemy. The weather continued horrible for campaigning. Guns, caissons, and wagons were frozen in the earth, the men were so stiff that they could hardly walk, and many suffered from hunger, as bad roads and frequent changes in position had interfered with the distribution of rations. There was steady cannonading, aggravated by the horrors of sharp-shooting. Our riflemen kept several of the enemy's batteries quite unmanned. Now and then the rebels would deceive them by sticking up a cap, or a dummy, to draw their fire, and then, seeing their whereabouts, would send back a volley.

The gun-boats had arrived. Grant, who had great confidence in them, suggested that Commodore Foote run past the fort to get above it, and compel its evacuation. But we had not then learned how safely armored vessels can run the heaviest batteries, and Foote declined the risk. Had he assumed it, he, not Grant, would have been the hero of Donelson. But the commodore was eager enough for an old-fashioned fight. That afternoon his fleet attacked at only forty yards. Fort Henry, very low, had been easily raked by his guns, but it was hard to damage the Donelson batteries, thirty feet above the water. Our soldiers on shore listened with keen interest to the shots rattling against the ringing iron of the boats, and were ready to assault all along the line if Foote should succeed. But the gallant

commodore failed. After being under fire an hour and a half, he had only twelve practicable guns left in his whole fleet, and had lost fifty-four men, chiefly wounded. His flagship had been struck fifty-nine times, and his other boats had received twenty-five or thirty shots apiece. He turned sadly away, and his disabled boats drifted down stream.

Grant was extremely anxious. He feared he might have to fortify, and capture the place by a regular siege. The severity of the weather still increased. During the snowy, sleeting, intensely cold night, several of the wounded froze to death, and many soldiers were tortured with hunger, but exhibited unshaken fortitude.

Before daylight on Saturday, came a note from Foote, written on his flagship, and asking of Grant:—

"Will you do me the favor to come on board at your earliest convenience, as I am disabled from walking by a contusion, and I can not possibly get to see you about the disposition of these vessels, all of which are more or less disabled."

At dawn the General rode down two miles to the landing, and held a long conference with Foote. It convinced him that the fleet must go back to Cairo for repairs.

While he was on the flagship, lively work began on the field. Our lines stood:—

LEFT.	CENTER.	RIGHT.
C. F. Smith.	Lew Wallace.	McClernand.

The rebels tried to do what they might have done successfully two days before. They massed heavily on our right, and attacked furiously at daylight. They expected their charge to be a surprise, but McClernand's men received it with prompt and hot resistance. Though the enemy's force at that point was three times as large as ours, the troops held their ground admirably through four hours' hard fighting with artillery and musketry. But the odds were too great, and our whole right wing and right center were driven far back, and almost rolled up. At that moment the rebels, who were trying to cut their way out, might have escaped but for Dickey's Illinois cavalry, which,

by the merest chance, was drawn up across the road before them. Supposing it as strong on each side, in the woods, as across that narrow road, the enemy, wearied by hard fighting, came to a halt.

Never was man wanted more sorely than Grant. He had heard the guns, and was galloping up when he met an aide, who told him the situation. At nine o'clock he reached our left. The battle was then suspended. Both sides were hesitating, and the enemy had one of our batteries. Smith explained that the fighting had been exclusively on our right. Grant instantly replied:—

"If the enemy has massed so heavily on our right, he must have weakened his front, here on our left. Hold yourself in readiness to attack with your whole command. Look out for a place to make the assault, while I go over and see McClernand and Wallace."

"I will be ready to advance," replied Smith, "whenever you give the order."

Grant rode on to the right. He found our troops disordered and desponding. They had fought splendidly, but imagined the enemy in overwhelming force. A slight alarm might have driven the whole line back in panic. While the General was conversing with McClernand he heard a soldier say:—

"The rebels have come out to fight several days. They have their knapsacks on, and their haversacks are full of 'grub.'"

"*Are* their haversacks full?" asked Grant eagerly, on catching this casual remark.

Hard by was a little group of rebel prisoners in gray. Two or three officers examined their haversacks, and brought one to the General. It contained three days' rations. The enemy's purpose and condition flashed upon him. He said hurriedly:—

"Men defending a fort don't carry three days' rations, especially when making a charge, unless they are trying to get away. The rebels have been endeavoring to cut their way out, and wouldn't hesitate now if they were not badly damaged. Whichever party attacks now will whip."

The "sight of the master" detected that this was the supreme moment. In brief, earnest words he ordered McClernand and Wallace to be ready to assault the moment they should hear Smith's guns on the left, and he sent a request to Foote to come up with his gun-boats and make a show of attacking to add to the enemy's fears. Then he put spurs to his horse and galloped back to the left with the staff, pausing at each knot of straggling soldiers, to say :—

"Prepare to attack. Get ready to go in at once. The enemy is growing desperate and trying to retreat. If we push him the victory is ours."

The men did not believe much in the enemy's retreating ; still, with freshened courage, they hurried toward the front. On reaching the left Grant found Smith, to whom Rawlins said :—

"McClernand wants re-enforcements ; can't you send him some more troops?"

"He has been wanting them all day, and I've just sent him three regiments, which are as many as he needs," replied the old regular, in a tone indicative of no deep respect.

Wellington, once asked if he gave the famous order at Waterloo, "Up, Guards, and at them," replied :—"No. I don't remember what I said ; but I made no such foolish speech as that. I suppose I simply directed :—'Advance the line.'" So Grant and Smith now conversed on a movement which was to be historic, not in high heroics, but like two men talking over any business matter.

"I think you had better make the main assault here," said the one.

"I will try, sir," replied the other.

By four o'clock all was ready. Two gun-boats had run up and were throwing shells at long range. Grant, who had now ridden toward the center, sent word to Smith to attack. He replied sententiously :—

"Tell General Grant I'll do it."

Then the veteran turned to his men, and briefly gave them orders. The Second Iowa was to lead. Smith formed it in two lines, thirty paces apart, took his place between them, and gave the word, "Forward!"

They went with a dash. While the artillery was pouring a hot fire into the rebel works, they rushed up, like school-boys on a race, over the roughest ground. Smith's eyes flashed with delight. This was the work he loved. In the teeth of a pattering shower of bullets, which soon grew to a terrible storm of grape and canister—through dense underbrush—up a steep hill—climbing fallen timber, slipping back on the snow, scrambling over slippery rocks, the column pushed forward. The flag-staff was almost shot off; the flag itself was cut with fourteen bullets, and five successive color-bearers dropped, one after another; but a sixth bore forward the undying banner, and the men never wavered. Right behind the advance rode Smith, hat in hand, his white hair and beard streaming in the wind, as he shouted words of encouragement.

The rebels would fain have strengthened their right again, but Grant's assault was so severe along the entire line, that they could not spare a man for the weakened point.

Smith's men needed no encouragement. Without firing a single musket, they reached the ditch, poured down into it, then up the side and over the parapet, first by twos and threes, and then in squads. For brief minutes there was sharp hand to hand fighting, then the last Gray-coats, who were not captured, had fled, and the Blue-coats rent the heavens with their wild cheers, as the Stars and Stripes flew up.

The moment the work was ours, its reversed guns, and our own pieces, which had dashed in behind steaming horses on a full run, were throwing shells among the retreating rebels, whom they compelled to fall back almost a mile, into the outworks of the fort itself. Darkness ended the fight. Smith had gained a position not absolutely commanding the fort, but holding the key to it, and enabling our artillerists to take nearly all the enemy's works in reverse. Meanwhile, on our right and center, McClernand and Wallace had recovered the ground and guns lost in the morning.

That night, Grant and staff slept in a negro shanty on the left of our lines. They said, gleefully:—

"We may have to fight a couple of hours or so to-morrow, but that will be all."

They were confident of getting a position early in the morning where they would have a plunging fire on the fort itself. After dark, Smith came into the little hut and gave an account of his charge. With the habit of our army in Flanders and elsewhere, he was always full of strange oaths. Now flushed with success, his narration was unusually rich in expletives. He said:—

"I took the first regiment I came to, the Second Iowa, and divided it into two lines, ready to charge. Then I preached to the men. I made them a speech—the first I ever made in my life. I cheered with them; I swore at them; and, by —, I would have prayed with them if necessary. I told them, 'Fighting is my business; I am here to do it, because the Government sent me. But *you* have volunteered. You are here because you chose to be; and now I expect you to go in and do your duty.' And, by —, they did go in, and they did just as well as any regulars I ever saw in my life."

The night witnessed consternation in the rebel camp. John B. Floyd, of Virginia, was in command. As Secretary of War under Buchanan he had atrociously betrayed his trust, by storing large quantities of Government arms in the South, that the rebels, in whose counsels he was, might seize them when ready to begin the war. Floyd had arrived but two days before and knew little of the fort. The second officer in rank was Gideon J. Pillow, a weak and bombastic Tennessean, whom Floyd had superseded, and who had been there only five days. The third was Simeon B. Buckner, a Kentuckian, who had commanded the post before Pillow or Floyd, and was a far better soldier than either.

The rebel leaders saw that the place must surrender. Floyd with the imagination which always haunts the guilty mind, alluding delicately to his past peculations, said:—

"My peculiar relations with the Federal Government will not permit me to surrender. I turn the command over to General Pillow."

Pillow, who seemed to fancy he was playing euchre, replied:—

"I pass it. There are no two men in the Confederacy whom the Yankees would rather have than us."

Thus the command devolved upon Buckner, who was a graduate of West Point, and with a soldier's sense of honor would not desert his men. Floyd seized two steamers, and with three thousand men escaped up the river. Pillow found his way out on a flatboat, and Forrest of Tennessee fled with a thousand cavalry, wading a stream south of the the fort.

Of course, Grant did not know what was going on in the rebel camp, but he had more than a suspicion of it. Before daylight on that memorable Sunday morning, Smith, whose lines were nearest the enemy, sent to head-quarters the colored servant of a rebel officer. The negro, who had just deserted from Fort Donelson, seemed trustworthy, and declared that the enemy had been evacuating all night. Grant and the staff warned him that many lives might be risked on his information. They said:—

"We shall depend on you, and if you deceive us we shall hang you."

"All right, mass'r," replied the zealous African; "you may if I'se deceiving you. I'se just come from de fort; dey's been a-goin' all night."

Grant believed the statement, and immediately asked:—

"Who will go over with orders to McClernand and Wallace?"

It was cheerless in the little cabin, for the fire had died out, the morning was cold, and it was still snowing. But the ever-ready Rawlins volunteered; and just before dawn, rode over with orders that the two generals should attack vigorously along the entire line the moment they heard the first gun from Smith who was to begin the assault.

A few minutes after Rawlins had gone, and just as the sleepers were becoming unconscious again, in walked Smith. On his front a bugler, accompanied by an officer with a white flag, had sounded a parley. The pickets saw him dimly in the twilight, and called him in. He bore a letter

from Buckner, which Smith now delivered. Grant, shivering on an inverted cracker-box, found light enough in the gray dawn to read the following :—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, FORT DONELSON, *February* 16, 1862.

"SIR:—In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this station, I propose to the commanding officer of the Federal forces the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces and post under my command; and, in that view, suggest an armistice until twelve o'clock to-day.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"S. B. BUCKNER, Brig.-Gen., C. S. A.

"To Brigadier-General U. S. GRANT, commanding United States forces
"near Fort Donelson."

The General read this without a word. Then he handed it to Smith, who read it also.

GRANT.—"Well, what do you think?"

SMITH.—"I think, no terms with traitors, by —— !"

The chief sat down, wrote this answer as fast as his pen could move, and passed it to Smith :—

"HD.-QRS. ARMY IN THE FIELD,
Camp near DONELSON, *February* 16, 1862.

"General S. B. BUCKNER, Confederate Army :—

"Yours of this date proposing armistice, and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation, is just received. *No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works.*

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT, Brig.-Gen."

The gray-haired veteran read it, and exclaimed emphatically :—

"By ——, it couldn't be better !"

Then he went away with the dispatch. Not another word passed between them, and Smith did not remain in the cabin more than ten minutes. The phrase, afterward so famous, "I propose to move immediately upon your works," was not in the least "buncombe," but literally expressed Grant's intentions. The moment Smith left, he dispatched Riggin to McClernand and Wallace, with instructions to press forward right into the enemy's works

as soon as the signal should be given. But Buckner made haste to reply:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DOVER, TENN., *February* 16, 1862.

"To Brig.-Gen. U. S. GRANT, U. S. Army:—

"SIR:—The distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose.

"I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

"S. B. BUCKNER, Brig.-Gen., C. S. A."

Grant received this with his usual serenity, ordered his horse, and with his staff rode over to Buckner, whom he had known at the Military Academy. Buckner invited his guests to breakfast, and gave them some vile Confederate coffee. Then the two enemies of an hour before, smoking pacifically, discussed the surrender. Buckner asked subsistence for his men, and kindnesses for some wounded officers. Grant acceded to these requests. He decided, also, that officers might retain their side-arms and personal baggage, but that horses and all public property must be given up. Buckner was annoyed that Grant had been able to invest Donelson with so small a force.

"If I had been in command," said he, "you would not have reached the fort so easily."

"If you had," replied Grant, "I should have waited for re-enforcements. But I knew Pillow would never come out of his works to fight."

Smith soon arrived. Buckner, being an old army officer, had known him well, and as they shook hands he said:

"That charge of yours last night, was a splendid affair."

"Yes, yes," replied the veteran; "the men did well—they did well; but it was no affair of mine; I simply obeyed General Grant's orders."

Grant permitted the Second Iowa, in recognition of its gallantry, to raise its flag over the captured fort. Before noon our troops, in bright blue, marched in from three points, with streaming banners, gleaming muskets, bands playing, men singing and cheering, and the gun-boats firing a salute.

Hd Qrs. Army in the Field
Camp near Clarksville, Feby 16th 1862

Gen. S. B. Buckner,
Confed. Army,
Sir:

Yours of this, date proposing Armistice, and appointment of Commissioners to settle terms of Capitulation, is just received. No terms except-

an immediate and immediate answer
can be received?
I shall return to more immediately
upon your words.
I am sir very respectfully
your obt. servt.
W. H. Brady
Bvt. Lt.

Head Quarters, Corps,
Feby. 16, 1862.

To Brig. Gen. U. S. Grant, Comdg.

Sir:

The Brigades, Divisions
of the forces under my command, under
to an unexpected change of Commanders, and
the over-whelming forces under your command

Campbell Inn, notwithstanding the subjoined
Evasion of the Confederate arms yesterday, to
accept the unparalleled and unchivalrous
Terms attached, your Surrender.
I am, Sir,
Your very Obedt. Servt.
W. W. Burnett
Brigadier Genl.

The rebels, in faded gray, stood mournfully beside their great piles of muskets and shot-guns, wondering at the "Northern horde." Many, from the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky, were Union men at heart. Their garb was motley. Some had blankets wrapped around them; others, old pieces of carpet, quilts, and buffalo robes. Their arms consisted of single and double barreled shot-guns, old Kentucky rifles, and flint-lock muskets, with here and there a modern piece.

All the fighting had been in the woods. There were some leaves still on the trees, and the confederates in gray were so near the color of the landscape that it was difficult to detect them. Our men came unsuspectingly right upon them, to meet deadly reception from their double-barreled shot-guns, the most effective weapons in a close contest.

The rebel water-battery was very strong, but the fort itself was a wilderness of zigzags and abatis spreading over a large area, formidable to the eye but really weak, and not bearing any logical relation to each other.

The hills and ravines, so lately torn and crimsoned by fierce fighting, are now smoothed by rains and overgrown with shrubs and vines. The tremendous fortifications can hardly be seen, and ere long it will be impossible to trace their outlines. The thick mounds, too, have almost disappeared. Where they sleep who died for us, kindly Nature strews her waving grass and her springing flowers, just as she covers the scars and wounds in our hearts with her fragrant lilies of resignation and her tender willows of memory.

CHAPTER XIX.

CURBED.

BUCKNER was a good-looking, stout gentleman, of middle age, with low forehead, and thin iron-gray hair, mustaches, and whiskers. He wore an overcoat of light blue with an enormous cape and sleeves laced with gold, and a black hat with a tall plume. Notwithstanding his martial costume, his manner and tone were those of a Methodist exhorter rather than a soldier.

The prisoners were treated with great kindness. A steamer was assigned to Buckner and his staff, and supplies issued to his men on his own requisition. But Grant ordered that they should only be allowed one blanket apiece. The extra ones, chiefly captured in our camps when Pillow was trying to cut his way out, were distributed among Union soldiers, many of whom were without any. Grant also ordered the side-arms, which some of the prisoners had misused, to be taken from them and kept until they should reach Cairo. The next evening Buckner entered head-quarters, dropped into a chair, and began this conversation:—

BUCKNER.—"Put me in irons, General; put me in irons!"

GRANT.—"What do you mean?"

BUCKNER.—"Your troops are simply robbing my men. They are stripping them of every thing. They are taking the officers' arms, which, by your agreement, they were to retain. They are even stealing their blankets, and declare that it is by your orders."

GRANT.—"This compels me to say things which I hoped to avoid speaking of, because I wanted to save your feelings. Your men have committed the grossest outrages. I know you can not approve of them, and I suppose you could

scarcely prevent them. But on the morning of the surrender, one of your officers, growing angry in discussion, shot Major Mudd, of the Second Illinois Cavalry, in the back. Your soldiers have stripped my dead, and left them naked on the field, while it was in your possession. They have taken every blanket from prisoners, and been guilty of many other things which I do not feel like detailing. The weather is cold, and my troops need these blankets. By the laws of war they are entitled to them; for in an unconditional surrender, every thing belongs to the victors. They are to remain in the field. Your men are going to Cairo, where the Government has plenty of supplies, and will see them properly cared for. Our soldiers, falling into Confederate hands, have been almost starved, and are kept in the foulest prisons. Yours receive here the same accommodations and fare as my own. I have simply disarmed them, because I don't want my officers assassinated. They can get their side-arms again by applying for them at Cairo."

Grant's staff had never heard him speak so vehemently on any subject. Buckner was completely silenced. He sat a few minutes without a word, then got up, said "good evening," returned to his quarters, and made no further complaints.

The capture of Fort Donelson carried consternation through the South. At first, a rebel victory was reported. Nashville, being most deeply interested, first comprehended the disaster. Its papers, on Sunday morning, headed their news:—

"Enemy Retreating—Glorious Result—Our Boys Following and Peppering their Rear—A Complete Victory."

But just as the worshipers were going to church, exultant with these tidings, came word that there was a dreadful mistake, and that the fort had fallen. The prayer-bells were changed to alarm-bells, for Donelson was the door to Nashville. Our gun-boats were expected at once, and wild panic prevailed. Public stores were thrown open, and everybody allowed to carry off provisions and clothing. At the churches where service had begun, congrega-

tions broke up in dismay. Women and children rushed through the streets, trunks were thrown from windows, bank officers started South with their specie, citizens thronged the railways, and left in vehicles by all the roads, and hack hire rose to twenty-five dollars an hour. Nashville soon fell into Union hands, never to be recovered by the enemy.

The North was correspondingly elate. In the Senate, Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, who, notwithstanding his later defection, was then one of the boldest and most earnest of Union leaders, interrupted business to say:—

"I have a little announcement here, which I wish made by way of episode. It is so seldom we get any thing of the kind that I think there can not be any objection to it. I merely wish to have the Senate see that the Union is going along."

Thereupon the clerk read Foote's report that Fort Henry was captured. A few days later the news of Donelson came. The dispatch called out tremendous enthusiasm. Grave senators threw up their hats and canes, and shouted with gratification, and the galleries were still more boisterous. In the House, Schuyler Colfax's announcement of the victory was followed by tumultuous applause from the floor and the galleries, which broke into deafening cheers for the General when Washburne stated that "our land forces were commanded by U. S. Grant, of Illinois, and of Galena at that."

Even the stolid soul of Halleck was a little stirred. He wrote an account of the victory, and posted it on the hotel bulletin with his own hand. An excited crowd instantly gathered, to whom, with unusual humor, he growled:—

"Humph! If Grant's a drunkard and can win such victories, I shall issue an order that any man found sober in St. Louis to-night, be punished by fine and imprisonment."

The newspapers sounded the national jubilation. Here is the substance of the earliest telegraphic dispatches:—

CINCINNATI.—Great enthusiasm on 'Change. Steamer leaves to-night with twelve surgeons and one hundred boxes of supplies for Donelson; three thousand dollars subscribed for wounded; national salutes, general illumination, bonfires, and fireworks.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Great excitement; firing of one hundred guns. Special train for Donelson, full of hospital physicians and volunteer nurses. Citizens' meeting in the court-house to make arrangements for the wounded to be sent home.

CHICAGO.—Universal rejoicing; business suspended; Board of Trade adjourned; bells ringing; schools dismissed; men embracing each other on the streets; strangers stopping to cheer together; nurses, supplies, and surgeons starting, and large subscriptions for the wounded.

BOSTON.—A furore of jubilation, never equaled within the memory of living men.

DETROIT, COLUMBUS, BUFFALO, BALTIMORE, ETC.—Bells ringing, steam-whistles blowing, flags flying; bonfires, illuminations, and immense impromptu meetings.

Neither Donelson nor Henry was well situated or well defended. Both would have been strongly garrisoned and commanded by able officers, had the General waited one week longer before attacking. It was his characteristic promptness which made victory so easy—indeed, which gave us victory at all.

Grant's official report consisted of only nine hundred words.* Like Byron, he awoke to find himself famous. His name was on every tongue. Four days after the surrender the President made and the Senate confirmed him a major-general of volunteers. Never did soldier earn promotion better. He had brought all Kentucky and nearly all Tennessee into our hands, necessitated the evacuation of Columbus and Nashville, and carried the Union lines hundreds of miles farther south. He had shown the beginning of the end. He had delivered at Cairo fourteen thousand six hundred and twenty prisoners—a number almost as large as the force with which he first invested the fort. He had taken many more guns than those he attacked with. No such victory had ever been seen on this continent. No future

* Stanton, late Secretary of War, asserts that he never received an official letter from Grant which covered more than one page of letter-paper.

triumphs in the war were to be of equal importance, except those won by Grant himself. This, too, coming at a period of darkness and discouragement, excited a delight which successes failed to kindle after they became a habit. One of the many exultant poems of the hour ran:—

"O gales that dash the Atlantic's swell
Along our rocky shores,
Whose thunders diapason well
New England's loud hurrahs;

"Bear to the prairies of the West
The echoes of our joy,
The prayer that springs in every breast—
'God bless thee, Illinois!'"

The campaign had brought Grant into contact with two men who afterward won world-wide renown as his lieutenants and friends. One was William T. Sherman, who had been superintendent of the Military Academy of Louisiana. When that State began her secession movement, he instantly asked to be relieved, declaring, in a manly letter, "On no earthly account will I do any act or think any thought hostile to the old Government of the United States."

The outbreak of the war found him president of a Cincinnati street railway company. He promptly re-entered the service, and was a colonel at Bull Run, where his coolness and efficiency surprised friends familiar with his excitable temperament. At that early day he was one of the very few who comprehended the magnitude of the rebellion. When President Lincoln called out seventy-five thousand men for three months, he said:—

"You might as well attempt to put out the flames of a burning house with a squirt-gun. You ought to organize *the whole military power of the North* at once for a desperate struggle."

He was afterward made a brigadier-general of volunteers, and placed in command of Kentucky. He was never timid about stating his opinions, and now asserted, that to deal effectively with the rebels in the West he wanted two hundred thousand men—ten times the enemy's force on his front.

Subsequent experience proved him right. But then we were all looking for "peace in sixty days," and Sherman's demand appeared midsummer madness. Coupled with eccentric acts, it provoked the newspapers into declaring him insane, and the Government into shelving him at St. Louis.

But when Grant started for Donelson, Halleck sent him to Cairo to forward supplies and re-enforcements. He did this with the utmost zeal, and, though ranking both Grant and Smith, offered to take the field and serve under them. This unusual readiness to waive rank for the good of the country quite won Grant's heart, and was the beginning of a friendship like that of David and Jonathan. Under any superior, Sherman would have deserved well of the Republic; but it needed a nature like Grant's—large, generous, incapable of being disturbed by little ebullitions of impatience and arrogance—to make his pure patriotism and his splendid military genius known and seen of all men.

The other was James B. McPherson, a young lieutenant-colonel of engineers, whom Halleck sent from his own staff. Grant soon put a high estimate upon his military qualifications, and regarded him with even warmer personal affection than he gave to Sherman.

To his former Galena friend, who had now joined the army and called to pay his respects, the General said:—

"Well, Rowley, our speculations have come true. Rawlins and you and I are all in the service."

After Donelson, Rowley accepted a position as aide, with the rank of captain. He ultimately became a brigadier-general, and proved a loyal and valuable subordinate until after the Wilderness campaign, when ill health compelled him to resign.

Mrs. Grant and the children spent a few days with the General, and then went to his father's. The negro coachman, who took them across from Cincinnati to Covington, was lodged in jail for entering Kentucky without a permit. A grand jury indicted him for the heinous crime, and he wisely forfeited his bail—one hundred dollars—rather than trust himself to the tender mercies of neutral Kentucky.

Grant was now in command of the undefined "District of West Tennessee." On the twenty-seventh of February he visited Nashville, to confer with Buell. There, in company with McClernand and W. H. L. Wallace, he called upon the widow of President Polk. She received the officers with frigid courtesy, hoped her husband's tomb would protect her home against depredations, but showed hearty sympathy with the enemies of the country which had done him honor.

If Grant's district had any boundaries, he was kept in utter ignorance of them. He went to Nashville solely in pursuance of his official duty, spent only one day there, and promptly reported his visit and return. Nevertheless, Halleck sent bitter complaints of him to Washington, for "leaving his district without authority," and, though Grant had written him almost every day, he asserted:—

> "I can get no returns, no reports, no information of any kind from him. Satisfied with his victory, he sits down and enjoys it, without any regard to the future. I am worn out and tired by this neglect and inefficiency."

As the climax to this shabby treatment, he sent a junior officer, C. F. Smith, in command of an important expedition up the Tennessee, and kept Grant at Fort Henry, in disgrace. After several unmerited rebukes, which he bore with great patience, Grant asked to be relieved from duty in the department, on the ground that enemies must be making trouble between them. But at last Halleck's fit of bile passed away, and he restored the General to the command of his army.

Smith's expedition had started to attack Corinth, an important railway-crossing, twenty-five miles south of the river. Grant joined it on the seventeenth of March. Smith promptly congratulated him upon being restored to the position "from which you were so unceremoniously and, as I think, so unjustly stricken down."

The troops had not been able to march, as the whole country was overflowed. Smith, now over sixty, was very ill from the effects of exposure at Fort Donelson, where he lay all night upon the snow, and from a recent fall over the

side of a steamer into a boat alongside, in which the corner of a plank cut his leg to the bone. His head-quarters were at Savanna.* His soldiers were at Pittsburg, nine miles above, the landing-place of freight for Corinth. Pittsburg consisted of a store-house at the water's edge, and a log dwelling at the top of the steep bluff, a hundred yards back.

Beauregard was concentrating an army at Corinth. Grant was extremely anxious to disperse it, but Halleck replied † to his application, "Remain where you are until you are fortified and get re-enforcements."

Chafing at his compelled inaction, he conferred with Smith—who had moved up to Pittsburg—upon the advisability of fortifying. The veteran stoutly opposed it, declaring:—

"By ——, I want nothing better than to have the rebels come out and attack us. We can whip them all to ——. Our men suppose we have come here to fight, and if we begin to spade, it will make them think we fear the enemy."

Buell's army, forty thousand strong, was marching southward through Tennessee to join Grant. The latter, eager to attack while Beauregard's force was still weak, sent Hillyer to St. Louis to explain matters orally to Halleck. The department commander received the aide with customary frigidity. Hillyer explained at length the position and desire of his chief. Halleck heard him without a nod of acquiescence or a single demur, but with a dead calm resting on his stolid face, and when Hillyer concluded, asked:—

"Where are you stopping, captain?"

"At the Planters' House."

"Very well; your dispatches will be sent there in two hours. Return immediately with them to General Grant. If there is no steamer going up to-day, apply to the quartermaster, and he will furnish you with one. Good morning."

The dispatches contained only a repetition of Halleck's peremptory orders to avoid a general engagement.

Toward the last of March, a question about rank arose

* Map, page 198. † March twentieth.

between McClernand and Smith. Grant, perhaps fearing that Halleck might decide in McClernand's favor, settled the matter by removing his own head-quarters to Pittsburg, taking general command and leaving Smith in charge of his division. Each day Grant ran up on his steamer the *Tigress*, reviewed troops, conferred with division commanders, and in the evening returned to Savanna where Rawlins still kept an office to forward arriving troops to their proper destinations.

After the second of April there was daily skirmishing. The General was constantly on the alert, and instructed his subordinates to be prompt and vigilant.

After dark on the evening of the fourth he heard artillery firing at the front, for Pittsburg, though nine miles from Savanna by river, is only six in a direct line. It was raining hard, but he and the staff repaired by steamer to the Landing and rode two miles out, where they met W. H. L. Wallace, who told them that Sherman's pickets on the Corinth road had been attacked, but that the enemy was easily repulsed.

The night was very dark and on the return Grant's horse slipped on a smooth log, and fell, nearly breaking the ankle of his rider. The General suffered excruciating pain, and was lamed for several weeks.

On Saturday, the fifth, Grant received a dispatch from Buell:—"I shall be in Savanna myself to-morrow with one, perhaps two, divisions. Can I meet you there?" He replied:—"I will be here to meet you to-morrow. Enemy at or near Corinth; from sixty thousand to eighty thousand; information not reliable."

Feeling uneasy about Beauregard, he sent Sherman a note by McPherson, asking the condition of things, and whether it was safe for him to remain and see Buell the next morning. Sherman replied:—

"The enemy has cavalry in our front, and I think two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery six miles out. * * * *I do not apprehend any thing like an attack on our position.*"

In the afternoon Nelson, commanding Buell's first division, reached Savanna, and dined with our General and staff,

who took their meals in the brick house of a Union man named Cherry, on the bank of the river. In the evening Grant wrote Halleck:—"I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us, but will be pre ared should such a thing take place."

Buell, who moved with each of his divisions like clock-work, just so far apart, and traveled himself between the first and second, encamped within three miles of Savanna, but Grant did not know that he was so near.

So on that dark Saturday night, Grant was at Savanna; Lew Wallace's division of five thousand effectives was at Crump's, five miles above; and the rest of the army, consisting of thirty-three thousand effectives, in five divisions, was encamped on the south bank of the Tennessee, four miles farther, Sherman held the front, three miles from the river, and near a Methodist log-chapel, known as Shiloh Meeting-House.

CHAPTER XX.

SHILOH.

For three days a rebel army from Corinth, forty thousand strong, had been floundering through the mud with superhuman energy, expecting to attack Grant before Buell could possibly arrive. It was led by Albert Sidney Johnston, a popular and able general, with Beauregard second in command.

It was almost impossible to move artillery, and it took Johnston's troops two days to march fifteen miles. They had hoped to attack on Friday, but not until Saturday after dark did they encamp noiselessly, within three-quarters of a mile of Grant's pickets. In front they built no fires, but lay comfortless upon logs or the drenched ground, speaking only in low tones. A mile farther back their generals held a council of war. Several famous rebel leaders were there.

Johnston, now sixty, had been a soldier for forty years. He was tall, erect, with high forehead, bald crown, and below it straight locks of iron-gray hair, and heavy curled mustache. His face was modest and rather French in aspect.

Beauregard, light and slender, with twinkling eyes, pointed beard, and French accent, enjoyed a high military reputation among the soldiers whom he had collected with great care and energy. To-night he promised that twenty-four hours later they should sleep in the Union tents, and he was said to declare that the next day he would water his horse in the Tennessee or in hell. He was in good spirits, for his scouts reported Buell yet more than a day's march from the river.

Hardee, tall, broad-shouldered, with low forehead, heavy mustache, beard on his chin, and stolid, good-humored face, had compiled our Infantry Tactics, and been in com-

mand of cadets at West Point, and was esteemed a good soldier.

Bragg was of hot temper and stooping in figure, with haggard, thoughtful face, wide at the forehead and narrow at the chin, bushy eyebrows, iron-gray beard, and wavy hair.

Polk was portly and broad-chested, with a countenance suggesting love of the good things of this life rather than the sacred calling he had left.

Breckinridge, with strong, prominent features, and erect, manly form, was more a politician than a soldier; but he had been Vice-President of the United States, and was the idol of the rebel troops from his native Kentucky.

Standing before a glowing log-fire in the silent woods under dripping trees, these captains arranged details for attacking at daylight. They were disappointed at arriving one day late, but confident of easy success At ten o'clock the council* broke up.

At the same hour the lame Union General at Savanna bade his staff good-night, saying:—

"We will move our quarters to Pittsburg to-morrow. We must breakfast early, and while our traps are being got on board, ride out and have a talk with Buell before we go up the river."

The morrow dawned—a fair April Sunday. Grant, out of bed before daylight, sent his usual daily dispatch by steamer down to Fort Henry—the nearest telegraph station—to be forwarded to Halleck.

Just afterward he learned that rebel prisoners, captured two days before, were unusually defiant, and, in reply to bantering from our men, muttered ominously, "Never mind, you Yankees will catch —— in a day or two."

This incident, coupled with the recent activity on his front, put an end to his skepticism, and convinced him that a battle was imminent.

The boats got up steam, the horses were saddled, and about six o'clock the General and staff sat down to breakfast.

* Described from Swinton's "Decisive Battles of the War," and other authorities.

Before they were half through a faint rumbling was heard, and Webster said:—

"That's firing."

"Yes," replied Grant, "it sounds very much like it."

The favorite orderly, a sad-faced, mustached Frenchman, called Napoleon, came in, and raising his hand in military salute, exclaimed:—

"General, there's terrific firing up the river."

All stepped out of doors. By this time the earth shook as with rolling thunder. Webster asked:—

"Where is it, at Crump's, or Pittsburg Landing?"

"I am trying to determine," answered Grant. "Very heavy, isn't it? I think it's at Pittsburg. Orderly, take these horses right on the boat, and tell the captain to make ready for starting at once. Come, gentlemen, 'tis time to be moving."

Hurriedly buckling on his sword, and leaning upon Webster, he hobbled down the bank and on board. There he wrote to Buell, that cannonading up the river, indicating a battle, made it impossible to wait for him, adding:—"I have been looking for this, but did not believe the attack would be made before Monday or Tuesday."

Simultaneously he dictated, through Rawlins, an order to Nelson to move his division promptly up opposite Pittsburg. Handing the dispatch to Hillyer, he remarked:—

"Have him hurry. Perhaps Squire Walker here can find him guides."

Walker replied that he could.

"Very well, take two guides to Nelson, and then ride to Buell and get him to march up the rest of his forces as quick as possible."

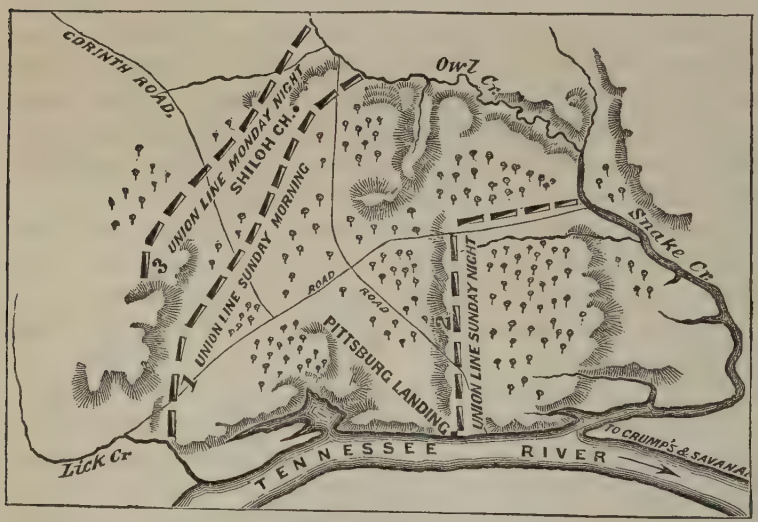
The General and staff steamed up the river. The roar grew deafening. At Crump's, Lew Wallace was standing upon the guard of his head-quarters' steamer, and while the *Tigress* slackened, Grant said to him:

"General, have your baggage and camp equipage moved right down to the bank, and your men ready to march at a moment's notice."

"They are already under arms," replied Wallace.

Grant gave hasty directions for changing their positions in anticipation of a possible attack, and went on. At Pittsburg he debarked, was helped upon his horse, and galloped with the rest toward the front.

For several miles from the Landing the ground is rocky, densely wooded, and full of ravines. There was not a breastwork in front of our men, who were mostly raw recruits and thousands of whom had not yet learned to handle their muskets efficiently. But their position was naturally very strong. Behind, was the Tennessee. Their right rested on Snake Creek, and their left on Lick Creek, three miles apart, and both unfordable. Then directly on their right-front was Owl Creek, which flows into Snake. The line marked "1" in this diagram* shows their position at the beginning of the contest:—



THE FIELD AND THE UNION LINES AT SHILOH.

Sherman, a little in advance, held our right, and Stuart the left, with Hurlbut, W. H. L. Wallace, McClernand, and Prentiss between. It was now half-past eight. In the dense forests on the front fighting was already fierce, and the wounded

* Badeau's "Military History of Grant."

and fugitives began to throng back toward the river. Grant, expecting Nelson's division to come up within two hours, was altogether at ease. Every aide being busy, he said to Captain Baxter, his quartermaster:—

"You will have to do staff duty. Go down to Crump's, and tell Lew Wallace to move up at once by the river road, leaving only guard enough for his boats and baggage."

At Baxter's request this order was put in writing.

Smith had posted our army, with the river and the creeks so protecting its rear and flanks, that it was vulnerable only on the front. There the rebels assaulted with great vigor, first encountering Prentiss' rawest regiments. At dawn an officer of the day, detecting rebel cavalry near our pickets, sent out two infantry companies to disperse it. In five minutes the men came back pell-mell, pursued by the enemy.

Many of our troops were yet asleep, but officers were alert; the long roll was beaten; and all along the line were heard the shouts "Turn out! Fall in!"

The troops of Prentiss, Sherman, and McClernand took their places with exceeding promptness, but an overwhelming force soon swept them away. Sherman's right on Snake Creek held the key point. To that he clung with the grip of death, and upon it, as upon a pivot, the rest of our line swung far back, until almost at right angles with its original position.

Grant was all along the front, encouraging his division generals, but hampering them with few instructions. At ten o'clock he rode to Sherman, whose gallantry and coolness deserved and received his enthusiastic praise.

"I fear we shall run out of cartridges," said Sherman.

"Oh!" replied the chief, "I have provided for that."

Failure in this would have been failure in every thing; but all day, over the narrow, crowded roads from the river, ammunition wagons, under Pride, of the staff, came promptly forward.

Grant rode over to the left. About eleven o'clock, Rowley, returning to Sherman, found him standing among his troops with his left hand resting on a tree, while he gazed eagerly forward toward the skirmishers.

ROWLEY.—"General Grant sent me to see how you are getting along."

SHERMAN.—"Tell him, if he has any men to spare I can use them; if not, I will do the best I can. We are holding them pretty well just now—pretty well—but it's as hot as ——."

Rowley, noticing a white handkerchief wrapped about Sherman's hand, asked:—

"Why, general, are you wounded?"

Sherman looked down wonderingly as if he had just discovered it, and answered:—

"Well, yes; but that don't begin to hurt like this d—d thing on my shoulder, which I suppose hasn't left any mark whatever."

A spent ball had struck his shoulder-strap. His horse, too, had been shot under him, but he was the animating spirit of the entire right-front and center.* If he was insane, it was with the inspired madness of heroes and martyrs. All around him were excited orderlies and officers, but, though his face was besmeared with powder and blood, battle seemed to have cooled his usually hot nerves.

Our line was steadily giving way. After returning to Grant, Rowley said:—

"General, this thing looks pretty squally, don't it?"

"Well, not so very bad. We've got to fight against time now. Wallace must be here very soon."

Firing grew sharp upon the left, where our troops were breaking badly. The chief and his staff galloped to a little open field in front of a deserted cabin. Across the field was a rebel battery, which instantly opened on them. The first shell struck just in front of the General.

GRANT (spurring up).—"We must ride fast here."

As he spoke, "zip" came another shell passing under his steed.

GRANT.—"Pretty loud call that for my horse's legs."

ROWLEY.—"I think it's a pretty loud call for *your* legs."

* He was promptly made a major-general, his commission dating on that day.

The party rode behind the house a moment, but shells crashed through the roof covering them with shingles.

Grant—"The old building don't seem to be very good shelter; suppose we move on."

As they did so, a bullet struck the General's scabbard and threw it up into the air. The sword dropped out and was never recovered.

Beyond the field in the edge of a wood they found our troops. Men fought from tree to tree only a few yards apart, the rebels shouting: "How about Bull Run?" and our men retorting: "How about Fort Donelson?"

Our lines steadily contracted. Organizations were utterly shattered. The destruction of life had been enormous. That fiery front witnessed more sturdy and obstinate fighting than any other battle of the war. But the rear saw disgraceful scenes. Panic-stricken fugitives, shut in between the creeks and the river, swarmed to the Landing by thousands. Grant sent back Rowley with orders to try and persuade them forward, and then return to his chief.

Rowley.—"Where shall I find you?"

Grant.—"Probably at head-quarters.* If you don't, come to the front *wherever you hear the heaviest firing.*"

It was now past noon. Where were the re-enforcements? Nelson had not been heard from, and a second messenger who had been sent several hours later than Baxter, returned and reported that Lew. Wallace—owing to some inexplicable misunderstanding about his orders—had not yet left Crump's. Grant replied sharply that a division general ought to take his troops wherever the firing was, even without orders, and dispatched first Rowley, and then Rawlins and McPherson to hurry him forward, bidding them not to spare their horses.

At two, P. M., hearing that Buell had arrived, Grant rode down and found him upon the *Tigress*. After hurried greetings the two generals forced their way through the sickening crowd up the river bank. In vain did they beg the stragglers to go to the front, and assure them of victory.

* The little log-building near the river.

The officers hid, but the men faced their shame. Buell asked:—

"What preparations have you made for retreating—"

"Why," interrupted Grant eagerly, "I haven't despaired of whipping them yet."

"Of course; but in case of defeat?"

"Well, we could make a bridge across the river with these boats and protect it with artillery. But if we do have to retreat, there won't be many men left to cross."

Buell glanced at the field, then rode back to hurry up his own troops; and through the battle gave to Grant zealous and soldierly co-operation.

At three o'clock the rebels met with a sore misfortune. While directing a desperate charge on our left, Johnston, their commander, sitting upon his horse near McClernand's captured quarters, was struck in the thigh by a piece of shell, which cut a deep gash. He paid no attention to it, but continued to give orders until he turned pale and reeled in the saddle.

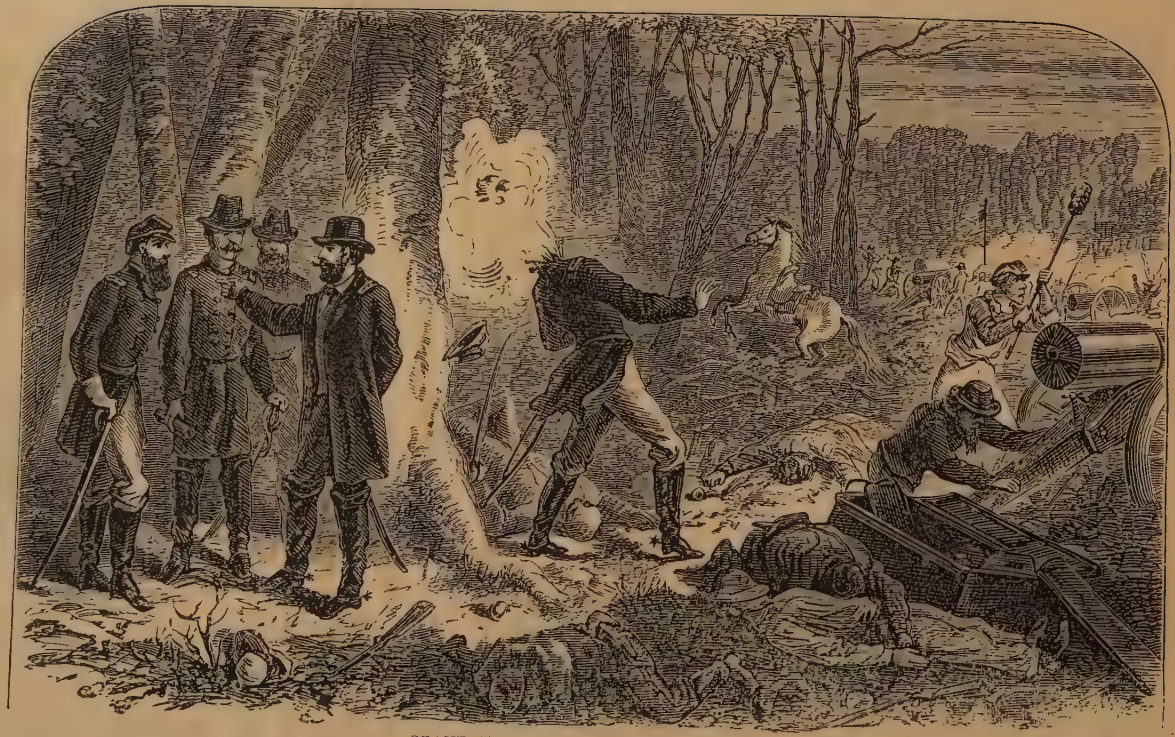
"Are you hurt?" asked an aide and relative.

"Yes, I fear mortally."

A moment after he fell from his horse, and died in the arms of his friend.

Beauregard succeeded to the command. Our troops recoiled before the charge, which was still pressed, though with less vigor. In that dense wood, Prentiss' division, failing to learn that the rest of the line had fallen back, was surrounded, and the general and twenty-two hundred men—all that were left—captured. At the same time, W. H. L. Wallace, one of our ablest officers, fell mortally wounded, on the front of his bleeding and shattered division.

This was the gloomiest moment of the day. All Grant's subordinates were depressed and anxious. On the right, Sherman still clung to Snake Creek, though farther back than in the morning, but the rest of the line, shortened more than one-half, had swung around until its left rested on the river, two miles in the rear of its first position. Just in front a ravine now afforded admirable ground for defense, and here Webster had opportunely planted sixty field-



GRANT AT SHILOH. DEATH OF CARSON.

pieces and siege guns. The enemy, flushed with victory, came charging forward. But he had now approached within easy range of the gun-boats, and they opened furiously upon him. Our infantry, also, made vigorous resistance, and Webster, riding along behind the artillery, shouted encouragingly :—

"Stand firm, boys ; they can never carry this line in the world."

The boys did stand firm, and though neither the land nor gun-boat cannons did much damage, the worn-out rebels hesitated. This was extremely significant, and the chief, hitherto unmoved, showed his satisfaction by a sigh of relief and a faint smile. Then he went over to the cheerful Sherman, to whom he said :—

"We will hold on for the rest of the day, and Buell will be up very soon."

Both agreed that the enemy had expended his fury ; and Grant remarked that during a similar period of hesitancy on both sides, at Donelson, he had ordered Smith's charge and won the victory.

At five o'clock, he was standing among the wounded and dying, just behind the batteries, and conversing with an officer, when Carson, his scout, reported to him, and then fell back a few feet. A moment after, a shot knocked off the scout's head, bespattering the clothing of the serene General with blood.

Misapprehensions on the part of two subordinates—both excellent and patriotic soldiers—had proved serious and well nigh fatal. Nelson did not leave Savanna until an hour after noon, but now he arrived with his splendid troops.

"Here we are, General," he said, with the military salute, "we don't know many fine points or nice evolutions, but if you want stupidity and hard fighting, I reckon we are the men for you."*

* Nelson, a Kentuckian, formerly of the navy, was an able general, but extremely irascible and violent. Six months after this battle, in the Galt House, Louisville, he was grossly abusive to a subordinate, General Jeff. C. Davis, and finally struck him in the face. Davis procured a revolver in the next room and shot Nelson dead ; and a court-martial acquitted him.

They were placed in position, but only fired a few shots that night. After dark, Lew. Wallace—who had got on a wrong road—also reached the field. Had he and Nelson been present earlier, precious lives would have been saved, and a narrow escape converted into an overwhelming triumph.

The firing died away. The long April Sunday was ended. The fight had continued for eleven hours. "The enemy drove us all day, but it took him all day to drive us."

Beauregard fulfilled his promise—his men did sleep in our camps. They had taken many prisoners and field-pieces, and driven our lines back to the river. But they had also lost thousands of comrades, besides their general, —who was a host in himself,—and had made two fatal mistakes:—1. The rich plunder of our camps scattered and demoralized them, and took away half their efficiency. 2. They faltered at the supreme moment. Their assault after Johnston's death was feeble. Had they pressed that attack with the vigor of their morning onset, they might have changed the fortunes of the day, and perhaps of the nation.

"It is always a great advantage," said Grant, after nightfall, "to be the attacking party. We must fire the first gun to-morrow morning."

Though still in excessive pain, and unable to mount alone, he rode to every division commander, and urged the utmost promptness. Before midnight he was back at the old cabin which had been turned into a hospital. With Rawlins and Rowley he stretched himself upon the hay behind it, and the three were soon asleep with their heads resting on logs.

After a great battle comes a great rain; and during the night welcome torrents began to pour. They quenched the fires raging in the woods, which had already burned many wounded men to death. Both armies lay on their arms, near enough to each other to hear ordinary conversation, during lulls of the cannonade. But the thunder of the gun-boats and groans of the wounded forbade much sleeping.

Before daylight on Monday, the lame General, who had been lifted into his saddle, directed his staff:—

"Ride along the line, and see that every division moves up to attack and press the enemy hard, the minute it is light enough."

At dawn, the guns began to crack. Our men were in excellent spirits, for the arrival of Wallace and Buell had almost doubled their numbers. Of the enemy's side, Braxton Bragg's official report says:—

"Our troops, exhausted by days of excessive fatigue and want of rest, with ranks thinned by killed, wounded, and stragglers, *amounting in the whole to nearly half our force*, fought bravely, but with the want of that animation and spirit which characterized them on the preceding day."

This is, doubtless, an over-statement. The rebels still confronted us with more than half their original force. During the night they had fallen back a little, but now they disputed the ground, inch by inch, with dogged obstinacy.

Still, our soldiers pressed steadily forward. Grant was first with Lew. Wallace, on the extreme right, directing a column which took the confederates on the flank and cut them down as with a scythe. Then he rode over to the left, where Buell was handling his men with great effect. For several minutes the two generals conferred, sitting upon their horses, a few feet from the front line, as much exposed as the privates who were falling all around them.

At one, P. M., the rebels made a desperate stand, near Shiloh Chapel, which soon drew Grant to that point. Encountering two regiments, on their way to re-enforce a wavering brigade, but themselves hesitating before the hot fire, he shouted to the men, "Come on," placed himself at their head, and led them up to the battle line, where they charged vigorously, while he fell back.

In front of the church were several Parrott guns. To the sergeant in charge of them Sherman shouted:—

"Drop your shots right over there."

His shells began to fall among the gray mass of rebels on the opposite crest, and they disappeared in confusion.

"That's the last of them," said Grant. "They will not make another stand."

Then he rode over to the left, and found McCook, Nelson, and Crittenden, who commanded three of Buell's admirable divisions.

GRANT.—"Those fellows are completely demoralized. Take your divisions and pursue. We can cut them all to pieces and capture a great many."

The three replied that their men had been marching all Saturday and Sunday, and fighting ever since morning, and were completely used up. They were barely able to move, and the roads were so heavy that they could hardly hope to overtake the main body of the enemy.

Night approached, and it was raining and growing cold. Grant's own men were much more worn than Buell's, so he reluctantly gave up his hope of pursuing before morning, and rode back to the *Tigress*. There he found an order from Halleck, dated on the fifth, instructing him to remain where he was, and not fight under any circumstances, unless attacked.

The General, giving himself no rest, through the two days of battle had suffered intensely from his sprained ankle. Now, the excitement being over, he was greatly wearied and depressed, and felt that this order was peculiarly cruel.

After dark, during a terrific thunder-storm, Sherman was in his tent, lying upon the ground, with his candle stuck in the mud and his head on a saddle, reading a Corinth paper, and documents left behind by Breckinridge during his occupancy twenty-four hours before. One of Grant's aides called to tell him that the adjoining division-commander reported the rebels strong and threatening upon his front. He replied:—

"Tut, tut; they won't trouble us if we don't trouble them; they have had fighting enough for the last two days."

Sore and bitter must have been the disappointment of Beauregard as he turned his shattered army back toward Corinth. But, true to his Gascon blood, he telegraphed to Richmond:—

"We have gained a great and glorious victory, eight to ten thousand prisoners, and thirty-six pieces of cannon. Buell re-enforced Grant, and we retired to our intrenchments at Corinth, which we can hold. Loss heavy on both sides."

The same day, in a letter to Grant asking permission to send a flag-of-truce party on the field to bury his dead, he prefaced his request:—

"At the close of the conflict yesterday, my forces being exhausted by the extraordinary length of the time during which they were engaged with yours on that and the preceding day, and it being apparent that you had received, and were still receiving, re-enforcements, *I felt it my duty to withdraw my troops from the immediate scene of the conflict.*"

Grant laughed heartily at such a communication from a foe, and was half inclined to reply that no apologies were necessary. But he responded that the dead were already buried; otherwise he should have been glad to extend "this or any courtesy consistent with duty and dictated by humanity."

During the battle C. F. Smith was lying prostrate at Savanna. A few days later he died, and his remains were taken to Philadelphia, where they were followed to the grave by thousands of admirers and friends.

Grant's and Beauregard's official reports exhibited their losses as follows:—

	Killed.	*Wounded.*	*Missing.*	*Total.*
Grant	1700	7495	3022	12217
Beauregard	1728	8012	957	10699

Military critics will always differ about the battle of Shiloh, but the general verdict of history will probably be —(1.) that the ground was admirably defensible; (2.) that within twenty-five miles of a concentrating enemy our troops ought to have been intrenched; (3.) that Grant conducted the battle with skill, and inspired the whole army with his indomitable faith in success, and (4.) that his army, despite the stragglers, did the most creditable fighting of any Union troops during the war.

For two days, without intrenchments on either side, two armies faced each other in stubborn stand-up fighting, the only instance during our conflict. "It was the first hurling together of the two peoples upon a large scale in a hand to-hand fight, and when the enemy retreated from the

broken and gory field, he retreated with his arrogance tamed, and his dream of invincibility dispelled forever." *

In preparation for it the enemy had stripped the entire Southwest. Its momentous consequences were soon apparent. It threw New Orleans into our hands; it opened the Mississippi to Memphis; it was such a deadly blow that never again in the West did the rebels take the offensive with their old vigor.

At first, news of the victory caused great rejoicing in the North; the President appointed a day of thanksgiving, and new luster was added to the fame Grant had earned at Donelson. But a storm of injurious reports followed, caused by the jealousy of officers sore at being overtopped by him; the old hatred of the contractors, and the rivalry of Buell's troops, who, seeing all the array of stragglers, and thinking that *they* had saved the day, were aggrieved that Grant did not give them the chief credit in his dispatches.

These slanders, repeated by the press and in both branches of Congress, asserted that Grant was drunk, and did not reach the field until the battle was nearly over; that Prentiss was captured in his shirt early in the morning; that thousands of our men were bayoneted in their tents, and that if Buell had not arrived Grant's whole army must have surrendered. With no less injustice, also, it was related that Buell had remained behind purposely that a rival general might be ruined.

Grant took no public notice of the hue and cry against him, but in a letter to his father he explained how grossly the facts were misrepresented, and added:—

"I will go on and do my duty to the very best of my ability, and do all I can to bring this war to a speedy close. I am not an aspirant for any thing at the close of the war. * * * One thing I am well assured of—I have the confidence of every man in my command."

The letter was published, and also some from one of the staff. As soon as Grant saw them in the papers he telegraphed instructions that no more be allowed to go into print.

*Henry C. Deming.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHACKLED.

HALLECK soon came to the field and took command in person. Grant seemed quite as much in disfavor with him as in Congress and the newspapers, and it was currently reported that the department commander had placed him under arrest. This was untrue; but he did shelve him by a bit of pettifogging worthy of a little soul. After profound study Halleck issued an order * placing Thomas in command of the right wing of the army, keeping Buell in command of the center, and Pope of the left, and putting the reserves under McClernand. It concluded:—

"Major-General Grant will retain the general command of the District of West Tennessee, including the Army Corps of the Tennessee, and reports will be made to him as heretofore, but in the present movement he will act as second in command under the major-general commanding the department."

Halleck assumed to Grant that this was a promotion, —that it was necessary to have a second in command, who, if the general-in-chief should be killed or disabled, would be ready to succeed him. Halleck took such excellent care of his precious person that there seemed little danger of such a contingency. Grant, himself frank, was slow to suspect duplicity, but he was sore and disappointed, though the smooth-tongued lawyer sometimes talked him into a good humor.

For four or five weeks after Shiloh, my friend Thomas W. Knox and myself, messed at Grant's head-quarters with the chief of staff. Our tent was always near the General's. Each evening he reclined on the logs, or stood before the

* April thirtieth.

St. Mary's

camp fire, smoking and talking of the Mexican war, or of Shiloh ; or sat for hours in the tent beside us, while we played whist or "twenty-one," offering an occasional suggestion about the game, but never touching a card or a glass of liquor.

These were dark days. Halleck issued orders to subordinates directly over Grant's head. Chicago and Cincinnati papers assailed him bitterly. I never but once knew him to allude to these unjust attacks. Then he said to a friend of his, a journalist :—

"After we have all done our best, to have such a torrent of obloquy and falsehood poured among my own troops is too much. I am not going to lay off my shoulder-straps until the close of the war, but I should like to go to New Mexico, or some other remote place, and have a small command out of the reach of the newspapers."

There were now twenty or thirty correspondents in the field. They hunted in couples. When in riding about the camps—their custom always of an afternoon—one pair met another, the four would dismount, tie their horses, and sit upon logs or lie under the trees and discuss the situation. The group would soon be swelled by other passing journalists and officers. Whatever the conversation began about, it soon drifted to Grant, concerning whose recent battle, though enjoying every facility for learning the facts, they were about equally divided.

Halleck gathered a hundred and twenty thousand men, the largest army ever seen in the West, and three times greater than Beauregard's on his front. As has been aptly said, "Napoleon might as well have intrenched on the field of Austerlitz, or Wellington on the eve of Waterloo." But the battle of Shiloh had developed the natural caution of a military theorist into incredible timidity, and our army with a front ten miles long, crept toward Corinth at a snail's pace.

Grant had not lost his keen sense of the ludicrous. Rawlins was proud of a splendid bay horse, presented to him by Galena friends, and took special pleasure in contemplating its long showy tail. But one morning he found this reduced to the semblance of an old blacking-brush. Not a single

hair was left more than two inches long. He could hardly recognize the noble charger thus shorn of his glory. Swearing that some enemy had done this, he started for a pistol, vowing to shoot the offender, whom he supposed to be some orderly angered at a hasty rebuke. Grant, standing in his favorite position outside his tent, with hands in pockets and smoking his after-breakfast cigar, happened to be looking on. Learned in the ways of horses and their kind, he comprehended that not the shears of an angry soldier, but the teeth of some vagrant mule, had taken this liberty with the flowing appendage. Rawlins' consternation and indignation were irresistibly droll, and the chief roared with laughter. This was too much, and the adjutant remembering Grant's favorite cream-colored steed, retorted:—

"Well, General, I hope that some night a mule will eat off the tail of *your* old yellow horse—and then see how you'll like it."

For months afterward, whenever the aide rode in advance, the ill-treated tail provoked the General to new cachinations. But he came near being served with poetic justice. Meeting, one day, his old Twenty-first regiment, the men greeted him with cheer after cheer, and, flocking about him, each cut, not "a hair," but a lock "for memory" from his horse's tail and mane. Rawlins' wicked wish would soon have been gratified, had not Grant made haste to escape from the sentimental soldiers.

"Love me, love my horse," was his maxim. Jocose friends used to say, that to disparage his charger or to ride a better one was a sure way to lose favor. A boy, who had been a great favorite, once struck the cream-colored steed, and its master never forgave him.

The pleasant spring days among snowy tents in those deep old woods—how long ago they seem! How defiant were the rebels, and how dark the prospect of subduing them! But one ray of light came. Knox and myself were riding through the forest when a friend met us and shouted:

"Hurrah! Butler has taken New Orleans! Oh, you needn't look incredulous; there's no doubt about it. I have just read it in a rebel newspaper."

New Orleans, the great city of the Confederacy, gave us the mouth of the Mississippi, and it appeared comparatively easy to get the rest.

"After the war is over," said Grant, in one of his late evening talks—"and I wish it might be over soon—I want to go back to Galena and live. I am saving money from my pay now, and shall be able to educate my children."

But he did not believe the conflict was to be short. The rebels seemed little disheartened notwithstanding enormous losses of territory and life. Hitherto he had fancied that a few great battles would end the war, but now he was satisfied that no maneuvering, no capturing of their cities—nothing but the absolute destruction of their armies, would finish the contest. Therefore he believed that wise policy required us to push forward and strike heavy blows wherever an enemy could be found.

But Halleck, apostle of the spade, made his great army an army of ditchers. He beheld Beauregard as a lion in his path. That wary general, knowing thoroughly the man he dealt with, made a great flourish of trumpets, and issued an order* to his soldiers, which began:—

"We are about to meet once more, in the shock of battle, the invaders of our soil, the despoilers of our homes, the disturbers of our family ties, face to face, hand to hand."

Its only purpose seems to have been to frighten Halleck, and it accomplished that. So creeping up through pleasant woods, and apple and cherry orchards fragrant with blossoms, our men dug like beavers, and had daily skirmishes, which cost fifty or a hundred lives. All idle armies suffer from sickness. The spade is more destructive than the musket, for turning up the soil loads the air with miasma. Thousands upon thousands died from dysentery and fevers.

Halleck believed that our left was the place for attacking, if we attacked at all. Grant, familiar with the ground, was confident that an advance on our right would easily drive the enemy back. Sherman and McPherson agreed with him. Returning once from head-quarters, in evident

* May eighth.

agitation, he answered an inquiring look from his chief-of-staff, while his lip quivered with emotion :—

"You know what we have always talked about—that the way to attack Corinth is on the right?"

"Yes, by this road."

"Well, I suggested it to Halleck, and he treated it with contempt. He pooh-poohed it, and left me to understand that he wanted no suggestions from me."

One day, in an unusually gracious mood, Halleck conferred with Grant about a proposed movement. Shortly after, a letter in the Chicago *Times* related the subject of their conversation with considerable accuracy, and the chief complained that some of the subordinate's aides must be disclosing military secrets. Grant immediately summoned the staff to his tent, and asked :—

"Now, gentlemen, has any one of you given this information?"

All indignantly replied that they had not. While they were talking, Grant noticed that the date of the paper rendered it impossible for an account of the conversation with Halleck to have reached Chicago before it was issued. So he called Halleck's attention to this fact, and the chief, who was nothing if he was not mathematical, promptly admitted his mistake. Probably one of his own aides or some general officer, had incidentally mentioned that such a movement was in contemplation, and the imaginative journalist, drawing his bow at a venture, had happened to hit the exact truth about the conference.

Though deeply depressed, Grant held his peace. At his head-quarters not a syllable was heard in crimination of other generals, or of the chief. Doubtless his reticence and patience at this most trying moment saved him from ruin. The pressure against him was already so strong that a little additional hostility might have turned the scale.

On the eleventh of May, he wrote a letter to his chief so personal in its character, that he sent it direct to Halleck, and not through the adjutant-general. It stated, that ever since the publication of the order relieving him from command of the Army of the Tennessee, he had been deter-

mined to have his anomalous position corrected the moment they should be no longer "in the face of the enemy." But as it was now understood through the army, that his position was "but little different from being under arrest," he suggested that enemies must be working against him with Halleck, or that Halleck "must be acting under higher authority," and respectfully asked to be altogether relieved from duty in the department, or to have his position defined.

Halleck replied the next day, in a soothing note, alleging that he had placed Grant in the highest position next his own, as Beauregard had been second under Albert Sidney Johnston; and had sent orders direct to corps commanders,—as was his right,—out of no disrespect to him, but to facilitate business.

Soon after, moved to anger at some comments upon his military conduct, Halleck expelled the correspondents from his army. He lacked the sense to see how much the press—always far more important in our own country than in any other—had grown since the beginning of the conflict, and how universally the people at home regarded it as their most trustworthy source of information about their soldier sons and brothers. The five hundred correspondents with our various national armies came from every calling. Many were unfit for their work, and all had to be educated to it. Gradually the unworthy were weeded out, and the others learned something of the precision, candor, and moderation needed. The thirty in Halleck's command, with proper pride in their own profession, and believing that they were there as legitimately as the general himself, declined to hide in his camps like criminals and fugitives, but withdrew in a body, and waited for events.

Halleck having accomplished just fifteen miles in six weeks was now approaching Corinth. Very many of his officers believed that the rebels had evacuated it. Pope, endeavored repeatedly to bring on a general engagement, but was kept too tightly curbed. No man was more dissatisfied than Grant. He said:—

"If I were in command, I would push in and win or lose. I may be rash, but I would not wait here always."

On the twenty-ninth of May, a tremendous explosion was heard from the town. The rebels were blowing up their works. Halleck, either to hide his blunder, or through sheer stupidity, issued an order alleging that there was every indication that the enemy would attack in force the next morning. The army was drawn up in line of battle to receive an assault. At that very moment the rebel rear-guard was marching out, after an evacuation so clean that hardly a canteen or a knapsack was left behind! Beauregard's preparations had been going on for weeks, during which he had befooled Halleck.

Early on the morning of the thirtieth, Logan was ordered to advance and intrench, though he reported that no rebels confronted his division. So his Illinois soldiers being a little off the main road, and no notice being sent them, spaded for hours after the rest of our army had entered Corinth. When Logan learned how he had been served he grew furious. That night a number of young officers grew hilarious over the discomfiture of Halleck; and Logan was with difficulty restrained from telling that stolid chief, that his division should never dig another ditch, unless it were one to bury *him* in!

Halleck, at last forced into giving his ill-used subordinate some credit, said to Grant:—

"After all, *you* fought the battle of Corinth at Pittsburg Landing."

The journalists were revenged. Word was sent to Cairo that they might come to the front. Some, not waiting for permission, had gone into the deserted town with the advance, and they reported its condition, without covering up tenderly the great blunder.

Halleck sent Buell and Pope in feeble pursuit, still leaving Grant in camp. In a cavalry raid to the enemy's rear, an unknown young quartermaster from the regular army, appointed colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry only five days before, made a magnificent dash upon five thousand rebel horse, whom he followed twenty miles with only two thousand of his own troopers, capturing many prisoners. The exploit brought him to Grant's notice, and made him a

brigadier-general of volunteers. His name was Phil. Sheridan.

The evacuation of Corinth uncovered Memphis, and, six days later, it was captured by our gun-boats after the most stirring river battle of the war, fought just after sunrise in front of the city, and witnessed by ten thousand spectators from the shore. On the rebel side, every boat, save one, was sunk, blown up, or captured, and many lives were lost, but on our fleet only one man was injured.

So Grant's victory at Shiloh had thrown the second city of the South into our hands, and, thanks to him, the Union was still "going along."

A letter from Corinth, written by one of the staff to a comrade at home, depicts the general feeling of the army :—

"Immediately after the evacuation of Corinth, General Grant made application for leave of absence for twenty days, for himself and staff. It was granted, but he was requested to wait a few days to see what would turn up. We were all packed, and waiting to be off every day for a week, when the General was informed that he could not be spared.

"Since you left, the great battle of Corinth has been fought. How terribly 'Old Brains' was sold, you can not tell until you return. * * * When we entered in the morning, Corinth was completely deserted. The last soldier was gone. Twenty houses were on fire, and the long platform of the railway was burning. Beans and rice were in the street and beef barrels cut open and exposed to the sun and flies.

"The buildings on fire were consumed, but the flames spread no farther. The railway track was not destroyed, and McPherson, with a party of men, went hunting and repairing locomotives. Six or seven are now running, and trains pass our camp, going down the Memphis branch forty-five miles. We are domiciled in this pleasant town, which has houses enough for eighteen hundred inhabitants. The weather is delightful, the nights being so cool that we sleep under blankets."

Buell was sent to Chattanooga. Halleck remained in command of the department, and Grant was placed in charge of the District of West Tennessee. On the morning of the twenty-third of June, after spending two days with Sherman, he left Moscow, on horseback, for Memphis, thirty-nine miles distant, accompanied by only three officers and ten cavalry-men. The country swarmed with guerrillas. One rebel party of fifteen, learning who the travelers were,

rode hard, and five miles from the city came in by a side road, expecting to intercept them. Fortunately, the General had passed a few minutes before. They pursued no farther, as there was nothing to gain by attacking in the rear; and Grant's habitual exposure of himself received no punishment.

Reaching Memphis, he superseded Lew. Wallace, who was commanding the town. Wallace had placed Knox and myself in charge of the *Argus*, a most offensive rebel paper. We had been running it for two weeks, making sure that its patrons should read sound Union doctrine for once. The former editors waited upon Grant, and begged that they might be allowed to resume control. He promptly acquiesced. They asked:—

"Will any censorship be established over us?"

"Oh, no; manage your paper as you please; but the very first morning that any thing disloyal appears I shall stop it and place you under arrest."

They were careful for the future. Another fire-eating journal, the *Avalanche*, was apparently seeking to provoke a riot, and Grant suppressed it, but finally permitted it to resume, on the withdrawal of the obnoxious editor. It immediately changed its tune to a zealous advocacy of the Union cause.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with due pomp and circumstance, Brigadier-General John M. Thayer* giving a bountiful entertainment in the garden of his head-quarters, a deserted rebel residence. Charles A. Dana spoke fervently in praise of "Honest Abraham Lincoln." Thayer complimented Grant as the hero of Donelson, who had broken the back of the rebellion, and the band struck up, "See, the Conquering Hero Comes." The General only bowed his acknowledgments, and remarked that in speech-making his early education had been neglected. To the toast "The Press," I responded in earnest praise of Grant, more deserved than appropriate to my theme, as many newspapers still persisted in abusing him. So we made the most

* Now United States Senator from Nebraska.

of the occasion, and crowned our hero with his well-earned laurels.

On the eleventh of June, Grant returned to Corinth, where his chief, with unusual kindness, said to him :—

"I suppose I shall have to give the job of capturing Vicksburg to you."

A few days later, Halleck, ordered East, offered the command of his troops to a quartermaster, Colonel Robert Allen, who declined it. Then he telegraphed to the Secretary of War :—"Will you designate a commander to this army, or shall I turn it over to the next in rank?"

Ordered in reply, to turn it over to the next in rank, he left Grant in charge, and started for Washington, where he was made general-in-chief of all the land forces of the United States.

Grant still fancying that his captious superior might assign some one to duty over him, said :—

"There are two men in this army whom I would just as soon serve under as to have them serve under me. One is Sherman, the other is 'Rosy.'"

He always spoke of Rosecrans by this familiar name, and continued to esteem him highly for months afterward. Rosecrans, he said admiringly, could sit down and write a lecture, or even a book, upon any desired topic.

The practical world shouts always for the man of deeds ; yet how often does the actor slow of speech envy the fluent writer or orator! Wolfe, reconnoitering in a skiff, with muffled oars, the night before he won immortality on the Heights of Abraham, recited a stanza from Gray's Elegy, to his companions, and added : "I would rather have written that poem than beat the French to-morrow." But grudging Nature, who denies brilliant plumage to her sweetest song-birds, decrees that the great of deed shall not be great in word. Whom did she ever endow as soldier, orator, and writer, all in one and foremost in all, save Julius Cæsar, her petted darling? And then to what end, beyond

"——— a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale?"

CHAPTER XXII.

IUKA AND CORINTH.

CORINTH was *the* strategic point in Grant's department. The Tennessee River being too low for steamers in summer, he drew his supplies from Columbus, Kentucky, which compelled him to keep open one hundred and fifty miles of railway through a guerrilla-infested region.

Garrisoning Corinth, Bolivar, and Jackson, all important points, his force was too small to defend easily his great department, much less to take the offensive. Bragg, with a large army, was now moving toward Kentucky, so every man that could be spared was taken from Grant, while Van Dorn and Price constantly threatened him. He was sadly hampered and harassed, but watched the enemy vigilantly, and remodeled and strengthened the Corinth fortifications—a fact soon to prove of vital importance.

Slaves still flocked to our camps. Congress had prohibited officers or soldiers from returning them to their masters, under pain of dismissal from the service. *Per contra*, Halleck's Order Number Three was still in force. Of course, it was impossible to harmonize instructions which conflicted so positively; but Grant, with characteristic subordination, attempted it, and issued the following:—*

"Recent acts of Congress prohibit the army from returning fugitives from labor to their claimants, and authorize the employment of such persons in the service of the Government. The following orders are therefore published for the guidance of the army in this military district in this matter:—

"I.—All fugitives thus employed must be registered, the names of the fugitive and claimants given, and must be borne upon the morning reports of the command in which they are kept, showing how they are employed.

"II.—Fugitive slaves may be employed as laborers in the quartermaster's, subsistence, and engineer departments, and whenever by such employment a soldier may be saved to the ranks. They may be employed as teamsters,

* August eleventh.

as company cooks (not exceeding four to a company), or as hospital attendants and nurses. Officers may employ them as private servants, in which latter case the fugitive will not be paid or rationed by the Government. Negroes not thus employed will be deemed "unauthorized persons," and must be excluded from the camps.

"III. Officers and soldiers are positively prohibited from enticing slaves to leave their masters. When it becomes necessary to employ this kind of labor, commanding officers of posts or troops must send details (always under the charge of a suitable commissioned officer), to press into service the slaves of disloyal persons to the number required."

Headquarters were at Corinth, the depot of national supplies and munitions. One day Grant and staff, riding down to drink from a sulphur spring a mile south, heard a musket shot from a log house near by. A mother and her daughter came rushing out, pursued by a Union soldier who had fired his gun to terrify them, and then attempted violence. Quick as thought the General sprang from his horse, wrenched away the musket, and with the butt of it felled the brute to the earth, where he lay with no sign of life except a little quivering of the foot.

RAWLINS.—"I guess you have killed him General."

GRANT.—"If I have, it has only served him right."

But the miscreant recovered and was taken back to his quarters.

September opened gloomily. In Virginia, Pope had been badly defeated. In Kentucky, Bragg had penetrated northward till he boldly threatened the free State of Ohio.

Sterling Price, seized Iuka. [Map, page 198.] Grant determining to destroy him before Van Dorn—approaching from the southwest with another force—could join him, sent Rosecrans and Ord, to attack Price.

On the nineteenth of September, Rosecrans encountered him two miles south of Iuka. Fighting continued from four o'clock until ten, Rosecrans losing seven hundred in killed and wounded. The next morning, Ord, approaching from the north, pushed into Iuka, but the rebels had fled.

The indecisive battle only crippled the enemy. Price joined Van Dorn, which rendered Grant's position very precarious. On the twenty-third, leaving Rosecrans in command at Corinth, and Ord at Bolivar, he removed his own

"ONLY SERVED HIM RIGHT."

head-quarters to Jackson, Tennessee, a better point for overlooking his whole department.

It was difficult to surmise where the enemy would strike, and he was harassed and absorbed. Several Galena gentlemen now spent a few days with him. One morning Washburne, rising very early, found Grant at his desk :—

"You are up early, General?"

"Yes ; I got up at two o'clock, and have been working ever since, trying to study out the plans of old Pap Price." *

Price retreating southward, formed a junction with Van Dorn. Indications soon pointed to Corinth as the place aimed at by their united armies, and Grant ordered Rosecrans to call in his outlying forces, and sent Ord and Hurlbut to strike the rebels in flank or rear.

Rosecrans had nineteen thousand men. On the third of October, Van Dorn, commanding his own and Price's troops, reported at eighteen thousand in all, approached Corinth from the north. Five miles out he met Rosecrans. A fierce battle followed, and before night Rosecrans was driven back into his fortifications.

The elated rebels slept on their arms, within a hundred yards of our works, and early next morning made a desperate assault. But they were doing exactly what we had done so often—rushing upon strong, well-defended works. They fought with extreme gallantry, closing up the great gaps which our artillery cut in their ranks, averting their faces at the pelting bullets, and charging magnificently across very difficult ground. They even obtained possession of one of our forts, for a moment, but Rosecrans rallied his men in person and drove them back.

From dawn until noon their assaults continued. Some even got into the town, but were soon captured or driven out. Finally, at noon the wearied and shattered enemy paused, and Rosecrans gave the order to charge. His troops sallied out and chased the swarming fugitives into the woods, capturing many prisoners and arms.

* A name originally given by Price's soldiers on account of his gravity and paternal kindness.

Early the next morning, ten miles south of Corinth, in pursuance of Grant's far-seeing plan, Hurlbut and Ord struck the retreating rebels on the flank as they were crossing a river, and captured a battery and hundreds of prisoners. Ord was badly wounded, otherwise the enemy would have been utterly destroyed.

The Union loss in this battle and pursuit, was three hundred killed, eighteen hundred wounded, and two hundred missing. The rebels lost two thousand two hundred prisoners, and far more killed and wounded than we, as they were fairly mown down while charging impregnable positions. President Lincoln telegraphed, congratulating Grant, and asking:—

"How does it all sum up?"

The way it summed up was, that West Tennessee was relieved from immediate danger, and the country reassured.

That the enemy attacked upon the north side was probably the result of a letter from a feminine spy in Corinth, who wrote to Van Dorn that our fortifications on that side were weak and poorly manned. Ord intercepted and read the missive, and then sent it forward to the unsuspecting rebel general, but promptly strengthened the north works for it.

During the battle an enormous black eagle,* borne upon a standard by the Eighth Wisconsin Volunteers, excited admiration and delight. He had been caught in Northern Wisconsin, by an Indian, and presented to the regiment. Through every subsequent battle of the war the men bore

* "Red as blood o'er the town
The angry sun went down,
Firing flag-staff and vane.
And our eagle—as for him
There all ruffled and grim
He sat o'er-looking the slain.

"No mother to mourn or search,
No priest to bless or pray,
We buried them where they lay
Without the rite of the church.
But our eagle all that day
Stood solemn and still on his perch."

H. H. Brownell.

him beside their colors. They said that whenever the band began to play or the guns to pound, he would screech with delight. Despite his martial tastes, he had the good fortune never to be wounded. In quiet times he would frolic in the water, run races with little darkies, lounge about the sutler's tent, and pick up chickens from rebel barn-yards.

At this period, Grant frequently remarked that he disliked to hold slaves, but would not sell a negro. Mrs. Grant visited him at Jackson, and during her stay, "Black Julia" removed his perplexity by running away. The General was delighted, and forbade any attempt to bring her back, expressing the wish that he could get rid of his two other "chattels" in the same way.

Nothing pleased him more than to have some one play upon the piano at head-quarters, while the staff and visitors sang "The Star Spangled Banner," or "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Sometimes he ventured to join in, but always *sotto voce*. He certainly could never have imposed himself upon the enemy as a minstrel, like "good King Alfred."

While Halleck, with characteristic timidity, was counseling Grant to prepare for an attack, his army, thirty thousand strong, the right wing commanded by McPherson and the left by C. S. Hamilton, started southward from Jackson, Tennessee, and took possession of La Grange.*

The General, riding his favorite cream-colored "Jack," and delighted to be again moving on the enemy's works, relieved the tedium of the road with reminiscences of the Mexican war and garrison life in peace times.

The country was parched for want of autumn rains, and from little army fires the flames, catching at the dried grass, spread for miles over fences, forests, and sometimes houses. Caissons and ammunition wagons were compelled to go ten miles out of the direct road to avoid the conflagration. Grant was sorely annoyed. Fires were strictly forbidden, and disobedience punished by arrest when the offenders could be caught, but the flames marched with the troops, for the thoughtless soldier cared more for his pot of coffee than for the property of the enemy.

* November fourth.

In portions of the command, not under the General's eye, there was worse than thoughtlessness. At Jackson, the Twenty-fourth Illinois had robbed a store, destroying and carrying off much property. The guilty individuals were undiscovered; so Grant assessed the loss—twelve hundred and forty-two dollars—upon the whole regiment, and summarily dismissed two captains from the service for willful neglect of duty. On another line, lawless soldiers burnt a church and dwellings, and even sacked the cabin of a poor woman, and brought away upon the points of their bayonets the clothing prepared for her unborn child. Details of these outrages were given in the correspondence of a Chicago newspaper. Grant, soon after, met its writer at head-quarters, and inviting him into his room, said, while hunting about the mantel-piece for a match to light his cigar:—

"Did you write this letter to the *Times?*"

"Yes."

"Well—sit down. I simply want to say that if you always stick as close to the truth as you have here, we shall never quarrel. The troops did behave shamefully. I have issued the most stringent orders, but subordinate commanders will not enforce them. If I could identify any man committing one of these outrages, my impulse would be to shoot him. I don't suppose I should, but I would punish him severely. I am as bitterly opposed to depredations as you, or any one else, can be."

Before the battle of Corinth, McPherson, very anxious to participate, had been sent to Rosecrans with a hastily-formed brigade. Though making a skillful and rapid march, he did not reach the field until the enemy was retreating. But Grant, knowing that several major-generalships would be conferred for that battle, and having the utmost faith in his friend's soldierly ability, asked that he might take the precedence. The President, on Halleck's recommendation, granted the request; so McPherson was now a major-general, his commission dating earlier than any of the others.

The generous and lovable young officer, in turn, wrote to Halleck, with whom he was a special favorite, urging that Grant be appointed a brigadier in the regular army, and

the general-in-chief replied that he would press his claims the moment a vacancy occurred. It is pleasant to record here that always after going to Washington—as if in atonement for his former ungraciousness—Halleck gave to Grant entire and hearty support, and worked earnestly and unremittingly for the good of the service.

Grant felt keenly the newspaper denunciation of which he had been the victim, but very seldom alluded to it. Once he said to a Cincinnati correspondent :—

"Your paper has made many false statements about me, and I presume will continue to do so. Go on in that way if you like, but it is hard treatment for a man trying to do his duty in the field. I am willing to be judged by my acts, but not to have them misrepresented or falsified."

At La Grange he remained for a month waiting repairs upon the railway on his front. The rebel forces he thought as strong as his own, but he telegraphed to Washington that he could "handle them without gloves."

This telegraphing led sometimes to serious results, and sometimes to ludicrous blunders. While Halleck commanded at Corinth, the wire to Memphis ran through the country of the rebels. They tapped it, and took off important messages about the number and disposition of troops. To prevent this, ciphers were resorted to and usually with success. One day Grant, explaining the system to an old classmate, C. S. Hamilton, whose head-quarters, two miles off, were connected with his by a wire, proposed that they should have a cipher of their own; and he prepared one at once.

A day or two later Hamilton telegraphed the result of a reconnoissance to him in the new cipher, and asked for further orders. During the night a long dispatch came in reply, which Hamilton got out of bed to read. For two hours he puzzled over it in vain, when he became suddenly conscious of being nearly frozen, as the weather was excessively cold, and he had nothing on but his night-shirt. He gave it up, telegraphed back to Grant that the dispatch was unintelligible, and asked for his mother-tongue. Grant in vain tried to decipher his own message, getting out of

bed for that purpose, and in turn he also became almost frozen over the perplexing conundrum. The next day it was discovered that one polysyllabled word of the cipher, divided at the end of a line, had been rendered as two words, making nonsense of the whole message.

It was now mid-winter. The summer and fall campaigns had been of service to Grant. His men, no longer demoralized by injurious reports, had full confidence in him. Under difficult circumstances he had protected his large department, and fought two of the most creditable battles of his life.

Still, neither the country nor the Government thoroughly appreciated him. Our dramatic people were slow to comprehend that a man who was called "common-place," and had no rhetoric to tickle their ears, could be one of the world's great generals. They were prone to think rather that, though possessing energy and patriotism, he had won great successes through great good fortune.

In a few minor points the career of our unpretending General resembled Napoleon's, who likewise began as a second-lieutenant, wore a rough coat and clumsy boots, was called "the Spartan" by his classmates, and "Father Thoughtful" by his soldiers, accepted every promotion as a matter of course, and had absolute confidence in his destiny to succeed. Grant had not run away from his first battle, like Frederic, nor was he corrupt, like Marlborough, nor boastful, like Alexander and Xerxes. He had given us almost every great success yet gained in the war. But he was unimaginative and unrhetorical, and Americans instinctively infer that these qualities come from stupidity. Once the impatient and vain John Adams pointed at Washington's portrait, exclaiming, "No one will ever know how often that old wooden head obtained credit for wisdom by simply holding his tongue when he had nothing to say."

Every school-boy could have named heroes and statesmen from Cato to Jefferson, who were not glib of tongue. But the lessons of history are unheeded until each generation learns them yet anew. So there were sharp trials and imminent perils yet in store for our General before the nation should comprehend his virtues or his genius.

Grant was now fairly in the cotton country. Cotton buyers swarmed in his department. He was bitterly opposed to them, as to everybody else trying to make money out of the misfortunes of the country. They demoralized the army. Cotton was worth a dollar a pound in the North, a price which brought large profits—particularly when the seller had stolen it to begin with. Speculators could pay liberally for expeditions into the rebel lines to bring out this crop. Some officers—chiefly volunteers, as regulars had soldierly ideas on this subject*—accumulated many thousands of dollars. They defended themselves, saying:—"Why should not we take this profit, who are periling our lives for the country, rather than speculators, who are here solely from mercenary considerations?"

Grant disapproved the whole system, and thought that all cotton should be confiscated by Government, or else that the profit on it should go to the producer, and not to the middle-men. He put all possible hinderances in the way of speculators, and would have kept them wholly out of the army if he could. Every officer whom he suspected of dabbling in cotton was looked upon with disapprobation, and the surest passport to his esteem was to be proof against cotton-buyers and trade-permits from Washington. When asked to name honest and discreet Union men, to sell goods to the inhabitants in his department for their immediate needs and at a fair price, he replied:—

"I will do no such thing. If I did, it would be charged in less than a week that I was a partner of every one of the persons trading under my authority."

When Betsey Trotwood asked what she should do with her nephew, David Copperfield, unexpectedly thrown upon her hands, the worthy Mr. Dick replied:—"Wash him." Grant dealt with the fugitives who swarmed to his camp in an equally practical way. Through the large region which his southward march had thrown into the Union lines, the

* At Nashville, in 1864, it was said that one general of the old army, though a poor man, refused an offer of a hundred thousand dollars, simply to load with cotton one of his empty trains as it returned from taking supplies to the front.

staple crop of the South was yet standing in the fields. He issued an order,* directing that the contrabands be properly cared for, organized, and

"Set to work picking, ginning, and baling the cotton now ungathered. * * * Suitable guards will be detailed to protect them from molestation. For further instructions, the officers in charge of these laborers will call at these head-quarters."

The rebel General Pemberton, commanding the region upon his front, was compelled to fall back by a Union cavalry raid, which crossed the Mississippi from Helena, Arkansas, and cut the railway in his rear. Grant, pursuing, had sharp skirmishing, in which several hundred prisoners were captured, and his cavalry drove the enemy to Grenada.

As our lines advanced southward the regulation of trade grew more perplexing. At Corinth,† Grant had issued an order prohibiting the carrying of coin south of Cairo or Columbus, except for Government purposes. It was at first countermanded by the Treasury Department. A few weeks later, however, that repentant authority not only confirmed it, but extended it over all the rebel territory which had fallen into our hands. To enforce it, and also to keep information from the enemy, as military movements of the utmost importance were beginning, Grant ordered that persons going south from Columbus and Memphis, should be satisfactorily vouched for and their persons searched.

At both places, traders were detected trying to get through with gold, and also to smuggle quinine, groceries, clothing, and boots and shoes. These offenders and most of the cotton-buyers were Jews. The department swarmed with them. The long dining-hall of the principal hotel at Memphis, looked at meal-times like a Feast of the Passover.

Head-quarters were at Oxford. Colonel Dubois, commanding at Holly Springs, twenty-five miles north, found these people so troublesome that he issued an order expel-

* November thirteenth. † August sixth.

ling "vagrants and Jews" from his district. When Grant received it he said:—

"This is manifestly unjust. We can not exclude any whole class, or any religious denomination as such."

Thereupon he countermanded the order. But a few days later* one of his relatives arrived, having first telegraphed him from Holly Springs, and secured passes to the front for himself and "a friend." The friend proved to be a cotton buyer of Israel. Grant was excessively angered, especially as that day's mail brought a batch of letters, some anonymous and others signed by the writers, which Halleck had referred to him, and which represented that Jew speculators had full sway in the department. Grant instantly issued this order:—

"The Jews, as a class, violating every regulation of trade established by the Treasury Department, also department orders, are hereby expelled from the department within twenty-four hours from the receipt of this order by post commanders. They will see that all this class of people are furnished with passes and required to leave, and any one returning after such notification will be arrested and held in confinement until an opportunity occurs of sending them out as prisoners, unless furnished with permits from these head-quarters. No passes will be given these people to visit head-quarters for the purpose of making personal application for trade-permits."

When he handed it to his adjutant-general for promulgation, that subordinate said:—

"You countermanded such an order two weeks ago."

"Well," he replied, "they can countermand this from Washington if they like, but we will issue it any how."

The purpose was not to expel Jews *residing* within our lines. Those, engaged in legitimate business were generally loyal and patriotic; many had helped the Union cause with their money, and some with their muskets. But the General determined to cut off the speculators and smugglers by a rule so stringent that it could not possibly be evaded, and to make exceptions of all individuals who could bring satisfactory proof that they were in any honest pursuit, and could be relied upon not to give aid and comfort to the

* December seventeenth.

enemy. The order was sent to Columbus and Corinth, but to no other posts.

So many representations of its injustice poured in that Grant was about to withdraw it, when the President countermanded it.

But it furnished northern peace democrats with a grievance. In Congress George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, introduced a resolution pronouncing it "illegal, unjust, and deserving the sternest condemnation," and declaring its execution "tyrannical and cruel." The House, however, made short work of it. Washburne said:—

"This resolution censures one of our best generals without a hearing, and I move that it be laid on the table."

This was done by a vote of sixty-three to fifty-six.

In the Senate, Powell, of Kentucky, a half-hearted Union man, introduced a similar resolution, with a preamble setting forth that loyal citizens of Paducah, including two who had served in the army, were expelled from their homes. Before it came up for consideration the President had countermanded the order, but Powell still pressed his resolution, insisting that though Grant was "a most brave and gallant soldier," the Senate ought to put its condemnation upon "this most atrocious, illegal, inhuman, and monstrous order." A long debate followed. Clark, of New Hampshire urged:—

"I do not believe it would be wise to condemn the brave General Grant unheard * * * when he and his soldiers are struggling in the field to put this rebellion down."

Wilson, of Massachusetts, added:—

"I dare say that the rules and regulations of the army were interfered with in General Grant's department by persons calling themselves Jews, who ought to have been excluded; but I think the order excluding a whole class of men is utterly indefensible. It was at once and promptly revoked by the commander-in-chief of the army, to the satisfaction of the whole people of the country, and there, it seems to me, the matter may rest."

And the Senate, thirty to seven, tabled the resolution.

CHAPTER XXIII.

VICKSBURG—SEVEN ATTEMPTS.

THE General looked with longing eyes at Vicksburg. It was the only point, except Port Hudson, two hundred and forty miles below, where the rebels now commanded the Mississippi; and, when it fell, Port Hudson would fall with it. As Sherman said, the possession of Vicksburg was the possession of America.

So long as the rebels held it they could keep a long section of the river free from our gun-boats, and secure open communication with the rich pasture lands of Texas. Fully alive to its vital importance, they had been strengthening its fortifications and increasing its garrison all summer.

I.—HOLLY SPRINGS.

Ever since the fall of Sumter, the Northwest had believed that when the Mississippi was opened the war would be ended. Grant, therefore, looked upon it both with the desire of a soldier and the enthusiasm of a Western man. His original purpose in this campaign had been to move down by land to the rear of Vicksburg, and compel its evacuation.

He still drew his supplies by rail from Columbus, Kentucky, two hundred miles in his rear; and the difficulty of keeping this long line open had already confirmed him in the soundness of an opinion he originally held, that the proper line of advance upon Vicksburg was by the Mississippi River. Determined to adopt it, first by a detachment, and if that failed, with his entire army, he had telegraphed Halleck*:—

"How far South would you like me to go? * * * With our present force it would not be prudent to go beyond Grenada, and to continue to hold our present line of communication."

* December third.

THE SEVEN CAMPAIGNS AGAINST VICKSBURG.

COLUMBUS, KENTUCKY, TO

	Miles.		Miles.
Jackson, Tenn	86	Holly Springs	158
La Grange	136	Oxford	187
Corinth, Miss.	143	Grenada	235

FROM VICKSBURG UP, BY RIVER.

	Miles.		Miles.
Young's Point, mouth of Yazoo	11	Memphis	410
Milliken's Bend	25	Cairo	660
Lake Providence	70	St. Louis	860
Moon Lake	320	St. Paul	1651

FROM VICKSBURG DOWN, BY RIVER.

	Miles.		Miles.
Warrenton	10	Rodney	83
New Carthage	35	Mouth of Red River	190
Hard Times, mouth of Big Black	50	Port Hudson	240
Grand Gulf	55	Baton Rouge	260
De Shroon's	58	New Orleans	390
Bruinsburg	70	Gulf of Mexico	490

FROM VICKSBURG, BY LAND.

	Miles.		Miles.
Port Gibson (southeast)	30	Champion's Hill	28
Hankinson's Ferry (south)	20	Bolton	28
Crossing of Big Black (east)	10	Clinton	35
Edwards Station	18	Jackson, Miss	45

Always willing to forego personal glory, after first obtaining permission from Halleck, he had instructed Sherman* to proceed with thirty thousand men, drawn from Memphis and Helena, and aided by the gun-boat fleet,

"to the reduction of Vicksburg, in such a manner as circumstances and your own judgment may dictate. * * * I will hold the forces here in readiness to co-operate with you in such a manner as the movements of the enemy may make necessary."

But while thus holding his forces and keeping garrisons at Columbus, Jackson (Tennessee), Bolivar, Corinth, Holly

* December eighth.

Springs, and other points along the line in his rear, he met with serious disaster. Colonel Dickey, sent from Oxford on a cavalry raid against the Mobile and Ohio Railway, returned one afternoon* and reported that he had effectually destroyed many miles of the road. He had torn up the track between several stations, burned such and such bridges and marched thus and thus.

Grant listened courteously, but with little seeming interest, until Dickey related, that near Pontotoc he had crossed the rear of a rebel column, variously reported by negroes at from five to fifteen thousand strong, and rapidly moving northward. At this the General's indifference instantly disappeared. Leaving the travel-stained colonel in the middle of a sentence, he sprang up, hurried to the telegraph office half a mile away, and, seating himself beside the operator, wrote sheet after sheet with exceeding rapidity, directing all commanders northward to call in their detachments which were out guarding bridges and railways, and to patrol roads, exercise the utmost vigilance, and hold their posts at whatever cost.

Colonel Murphy, of Wisconsin, commanding at Holly Springs, received these orders while at dinner. He acknowledged them, and gave directions to have them carried out—the next morning.

How often is the difference between this moment and tomorrow morning the difference between easy escape and irretrievable ruin! That very evening, Bowers, of Grant's staff, on special duty at Holly Springs, said to a friend:—

"I don't like the condition of things here. Murphy is utterly unfit to command. Every thing is at loose ends; and if the rebels were to come, they could easily capture us."

Bowers was making a tabular roll of the strength, supplies, and head-quarters of every command in Grant's department. After midnight he finished the document, placed it on his mantel, and went to bed.

Early next morning he was awakened by an altercation going on in front of his office. Stepping to the door in his

* December nineteenth.

drawers, he asked sharply of two men, apparently threatening the sentry:—

"What the devil are you interfering with that guard for?"

"Come out here, you Yankee — — — —, and we'll show you!"

The rebels held the town! Bowers sprang back, threw the precious roll upon the embers on his hearth, and returned to parley with the rebels, who now swarmed in his room—all the while waiting, waiting, waiting for the paper to burn. But the coals were almost dead. Hiding his intense anxiety, he kept up a lively conversation with his captors, until at last, thank Heaven! the paper flashed into a blaze. The confederates, now noticing it, tried to save it, but were too late.

Bowers was taken before Van Dorn, whom he found reading, from a captured letter-book, Grant's dispatches directing the battles of Iuka and Corinth. As Van Dorn had commanded the rebels in both, this literature interested him, and on leaving he carried the book away. He was killed a few months later, and it has never been recovered. Unfortunately there was no copy, so Grant's orders about one of his most brilliant campaigns are lost to history.

Van Dorn looked up from his book when Bowers was brought before him, and ordered the prisoner taken out and paroled. But the aide, confident that the enemy must soon give up the place and their captives, declined to take the obligation. Thereupon the officer who had him in charge threatened to take him away at the heels of his horse.

"Very well," said Bowers, "we can stand that kind of treatment to prisoners if you can. It is your turn to-day, but it will be ours to-morrow."

The captured garrison contained fifteen hundred men. Many refused to be paroled, and shortly, our forces approaching, the rebels fled and left them behind.

Bowers had edited a democratic paper, and was still "conservative," but various indignities which he saw offered to fellow-prisoners made him thenceforth a "radical."

The General, greatly pleased with his conduct, presented him with an elegant sword, bearing an inscription which betokened his approbation.

Holly Springs was Grant's secondary base of supplies, and a thousand bales of cotton, beside a million dollars' worth of ordnance, commissary, and medical stores, were destroyed. Never in his military career did he meet with any disaster which he took so much to heart, and he indignantly dismissed the weak and incapable Murphy from the service of the United States.

At all points south of Jackson, Tennessee, the rebel attacks were repulsed. But, between Jackson, and Columbus, Kentucky, Forrest's cavalry cut the railroad in many places, severing Grant's communications, not only with the North but with many portions of his own department.

He was two hundred miles in the enemy's country, and winter rains were setting in. The neighboring citizens were delighted at his misfortune, but their glee was short-lived. Military traditions required that he should surrender his army. But he was never a stickler for the proprieties, and now, as always, emergency brought out his wonderful resources. He subsisted his troops upon the grain and cattle of the rebel farmers for two weeks, until communication was re-opened. It was his first experience in living entirely upon the enemy—a resource of which he availed himself subsequently, with the happiest results.*

His army fell back to Holly Springs, and about Christmas started across the country toward Memphis. Cadwallader, correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, pressed ahead to get his dispatches about the disaster through to the North, in advance of all other information. Guerrillas frequently shot at, and finally captured him; but on learning his

* Grant has told me, when discussing this campaign, that had he known then, what he soon afterward learned, the possibility of subsisting an army of thirty thousand men without supplies other than those drawn from the enemy's country, he could at that time have pushed on to the rear of Vicksburg, and probably have succeeded in capturing the place. But no experience of former wars, nor of the war of the rebellion, warranted him in supposing that he could feed his army exclusively from the country.—*Badeau.*

vocation and what journal he served, they released him, not even taking his horse. So his reports were the earliest, and proved a tall feather for his cap.

II.—CHICKASAW BAYOU.

Sherman's attempt upon Vicksburg had been a disastrous failure. Neither he nor Grant expected it to succeed unless the latter could keep Pemberton's army in the interior while the former surprised Vicksburg. But Pemberton, with great celerity, led to Vicksburg the troops with whom he had been confronting Grant; while, by some inexplicable mystery, Sherman heard nothing of the capture of Holly Springs.

Nine days after the rebels occupied that place and cut Grant's communications, Sherman made an attack* at Chickasaw Bayou, a few miles up the Yazoo. Taking his command through a most difficult and swampy region,† he charged up the steep bluffs, feeling sure he could find a weak place somewhere in the long line. His troops behaved with the utmost gallantry; but they were repulsed with great slaughter, losing over eighteen hundred men—nine times more than the enemy. They buried their dead and carried off their wounded under a flag of truce.

This second disaster excited loud complaint throughout the North, and both generals were denounced as utterly unfit to be intrusted with the lives of soldiers. Grant, though grieved at the repulse, defended his subordinate.

"Was not Sherman to blame?" asked a friend.

"Not at all," was his prompt reply. "He did exactly what he was told to do, and no man could have done it better."

"He was badly defeated."

"True; but that was not his fault nor mine; it was one of the inevitable accidents of war."

McClernand, an old Illinois politician, and a personal

* December twenty-ninth.

† "Agreeably (to alligators) diversified by swamps, sloughs, lagoons, and bayous—a mire upon quicksands."—*Greeley's American Conflict.*

friend of Lincoln, declared himself "tired of furnishing brains for the Army of the Tennessee," and induced the amiable President, against Halleck's earnest protest, to give him charge of an independent expedition against Vicksburg. He arrived at Young's Point just after Sherman's repulse, and that patriotic soldier promptly turned over the command to him.

Grant had no confidence in McClernand, and would fain have given Sherman a chance to retrieve his injured reputation; but the seniority of McClernand rendered it impossible. So Grant, who ranked every other general in the West, went to Young's Point, assumed command in person*, and put the protesting McClernand at the head of the Twelfth Corps.

Our General at length commanded resources practically unlimited for the capture of Vicksburg. His expedition consisted of fifty thousand men, encamped at Young's Point and at Milliken's Bend; and Admiral Porter's co-operating fleet of sixty steam-vessels, carrying eight hundred men and two hundred and eighty guns.

For several hundred miles above the mouth of the Mississippi the cotton and sugar plantations and their buildings are lower than the surface of the river, which is only kept in its bed by levees on each bank from four to ten feet wide and from ten to fifteen high. Our forces were encamped upon the levee, on the west side. Head-quarters were on the *Magnolia;* and the quartermaster and commissary officers also occupied steamers.

Small-pox prevailed, and at one time a third of the army was on the sick-list. The season had been so unusually wet that there was no dry land except upon the levee, and that was full of graves. The road for supplies ran along at the water's edge, and the river, steadily rising, encroached more and more upon these resting-places of the sleepers. Wagon-wheels would sometimes cut off the end of a coffin, or throw it altogether out of its shallow bed—a ghastly spectacle.

The empty coffin of a small-pox patient, whose body had

* January thirtieth.

been sent north, was found by a head-quarters negro, and he not knowing its original use, and apparently unacquainted with such a luxury for the dead, made his bed in it for several nights, to the horror of the staff when they learned of it. The unfastidious African never recovered his popularity after bringing the walls of that undesirable bed-chamber betwixt the wind and his nobility.

How should Vicksburg be taken? Its front was very strongly defended, so the first step must be to effect a lodgment in the rear. This might be done (1), by going up the Yazoo, and marching behind the city from the north; or, (2), by going down the Mississippi, and coming up from the south.

And the two ways had their two difficulties. To ascend the Yazoo, Haine's Bluff, ten miles from the mouth, and thoroughly fortified, must be captured or turned. To go down the Mississippi, the formidable batteries of the main stronghold must be passed.

Three months were spent in endeavors to get behind the town. These attempts shall be described separately, though two or three of them were being made simultaneously.

III.—Williams' Canal, or Cut-off.

Vicksburg is at the extreme point or toe of a long, narrow peninsula, shaped like a foot, around which the Mississippi bends. It was proposed to cut a canal across the land at the heel of this foot, with sufficient depth of water for steamers to run through it to the river below, passing three miles and a half west of the Vicksburg batteries, and just out of range.

The plan seemed feasible. The crooked lower Mississippi frequently breaks its banks, and makes a cut-off of ten or twenty miles across the country, quite abandoning the old bed. Was Nature a better engineer than West Point could turn out? Were not her forces, directed by skilled human intelligence, stronger than her forces acting blindly?

General Williams, coming up from New Orleans, had already begun this cut-off, ten feet wide and six deep, which

was to be scooped out by the entering current into a new bed for the river, leaving Vicksburg high and dry three miles and a half from everywhere.

President Lincoln believed in it. The Father of Waters, however, did not, for he only sent a tantalizing rill trickling through the ditch. The engineers had not hit upon the proper relation of angles between the canal and the stream.

On Grant's arrival, he visited the ditch with his staff. The aides laughed at it, the older engineers significantly shrugged their shoulders, and the General reported to Halleck that it was not likely to succeed. But work kept the soldiers out of mischief, and no possibility must be neglected. So four thousand men were employed to enlarge it, and cut a new mouth to catch the current at the right angle.

It did "catch it." The waters rose rapidly until* they burst through the dam at the upper end, filled the canal so that no further work could be done upon it, overflowed the peninsula, drowned many horses, and swept away tools and tents, the men saving their lives with difficulty. Attempts to repair the dam were fruitless, and the "big ditch" was abandoned, to the great relief of the rebels.

IV.—LAKE PROVIDENCE.

On the west, or Louisiana, side of the Mississippi, seventy miles above Vicksburg, is Lake Providence, six miles long. South of it, for six hundred miles to the Gulf, stretches a labyrinthine net-work of little bayous or creeks, which have been the beds of large streams in times past, and in that shifting alluvium frequently become so again. The lake itself is but a fragment of the old bed of the Great River.

From its west end the bayous communicate with headwaters of the Red River. If a channel were cut one mile from the Mississippi to the lake, could not steamers pass down the Red, and thence into the Mississippi two hundred miles below Vicksburg? This would enable troops to come up and attack the town from the south. The gaining of twenty miles down the river would involve seven hundred

* March eighth.

miles of roundabout navigation, but steamboat transportation was cheap, and the prize tempting.

The canal was cut and boats passed into Lake Providence. Lo! the bayous below were choked with obstinate cypresses. For two weeks McPherson's men toiled like beavers, but were unable to open them far, though little steamers did thread them for a short distance.

The rebels feared that the whole river might be turned into the Red, and thence into the Atchafalaya, opening a new channel to the Gulf, and leaving Vicksburg, Natchez, Baton Rouge, and New Orleans, insignificant inland towns. But Grant never had much faith in the project, which proved a dead failure.*

V.—YAZOO PASS.

Three hundred and twenty miles above Vicksburg, and a few miles east of the Mississippi—with which a tortuous channel connects it—is Moon Lake, also a former bed of the river. A bayou leads from it into the Coldwater, and thence into the Tallahatchee, which empties into the Yazoo. Could this channel be opened our boats might reach the Yazoo, and go down that river to establish a base above Haine's Bluff, from which Vicksburg could be taken in the rear.

This route seemed to Grant more feasible than any of the others, for in former years, trading boats from the Mississippi had frequently navigated the lake and bayous, which were therefore named "the Yazoo Pass."

The levee was cut and steamers passed into Moon Lake.† Thence to the Coldwater fifteen miles, the bayou required clearing out. This would have been easy had a force gone forward instantly to take possession of its eastern end. But that precaution was neglected, and the vigilant rebels, impressing hundreds of negroes into the service, instantly began to fill its bed with enormous trees.

The stream proved as crooked as a worm fence, and the region impenetrable as an Indian jungle or the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. Constant rains flooded the country,

* March twenty-seventh. † February fourth.

but the Union soldiers worked cheerily in water up to their necks, clearing out obstructions which the rebels a mile or two in advance were putting in with equal zeal.

Finally the channel was opened, and after a vexatious delay in procuring light transports and gun-boats, General Ross with forty-five hundred men reached the Coldwater. Thence through dense forests the expedition moved cautiously down the river for two hundred and fifty miles, protected from guerrillas by floods which inundated the country for miles from the shore. In ten days it reached the Tallahatchee.

So far so good. At last the way seemed clear, and Grant gave orders for forwarding his whole army. But while it was delayed for steamers of draft light enough to navigate the shallow waters, the rebels improved the precious minutes in strengthening Fort Pemberton, where the Tallahatchie and the Yallabusha unite to form the Yazoo. This work had only two guns, but they commanded both rivers completely. The ground on its entire front was under water, and the post utterly unapproachable for infantry. Fort Pemberton must be captured by the navy or not at all.

Our gun-boats bombarded it* until one was disabled, and six men were killed and twenty-five wounded, without any perceptible effect upon the enemy. The case appeared hopeless, and the fleet withdrew.

Had the attack continued but one hour longer the post would have surrendered, as the rebels were almost out of ammunition. But it was a fortunate failure, for success would have insured only the evacuation of Vicksburg, not the destruction of Pemberton's army.

VI.—STEELE'S BAYOU.

Meanwhile, the sleepless foe, over his interior line from Vicksburg, threw heavy re-enforcements toward Fort Pemberton, until Grant had grave apprehensions that Ross's force would be cut off among those dense forests and intricate bayous.

* March eleventh and thirteenth.

He adopted another plan, with the twofold purpose of making a diversion to assure the escape of Ross, and—the end his steady eye never lost sight of—reaching the rear of Vicksburg. Seven miles up the Yazoo, and just below Haine's Bluff, is the mouth of Steele's Bayou, which, connecting with Black Bayou and Deer Creek, forms part of a continuous route into the Sunflower. Could our iron-clads and transports reach the latter, they might float down to the Yazoo, cutting off re-enforcements for Fort Pemberton, permitting Ross to fall back or advance at pleasure, and getting behind the much-coveted city. By this route the whole distance would be but one hundred and fifty miles.

Admiral Porter, supported by Sherman, starting up Steele's Bayou with little steamers and gun-boats, found it almost impossible to penetrate through the drift-wood and overhanging trees. Low branches overhead tore off chimneys, guards, and pilot-houses, and growing cypresses and willows obstructed the bed of the stream. The men toiled as if their salvation depended upon it, sawing off stumps under water, and pulling up trees by the roots.

But the rebels repeated their old game, felling trees and filling up the bed of the stream with bricks. Deer Creek is very narrow. Overlapping branches formed a complete roof above the steamers, while on both sides parts of trunks had to be sawed off to let them squeeze through. From the guards of transports one could step directly ashore, and the gun-boats had to be worked around sharp bends by hand.

The confederates not only harassed the expedition with musketry, artillery, and fallen trees on Porter's front, but also began to fell trees in his rear, making it as impossible to return as to go forward. Sherman's infantry, however, came up and drove them away, and the boats backed slowly down, there being no room to turn. This expedition also was a failure.

Cadwallader, the vigilant, did not wait for the steamers, but induced two negroes to steal a skiff, upon which the three floated seventy-five miles down the river through the enemy's country, enabling the journalist to get off his dispatches two days in advance of all rivals.

Grant returned to Milliken's Bend* keenly disappointed at the failure of the Yazoo Pass and Steele Bayou movements. These attempts had proved the wonderful vigilance of the rebels. Whenever he penetrated into their remotest swamps and forests, he was sure to find them at the vital point, offering vigorous and effective resistance. They showed how earnestness can make an idle, uninventive, unenterprizing people watchful, ingenious, and tireless.

VII.—Milliken's Bend and New Carthage Cut-off.

Bayous connect New Carthage—thirty-five miles below Vicksburg—with Milliken's Bend, twenty-five miles above. Grant had now determined in some way to throw his force below, and cross the Mississippi.

He cut a short canal, cleared out the bayous with dredging machines, and marched his advance to New Carthage.† The entire army was about to follow, when a rise in the river broke through the levee, deluged the country, and left New Carthage an island. But our troops, accustomed to every sort of obstacle, laid four bridges, two of them six hundred feet long, across the waters, for infantry to march upon; and one steamer had already passed through the bayous and canal, when the erratic river suddenly fell again, and quite destroyed the value of this cut-off.

So ended the seventh attempt. Had any one of them succeeded, the world would have called it sagacious and dazzling; but now exultant Southern rebels and carping Northern peace men declared them all impracticable, and worthy only of an incompetent and drunken general.

Again the country grew clamorous. Strenuous efforts were made to induce the President to remove Grant, and the newspapers named half a dozen successors for him. But, though sorely impatient at heart, he replied:—

"No, I rather like the man, and I think I will try him a little longer."

Was ever trust more deserved? Was ever patience more wise?

* March twenty-seventh. † April sixth.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ALL OR NOTHING.

ADJUTANT-GENERAL LORENZO THOMAS now came from Washington to organize negro regiments. Grant had already paved the way for this, in obedience to the President's wish that commanders should help remove the prejudices of our white troops against them. He had issued an order* adding three hundred contrabands to the pioneer corps of each division. They were paid ten dollars a month, with the same rations and clothing as enlisted men, and were "used for the purpose of saving every soldier, as far as possible, for the ranks."

The plan had worked to a charm. The blacks proved unexpectedly faithful, zealous, and tractable; the whites, already quite willing to arm them with the spade, were losing their old antipathy against arming them with the musket.

Thomas enlisted all these pioneers in his negro regiments except those of the vehement Logan, who swore that he would not give his up—and did not. Grant did nothing in a half-hearted way, but entered zealously into the movement, and reported to Halleck:—†

"At least three of my corps commanders take hold of the new policy of arming the negroes, and using them against the enemy, with a will. They at least are so much of soldiers as to feel themselves under obligations to carry out a policy which they would not inaugurate, in the same good faith and with the same zeal as if it were of their own choosing. *You may rely on my carrying out any policy ordered by proper authority to the best of my ability.*"

The General, conscious that he might be removed any day, was also thoroughly confident of ultimate success if "let alone." He wrote to his father:—"The Government asks a good deal of me, but not more than I feel fully able to perform."

* March seventh. † April nineteenth.

A friend calling one evening, found Grant alone in his office, the ladies' cabin of the *Magnolia*. He said:—

"The problem is a difficult one, but I shall certainly solve it. Vicksburg can be taken. I shall give my days and nights to it, and shall surely take it."

He made the remark with peculiar earnestness, and in his half-abstracted way, as if answering impatient criticisms or his own misgivings, rather than those of his visitor. But his doubts were never traitors to make him lose the good he else might win by fearing to attempt.

At this period a letter-writer thus pictured him:—

"Grant is more approachable and liable to interruption than a merchant would allow himself to be in his store. Citizens come in, introduce themselves, and say, as I heard one man:—'I have no business with you, General, but just wanted to have a little talk with you, because folks at home will ask me if I did.' He is one of the most engaging men I ever saw—quiet, gentle, extremely, even uncomfortably modest; but confiding, and of an exceedingly kind disposition. He gives the impression of a man of strong will and capacity underlying these feminine traits."

Hurlbut commanding the district of Memphis, through which mails passed to the army, had forbidden the Chicago *Times* to be brought into it, and thus the paper was kept out of our camps. The *Times* was nearer being an out-and-out rebel advocate than any other Northern journal published outside of New York. But Illinois democratic soldiers who had no sympathy with its extreme views, desired to read it.

Grant, though bitterly hostile to that class of journals, countermanded Hurlbut's order, on the grounds that any paper which the War Department tolerated in the North should also be allowed to circulate in the army; and that even if to be suppressed, it must be done by department, and not district commanders.

Notwithstanding the depression caused by the imminent danger of their chief's removal, there was merriment enough among the staff. Logan, Steele, and several other generals visited head-quarters one night, and remained until it grew late. Grant urged them to stay, but Steele only accepted.

Colonel Riggin was absent, and when bedtime came, Grant conducted Steele to Riggin's state-room, expecting to offer him choicest quarters, for the aide was of fastidious and luxurious tastes. The host opened the door, saying:—

"You will sleep here, Steele."

But there, ensconced between Riggin's fine white sheets, lay his huge, black, not over-clean, body-servant! This was too much for an equanimity which had proved equal to sorest trials. The angry General stirred up the darky, and peremptorily ordered him to leave the boat and never to return. Next morning the order was not enforced, but one aide, at least, enjoyed his chief's vexation quite as much as, a year earlier, the chief had enjoyed the clipping of the tail of Rawlins's war-horse.

A lady connected with the Sanitary Commission, who spent much time at the front during these months, writes:—

"At a celebration on the twenty-second of February, while all around were drinking toasts in sparkling champagne, I saw Grant push aside a glass of wine, and, taking up a glass of Mississippi water, with the remark, 'This suits the matter in hand,' drink to the toast, 'God gave us Lincoln and Liberty; let us fight for both.'

* * * "On board the head-quarters boat at Milliken's Bend, a lively gathering of officers and ladies had assembled. Cards and music were the order of the evening. Grant sat in the ladies' cabin, leaning upon a table covered with innumerable maps and routes to Vicksburg, wholly absorbed in contemplation of the great work before him. He paid no attention to what was going on around, neither did any one dare to interrupt him. For hours he sat thus, until the loved and lamented McPherson stepped up to him with a glass of liquor in his hand, and said, 'General, this won't do; you are injuring yourself; join with us in a few toasts, and throw this burden off your mind.' Looking up and smiling, he replied: 'Mac, you know your whisky won't help me to think; give me a dozen of the best cigars you can find, and, if the ladies will excuse me for smoking, I think by the time I have finished them I shall have this job pretty nearly planned.' Thus he sat; and when the company retired we left him there, still smoking and thinking."

The repeated disappointments of the past only stimulated him to a new endeavor. No previous project had seemed so impracticable, none had been so daring. It was in the old heroic spirit:—

"He either fears his fate too much
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all."

He staked every thing upon it; and relenting Fortune, tired of battling against one whom no disappointment could check, crowned it with her approving smiles.

It was no sudden inspiration. For months the General had thought of it as a last resort. When he and the staff, three months earlier, first visited the Williams Cut-off, Rawlins, after contemplating the tiny rill which trickled through it, exclaimed:—

"What's the use of a canal unless it can be dug at least fifty feet deeper? This ditch will never wash out large enough in all the ages to admit our steamboats."

Two days later, at head-quarters, when several generals and engineers were considering plans, the staff officer again remarked:—

"Wilson and I have a project of our own, for taking Vicksburg."

"What is it?" asked Sherman.

"Why, not to dig a ditch, but to use the great one already dug by Nature—the Mississippi River; protect our transports with cotton-bales, run them by the batteries at night, and march the men down the Louisiana shore, ready to be ferried across."

"What!" replied Sherman; "these boats? these transports? these mere shells? They wouldn't live a minute in the face of the enemy's guns."

Grant, though listening intently, said never a word. But, subsequently, while the expeditions already described were going on, the plan was often discussed. Some river-men insisted that running the batteries was feasible, even for the frail transports. The General asked many practical questions, but kept his thoughts to himself.

Porter, who commanded the co-operating naval force, gave to every movement his enthusiastic support. He is the son of Commodore David Porter, who died in 1843, after the most brilliant naval career in American history, and he

inherits in full his father's professional skill and indomitable bravery. Our great conflict developed no other marked instance of hereditary military or naval capacity on either side, except in the case of Robert E. Lee. How rarely is any shining gift transmitted to the next generation! "Helen's daughter shall not be more fair, nor Solomon's son more wise." Leveling Nature makes the poet's heir a commissioner of statistics, the flat-boatman's boy a statesman, and the statesman's—a simpleton.

Before the tragedy of the campaign, Porter diverted the army with a little comedy. He rigged up an old coal barge into the semblance of a steam monitor, with smoke-stack made of pork barrels and furnaces of mud. One dark night she was towed within two miles of the Vicksburg batteries, and then left to float. The rebels opened on her with their heavy guns, and one of their rams fled in wild alarm at her approach. Our powerful iron-clad *Indianola*, after running their batteries successfully, had lately been captured by them, and was now tied up for repairs at Warrenton. To prevent her from being retaken by this direful monster, they blew her up. Next morning, discovering how effectually a worn-out scow had avenged their wooden guns at Manassas, their disgust and rage knew no bounds.

Already Ellet's little wooden ram, *Queen of the West*, had run the gantlet. One morning, just as the rising sun was driving the darkness before it down the river, the *Queen*, with no sign of life on board except the columns of black smoke that rolled from her chimneys, steamed silently toward Vicksburg. The moment she approached within range the upper batteries opened on her, but, though one hundred guns were almost instantly directed against her from every point of defense, only four shots struck her before she was opposite the town.

There she suddenly turned toward the rebel gun-boat *City of Vicksburg*, which was tied up at the bank. The enemy's artillerists and infantry, thinking her disabled and about to surrender, sent up a tremendous shout. But, to their consternation, she dashed right into their iron-clad, damaging it severely, and firing shots from all her guns.

The cotton bales protecting her boiler now took fire and a dozen shots penetrated her, but she got out of range with little injury, and afterward played havoc with rebel transports and supplies on Red River and the lower Mississippi. She was finally stranded and captured, but not until her captain and three enterprising journalists had succeeded in escaping. After Ellet's gallant feat, the river-men about head-quarters were wont to say:—

"Any of these boats could run by just as well as the *Queen*."

Still, Grant pondered and asked questions, mentally sticking a pin in the two facts, that fragile steamers could pass the batteries on the front of Vicksburg, and that a large army could subsist upon the country in its rear.

He was evolving a plan in which, though listening courteously to suggestions from many, he asked counsel of none. After maturing it, he heard patiently the adverse arguments of his most trusted lieutenant, but they did not swerve him a hair's breadth. Sherman, seeing only ruin in the new method, and firmly believing that Vicksburg should be attacked in the rear by an army marching overland from Memphis, said:—

"Of course, I shall give the movement my heartiest support, but I feel it my duty to protest in writing."

"Very well," replied the General, "send along your protest."

Next day,* Sherman addressed Rawlins, the adjutant-general, earnestly suggesting that Grant call on his corps commanders—McClernand, McPherson, and himself—for their opinions, and adding:—

"Unless this be done, there are men who will, in any result falling below the popular standard, claim that their advice was unheeded, and that fatal consequences resulted therefrom. * * * I make these suggestions with the request that General Grant simply read them, and give them, as I know he will, a share of his thoughts. I would prefer he should not answer, but merely give them as much or as little weight as they deserve. * * * Whatever plan of action he may adopt, will receive from me the same zealous co-operation and energetic support as though conceived by myself."

April eighth.

Grant read Sherman's letter, and, without a word to anybody, put it in his pocket. Months later, after Vicksburg was captured, happening to find it one day, he handed it back to its author, remarking:—

"By the way, Sherman, here is something which will interest you."

Other trusted subordinates earnestly opposed the plan, but the captious McClernand, the sanguine McPherson, the energetic Logan, and the clear-headed Rawlins, gave it hearty support.

After marching his army down the west bank below Vicksburg, Grant would need there (1) gun-boats to capture the batteries on the east bank, (2) supplies to feed his men, and (3) steamers to ferry them across the river.

The troops reached New Carthage. Transports—their boilers protected by hay and cotton-bales—loaded with rations and forage, and towing barges which also carried supplies, were sent by night past the batteries, under cover of Porter's iron-clads.

The officers and crews of all the transports but two, working only on wages, and not sworn into the service, declined so hazardous an enterprize. But volunteers were not wanting; when were they in our conflict, however foolhardy the venture? Ten times as many offered as were needed, and to those who were so fortunate as to be selected, others offered ten dollars for the privilege of risking their lives in this midnight gantlet.

President Lincoln once asserted that there was probably no regiment in the Union armies which did not contain men capable of carrying on successfully all the departments of our Government—executive, legislative, judicial. Every regiment, at least, had inventors and artisans who could do any thing, and Grant now found in his ranks pilots, engineers, and captains, thoroughly familiar with steamers and machinery, and the river's channel.

On a dark night,* the first expedition started to run the

* April sixteenth.

rebel batteries. Before midnight, Porter's flag-ship, the *Benton*, which led the fleet, was discovered by the enemy. Instantly an alarm-rocket shot up, the guns opened, and for miles up and down the river, the Mississippi bank was ablaze. Our iron-clads promptly replied with their heaviest guns, while the transports, hugging the Louisiana shore, ran by as fast as possible.

The rebels burned houses, making the night as light as day. Again and again the transports were struck. The *Henry Clay* was fired by an exploding shell; but her crew took to their yawls and were saved. Through the other fragile steamers, whose sides were like pasteboard, shots crashed and tore, but the men stood gallantly at their posts, and two hours and a half after Porter drew the first fire, the last vessel passed out of range.

On the gun-boats not a man was killed, and only eight were wounded. On the steamers and barges nobody was even hit. Before daylight the entire fleet, save the ill-fated *Henry Clay*, was received at New Carthage by Grant's infantry with shouts of delight.

To the soldiers who had run the steamers on this daring race, the General promptly gave furloughs for forty days, and transportation to and from home.

A second midnight expedition of six transports and twelve barges passed the batteries six days later, with the loss of one steamer and six barges sunk, one man killed and half a dozen wounded.

The people of the East, knowing about as much of the geography of the region of Grant's meanderings as they did of Japan, were utterly bewildered by the fragmentary and "mixed-up" newspaper telegrams about Lake Providence, Moon Lake, Steele's Bayou, Williams' Cut-off, the Yazoo, the Yallabusha, the Tallahatchie, and the Atchafalaya. They only knew that months dragged wearily by; that there had been disaster at Holly Springs, and bloody repulse at Chickasaw Bayou; that several later attempts had failed; that the soldiers were reported dying from disease, and that the country was heart-sick for victory. Our General, alternately the public idol and the public scape-

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goat, was still in deep disfavor. His canal and bayou projects were mercilessly ridiculed. The ever-convenient charges of drunkenness were revived. When one persistent grumbler demanded his removal, President Lincoln asked:—

"For what reason?"

"Because he drinks so much whisky."

"Ah! yes;" (thoughtfully) "by the way can you tell me where he gets his whisky? He has given us about all our successes, and if his whisky does it, I should like to send a barrel of the same brand to every general in the field."*

Grant never wasted energy. When there was nothing important to do, he appeared indolent. To subordinates he merely said, "Do this," leaving them to obey in their own manner. But now, no details were too minute for him, no trouble too great. While so ill from boils that he could hardly sit in the saddle, he rode forty miles one sweltering day, to give oral instructions to McClernand at New Carthage.

On the east bank, the few points where good roads leave the river, were all defended by heavy guns. How could he gain a foot-hold? He determined to capture Grand Gulf, a bold promontory, below Vicksburg. Porter was to silence the batteries, then infantry were to storm the works.

Ten thousand of McClernand's men being embarked on transports and barges ready for landing, Porter, with seven iron-clads and a wooden gun-boat, started on the morning of April twenty-ninth, leading personally with his flag-ship.

At the appointed moment, eight o'clock, he fired his first gun. With equal promptitude the enemy replied, and for five hours battle raged, the gun-boats running round in a circle,

* On a very few occasions after re-entering the service, the General was perceptibly under the influence of liquor—solely from his extreme susceptibility to it; for ordinarily he did not touch it; and during the entire conflict he probably consumed less than any other officer who tasted it at all. He was never under its sway to the direct or indirect detriment of the service for a single moment. And his development was as unique in this as in any other respect. He exhibited the remarkable spectacle of a man in middle life, steadily gaining in self-control till apropensity once too strong was absolutely mastered.

and pouring in their broadsides successively, at pistol-shot distance from the rebel cannon at the water's edge.

The effort was useless. Porter easily silenced the lower or water batteries, but the works upon Grand Gulf proper were so high that he could make no impression. He did not disable a single gun. Every vessel of his fleet was frequently struck—one fifty times—and his loss was eighteen killed and fifty-six wounded. His flag-ship turned sullenly up the river, and the other iron-clads dropped below.

The *Benton* was badly cut up; strips of her iron armor were torn off, her deck was covered with splinters and red with blood, and her cabin full of dead and wounded.

Grant, who had watched the fight from a little tug, now boarded the admiral's vessel with his staff, and Washburne, who had come down on his invitation to accompany the movement. Porter said:—

"It's of no use, General. The thing has failed. It's impossible to take that battery with our boats."

With that quickness of resource which is Grant's great strength, he had a second plan ready the moment the first failed. He answered:—

"Very well. You may attack again after dark to-night. Under the noise of your firing, the transports can run by. I will march the soldiers down opposite Rodney, or to some other convenient point where we can cross and take Grand Gulf in the rear."

Half an hour after Porter had fired his last gun, a steamer ran her plank out to land the first detachment of troops at Hard Times, on the Louisiana side, above Grand Gulf.

Hard Times, so called from its forlorn appearance, was only a cluster of tumble-down cabins. Not a white person was left, but twenty or thirty delighted negroes welcomed the troops. The first man to step ashore was Colonel Slack, of an Indiana regiment—a boisterous, good fellow but a life-long democrat, known to nearly all the army for his violent antipathy to negroes and abolitionists. Nevertheless, Slack was thoroughly devoted to the flag he fought for. As he set foot on shore, a bouncing negress, with her head wrapped in a flaming kerchief, seized his hand with both her

"BRESS DE LORD!" Page 305.

own, and shook it long and vigorously in hearty welcome, while she shouted :—

"Bress de Lord! Bress de Lord!"

The troops from a dozen transports witnessed the colonel's novel and rather embarrassing situation, and cheered and yelled with delight. Slack, looking extremely sheepish, accepted his blushing honors as gracefully as he could, and I never heard of his denouncing negroes afterward.

Grant ordered the troops to march down the levee to De Shroon's, also on the west bank, and three miles below Grand Gulf. He remained at Hard Times to superintend the debarkation, while Washburne, who had borrowed a horse from some negroes, rode on ahead. De Shroon's Landing had one pleasant balconied white house, shaded by glossy magnolias. It belonged to a French planter, who had decamped with all his slaves, except one gray-haired, tottering negro and his wife. Washburne, who found the old couple in their little cabin back of the house, was the first Yankee they had ever seen, and they plied him with endless questions about the North, "Mass'r Linkum's troops," and "Mass'r Linkum's flag."

> "The Congressman, once on his talking legs,
> Stirs up his knowledge to its thickest dregs;"

but this one, instead of drawing upon his own lore, cheered their faithful hearts by good tidings about the war. In the midst of their earnest inquiries, Grant's advance came in sight,—a long line of blue, crowned with gleaming muskets, and bearing the Starry Flag. The old negress threw up her hands, and jumped up and down, shouting, while tears streamed down her wrinkled cheeks :—

"Dar come Mass'r Linkum's sogers! Dar comes Mass'r Linkum's flag. My God! I neber spected to lib to see dat!"

Grant ordered explorations on the eastern shore, sending out a lieutenant to find somebody who could give minute information. In the course of the night the officer returned, bringing an intelligent mulatto—a native of the vicinity—who had been that day in the confederate camp at Grand Gulf selling home-made beer. He said that at Bruinsburg,

six miles below, on the east bank, there was a capital landing, and thence to Port Gibson—toward the rear of Grand Gulf and Vicksburg—an excellent road obstructed by no swamps.

This corroborated previous information; and he seemed so clear-headed and truthful, that Grant and Porter steamed down to Bruinsburg, where they found a good landing and a capital thoroughfare. There the General determined to land, instead of going to Rodney, fifteen miles below.

That night, under cover of a fierce artillery attack from Porter, our transports, one by one, ran the Grand Gulf batteries. The troops, who were bivouacked in the broad, fair fields back of De Shroon's house, could hear the cannonade, and anxiously waited the issue. When the first steamer came in sight, those nearest the river greeted her with a ringing cheer, which was carried back through all the lines. Each succeeding vessel was received with shouts, till all had arrived in safety.

The beginning was auspicious; but it was of the utmost importance that Grant should cross to the east bank of the Mississippi before the enemy comprehended his movement. Early next morning,* therefore, his troops embarked in the lightest marching order, and supplied with only three days' rations. The gun-boats of the zealous Porter assisted the transports in ferrying them over.

Villages are few in that region, and Bruinsburg was only a landing at another deserted plantation. The General, the first man to step ashore, was welcomed by an aged negro with wide, wondering eyes, and his "heart in his voice," who confirmed the statement that the road to Port Gibson was high, dry, and good. So the advance marched forward a few miles and encamped, while the troops still arriving bivouacked at the landing for the rest of the day.

Rhetoric followed the flag. On that pleasant summer night the army formed around a hollow square, while Washburne, Logan, Governor Yates, and others, standing upon a cart, regaled it with patriotic eloquence.

* April thirtieth.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

EIGHT miles out McClernand, who had the advance, encountered the enemy about midnight. Skirmishing was kept up until dawn,* when it developed into a battle. Grant hearing the guns, directed Hillyer:—

"Remain here at the landing and superintend the crossing of the rest of the troops, issuing in my name whatever orders you may find necessary. When all have got over, come to my head-quarters."

"Where will they be? Shall you go on to Jackson, or move immediately across the Big Black and then turn toward Vicksburg?"

"Well, I don't exactly know till I've consulted Pemberton!"

Grant, stripping his army for the race, had required the men to leave behind every possible ounce of weight, except their clothing, arms, and ammunition, and would not even permit general officers to take a horse or a tent, lest they should retard the crossing. He was not one of those ungracious leaders who show "the steep and thorny way," but tread themselves "the primrose path of dalliance." He took no horse, tent, orderly, valise, or change of clothing. A brier-wood pipe, a pouch of tobacco, and a tooth-brush, formed the sum total of his personal baggage. Now he had to borrow a steed to carry him to the front.

His eighteen thousand men were greatly embarrassed by the rising sun, which glared pitilessly in their faces, but he wrote back to McPherson:—"We are whipping them beautifully; hurry up the troops."

The rebels, numbering eleven thousand, obstinately contested their wooded, rough, and admirably defensible

* May first.

ground. Grant was everywhere on the front, directing subordinates and pushing in divisions. Thoroughly absorbed by the battle, he quite forgot himself. While sitting upon his horse beside Yates, the shells and bullets flew so thick that a regiment close by was ordered into a ravine for shelter. Still the General, smoking his pipe and intently watching a charge, never budged, but said, jocosely :—

"Governor, it's too late to dodge after the ball has passed."

Soon after, to the relief of the staff, he remarked :—

"Now we will go and order Logan up."

At noon, on our right and center, the rebels were thoroughly whipped ; but on the left, seven hours of hard fighting had failed to dislodge them from a little valley, which completely hid them from view. Grant, therefore, ordered a new movement, led by the gallant McPherson.

In repose, this favorite young officer was homely in face and figure, but now, with his plain features lighted up and his tall form erect, he looked the very ideal of a military hero. He dashed away at the head of his staff on his splendid black charger, touching his hat smilingly to a friend while they passed under fire, and remarking :—

"You'll hear from us shortly. We are going to take those fellows in the rear."

The General returned to his temporary head-quarters, an old plantation house, where the wounded and surgeons already thronged every room and both porches. He wished to send an order to McClernand, but he had no aide, no secretary, no pen, ink, or paper. Washburne, however, fished up a pencil from his pocket, and tore off the blank sheet of a letter, and Grant, sitting upon a log, began to write, using his slouched hat for a desk, when a tremendous yell was heard on the front.

Grant.—"That's Mac and his men. They are routing the rebels out of that ravine."

Washburne.—"Then it's a good time to go and look at them."

They borrowed a pair of broken-down wagon horses,

with rope bridles, from two wandering "We-uns," natives of the neighborhood, who had come out to see the show, and jogged forward. McPherson reached the rebel rear undiscovered, and the enemy, utterly routed, had now fallen back. Five or six hundred Gray-coats, captured after a breathless race, were huddled together under guard, with countenances expressing the deep conviction that this is rather a weary world. Our exultant soldiers crowded around Grant's sorry nag, cheering lustily, and clamoring:—

"A speech! a speech! a speech!"

"Soldiers, I thank you," he replied. "That is all I can say. You have done a good day's work to-day, but you must do a better one to-morrow."

Of course they responded with vociferous cheers. The words were pithy and appropriate, but in that mood they would have applauded a stanza from Mother Goose.

The retreating rebels soon re-formed their lines, and made vigorous resistance at every defensible point. Before night they were within two miles of Port Gibson, and Grant, knowing little of the country, stopped the pursuit. Our loss during the day had reached about one thousand in killed and wounded.

During this battle the party of visitors at head-quarters was joined by Charles A. Dana, subsequently Assistant Secretary of War, but at this time representing informally the War Department. He went through the rest of the campaign, making himself useful in every possible way, and became one of the General's most steadfast and helpful official friends.

The weary men slept on their arms; Grant and his staff in an elegantly furnished house, deserted by its owners and left to the negro servants. With that unaccountable moral obtuseness and flagrant treachery to his "best friends," with which the African has wrung the hearts of so many wise statesmen and pious divines, these ex-slaves invited their guests to partake of a capital supper and breakfast, to sleep on the softest of beds, and even to smoke their evening cigars in the luxurious library of the planter, whose

high commission as man-owner now gave him only a dubious brevet rank.

The General had his son Fred, already thirteen, along on the campaign, thinking him unlikely ever to enjoy another opportunity so favorable for witnessing military operations. This morning* two large white carriage-horses, spoils of the Egyptians, were delivered at head-quarters. A. J. Smith had already supplied Grant with a spirited bay, so he turned these over to Dana and Fred. A friendly negro found for the former an old coach bridle with blinders, and an ancient saddle, and furnished him with a costly rug from the parlor floor, which he used as a saddle-cloth for weeks afterward.

At eight o'clock the General and staff reached Port Gibson, and rode down to the South Fork, which runs beside the town. The rebels had destroyed the bridge.

GRANT.—"This bridge must be replaced immediately, so that we can continue the pursuit."

MCCLERNAND.—"I have given orders to have it rebuilt at once."

Port Gibson, before the war, had two thousand inhabitants, and was the pleasantest town in the South. But now it contained few people except the delighted blacks, as the "superior race" had buried its valuables and fled.

At the telegraph office Grant found a dispatch from Bowen, urging Pemberton to hurry forward re-enforcements and ammunition. A few minutes later a flag of truce brought a letter from Bowen to himself, asking for an armistice and permission to enter our lines for burying his dead and looking after his wounded. In reply, Grant assured the rebel general of his distinguished consideration, but mentioning the captured dispatch, and more than hinting that this was a pretext to gain time, respectfully declined.

At noon, riding down to the bayou, he was surprised to find that not a blow had been struck, and indignantly asked the reason. McClernand, who was suffering from one of his frequently-recurring attacks of bad humor, replied

* May second.

that his men were too much worn out. The chief bit his lip, rode silently away and told Rawlins and Wilson to build the bridge. They went to work with a will, employing thousands of soldiers to assist them, sending out details for axes and nails, and tearing down the most convenient buildings for planks and timbers. At four P. M. our infantry and cavalry were crossing the new bridge, which was one hundred and twenty feet long.

It was a delightful moonlight night. The troops moved slowly, with skirmishers well out on front and flank, as they were ignorant of the country and the roads.

At nine P. M. they reached the North Fork, seven miles out. Here the rebels had fired the suspension bridge, and about one-third of the planks were consumed, when the flames were extinguished by a negro living in the neighborhood. He now welcomed the Union soldiers, and showed them a pile of worn planks large enough to replace it.

The water was only two feet deep, but ran over quicksands. Infantry might cross, but not artillery; and Grant expecting resistance on the north bank, declined to let the men go forward without support. So Wilson, Rawlins, and Bowen began with heavy details to repair the bridge.

At midnight the weary chief said:—

"Let's go to bed."

Dana.—"Where are you going to sleep?"

Grant.—"I guess this is as good a place as any."

It was an open spot in front of an old negro cabin. The troops were slumbering all around, and he stretched himself upon the damp grass.

Dana.—"I have an overcoat here; let me put it under you."

Grant.—"I'm too sleepy; don't disturb me."

The General, lying on one side, with his head upon a saddle, his knees drawn up, and his hands clasped between them, was instantly asleep; but before daylight, McPherson, having secured a tent, took him under that shelter.

At five A. M.* the troops began to cross, and the worn

* May third.

aides, who had worked all night, stretched themselves out for a little slumber.

GRANT.—"The staff are all used up, and I have no one to take their place."

DANA.—"I will do staff duty until they are ready to go to work again."

GRANT.—"That's right; that's first rate. Ride out to the front and tell McPherson to move cautiously, and report whether he sees any enemy."

A young rebel officer, an aide of Bowen's, was brought in, prisoner. He rode a beautiful horse, with a quilted saddle and costly trappings. He answered a few questions, and then manifested the assurance of his class:—

PRISONER.—"General Grant, this horse and saddle don't belong to the confederate government, but are my private property, presented by my father. I should be glad if I might retain them."

GRANT.—"I have got three or four horses, which are also my private property, meandering about the confederacy. I'll make an exchange with you. We'll keep yours, and when you find one of mine, just take it in his place!"

The captive, a little chap-fallen, next asked permission to visit his parents, who resided at Port Gibson; but Grant, mindful of the enemy's harsh treatment to Union prisoners, refused it, and sent him back to the rear with the rest.

All day our troops pursued. At various points in ravines and woods, the rebels made feeble stands, but—as during the entire campaign—surprised the General by their lack of promptness and enterprise. At night our advance reached Hankinson's Ferry, on the Big Black, fifteen miles north of Port Gibson, and had sent several hundred prisoners to the rear.

For five days and nights Grant had not changed a garment, or, indeed, taken off his clothing. Now, after dark, with a small escort, he galloped twenty miles into Grand Gulf, which the rebels had evacuated; went down the river, conferred with Porter, returned and wrote letters and dispatches to Washington until midnight, and then treated himself to a borrowed shirt and a few hours of slumber.

On this Sunday night, two friends and myself, anxious to get to the front, left Young's Point upon a tug towing two barges of forage and provisions, which Grant had ordered to run the batteries. After we had been under fire from the Vicksburg guns for three-quarters of an hour, and were almost out of range, a shot exploded and sunk our tug and fired our barges. Sixteen of us—out of the thirty-five on board—had the good fortune to be picked up in the river by the enemy, and one comrade and myself had the ill fortune, for nearly two years thereafter, to study the war and rejoice in Grant's victories from successive Southern prisons. After they reached the magic number of seven, we luckily escaped.

On our abrupt advent into Vicksburg, the rebel officers cheerfully assured us that they expected to see Grant a prisoner there within a few days. We replied that they would undoubtedly see him, but not exactly in the capacity of a captive.

Colonel Grierson, who had left La Grange, Tennessee, with seventeen hundred cavalry, after traversing the Mississippi lengthwise, destroying stores, and arms, tearing up railways, burning bridges, capturing militia, and carrying consternation through the entire State, reached our lines at Baton Rouge,* having traveled six hundred miles in fifteen days, and lost less than thirty men in sick, wounded, and missing. Nowhere did he meet with any serious resistance, and his daring raid convinced Grant that the confederacy had become "a mere shell with all its resisting power on the outer edge."

The General, now at the Big Black, and facing northward, was between two wings of the enemy. On his left Pemberton held Vicksburg and vicinity with fifty thousand men. On the right rebel re-enforcements were approaching in unknown numbers. To annihilate this force before it could join Pemberton, and still be able to cope with the latter, would require rapid marching and more men than he had, if he should attempt to keep open communication with Grand Gulf, his present depot of supplies.

* May second.

Bearing in mind Scott's brilliant campaign from Puebla to Mexico, sixteen years before—a campaign which taught him the most valuable lessons he ever learned in the art of war, except those from his own experience—he determined to abandon his base, and taking as many rations as his men could conveniently carry, destroy the approaching re-enforcements, and then turn to invest Vicksburg.

Nothing but good combinations and rapid movements could insure success to this daring plan. He cut loose altogether, writing to the general-in-chief:—*

"I shall communicate with Grand Gulf no more, except as it becomes necessary to send a train under heavy escort. You may not hear from me for several days."

The course of the Big Black is southwest. From Hankinson's Ferry, twenty miles due south of Vicksburg, Grant marched up on the east side of the river, which, running between him and Pemberton, protected his left flank. He made perplexing feints in all directions, which it was impossible for his weak adversary to distinguish from the real movement. His first object was to stop supplies from pouring into Vicksburg, by cutting the railway which runs west from Jackson, the capital of the State.

Early in the morning,† McPherson, who held the extreme right, approaching the little town of Raymond, encountered five thousand rebels under Gregg, very strongly posted. The Union force was much the larger, but not until after three hours of stubborn fighting was the enemy driven back with a loss of three hundred killed and wounded, and many prisoners.

Grant, concentrating his main force to meet Pemberton's army at Edwards Depot and Bolton north of him, had designed sending only a little expedition eastward into Jackson to destroy confederate stores. But now Rawlins and Wilson rode back to inform him that the enemy on McPherson's front had retreated, not upon Vicksburg, but toward Jackson. He instantly surmised that re-enforcements enough to swell Gregg's command to twelve or fourteen

* May eleventh. † May twelfth.

thousand must be concentrating in that direction. Even if he should whip Pemberton it would never do to turn toward Vicksburg, leaving this his enemy in the rear.

Simply asking one or two questions, and without rising from his chair, he wrote orders to turn the entire army toward Jackson. This readiness to modify an old plan, or substitute a new one on the instant when emergencies required it, was one of his strongest and most characteristic points. On cutting loose from Grand Gulf, he said: —

"I think we can reduce Jackson, and re-open communications with the fleet above Vicksburg *in about five days.*"

It was like Cortez burning his ships. Grant sent out expeditions on every side for food and forage, and ordering no more supplies sent to his rear, turned back his extra wagons, and left his field hospitals at Port Gibson and Raymond in charge of Federal surgeons with flags of truce.

He found in the country enough of provisions and forage, abundance of horse and mule teams, and no end of negroes delighted to drive them; and thenceforth multitudes of cattle, sheep, turkeys, chickens, and pigs, indiscriminately mingled, followed in the wake of his army.

McPherson struck the railroad at Clinton, tore up the track, burned bridges, and captured dispatches showing that Pemberton was still at Edwards Station, eighteen miles east of Vicksburg, expecting an attack.

Sherman, after making a feint at Haine's Bluff to deceive Pemberton, and then moving rapidly along the circuitous land and river route upon which the rest of the army preceded him, had now arrived with his fine corps eager for work. He and McPherson were ordered to reduce Jackson.

On the morning of May fourteenth both were marching upon the town, McPherson along the railway from Clinton, ten miles west, and Sherman across the country from a point fourteen miles southwest. They expected to arrive at the same moment, but Sherman's roads were so muddy that it was almost impossible to move artillery. His men, however, throwing away their boots and shoes, and floundering through the mud up to their knees, shouted, laughed, and sang, in the most exuberant spirits.

An hour before noon, in the midst of a driving rain, they approached the city from the south, and were stopped by a battery of six pounders in a strip of woods, two miles out. Artillery skirmishing followed. Among the troops lying in a field a shell exploded now and then, and with natural scruples about keeping quiet to be murdered many jumped up and ran to the rear. Grant and staff, sitting twenty paces behind them, under some spreading trees for protection from the rain, persuaded them to return, until the storm of water grew so much more uncomfortable than the storm of shot, that they sought shelter in some old shanties a hundred yards away.

What virtue in a general is equal to promptness? What general ever had it in a higher degree than Grant? Only the night before, Joseph E. Johnston, a most able rebel commander, had arrived on his front. Very soon Johnston would have concentrated the scattered confederates, and struck Grant on the flank before uniting with Pemberton, for whom he was amply competent to furnish brains. But our General falling upon him so unexpectedly quite spoiled his game. McPherson, after three hours' fighting on the west side, had already driven in the enemy, and Sherman soon swept forward. The rebel cannoneers stood their ground until his infantry were within six feet of them. Then they flung down their rammers and surrendered, both they and their captors, including Grant, laughing heartily at their dare-devil tenacity. Soldiers soon get on familiar terms with death, and the tragedy of war has frequent interludes of comedy.

Though squads of rebel cavalry were still in sight, and though the staff expostulated, the chief, remarking that he guessed there was no danger, galloped forward into the city. Fred rode with the party, and entered Jackson at the head of it. The streets were full of gleeful negroes, while from windows and half-open doors peered some anxious, pallid faces. But snowy flags flew from the houses, and many white families seemed overjoyed, for there was a good deal of Union sentiment.

Grant and staff rode to the leading hotel—a large build-

ing, near the capitol, where Johnston had slept the night before. They fancied themselves the first Yankees in Jackson, but private enterprise had outrun official routine, and the muskets were ahead of the shoulder-straps. Three of McPherson's cavalrymen were already raising the Stars and Stripes upon the State-House. The people flocked about the light-bearded, mud-stained General—who bore no mark of his rank—with all sorts of petitions, in response to one of which he instantly stationed guards to protect the inmates of the large Catholic convent.

The public stores had been left open, and the ransomed black sinners, confident that their year of jubilee had come, were making a haul of clothing and provisions. One, staggering under an enormous burden of garments, was accosted by a staff officer :—

"Hallo, uncle; haven't you got more than your share of coats?"

"Dunno, mass'r; if you likes one, take it."

The next morning details were sent out to destroy all railways, machine shops, manufactories, and public stores. A large cotton factory was reported filled with duck. The owner piteously begged the General to spare it.

GRANT.—"Whom are you making duck for?"

The proprietor answered, in evident embarrassment, that his customers were many.

GRANT.—"Wilson, did you see any mark on that duck?"

WILSON.—"Yes; it bears the stamp 'C. S. A.'"

GRANT.—"Then, sir, I guess your factory must be burned with the rest."

Many alarmed citizens begged the General not to destroy the town. He replied, that while every thing belonging to the confederacy and all stores which could help it must be burned, he would do all in his power to protect private property. But he could not save it altogether. Our troops, for once, deserved the favorite epithet of the rebels, "Northern Vandals," for they pillaged houses and fired a hotel and a church. It has been urged in extenuation, that several had previously suffered gross indignities while prisoners in Jackson.

"What's our bill?" asked Dana, as the chief and his party were leaving.

"Ninety dollars," replied the landlord.

A hundred-dollar confederate note being proffered, Boniface said, hesitatingly :—

"I didn't know you were going to pay in that money, or I should have charged more."

"Very well; charge whatever you like. We do propose to pay in this money."

Confederate currency was cheap, for our forces had captured a large quantity at Port Gibson. The bill was settled for two hundred confederate dollars. When the rebels reentered the town they actually burned the hotel because its lessee had refused to take the Southern currency from Grant's party at the same rate as greenbacks! They were as wise as some other political economists of more experience and higher pretensions!

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GAME AT BAY.

MONTHS before, Hurlbut, with great ado and show of disgrace, had drummed a man out of Memphis on the allegation that he was a rebel. Actually he was a Union spy, and this expulsion secured him the confidence of leading confederates. Now he brought to Grant a dispatch which Johnston had intrusted to him, instructing Pemberton to attack Sherman, who was at Clinton.*

From the feeble Pemberton there was not much to fear, but Johnston had retreated northward, and Grant was anxious lest he might form a junction with Pemberton, or the latter might escape. Not Vicksburg, but the main rebel army, was now the prize he sought.

Neither Johnston nor Pemberton suspected that the General had cut loose from his base, and Pemberton was making a fruitless attempt to sever his communications! Though repeatedly ordered by Johnston to evacuate Vicksburg lest he should be shut up in it, Pemberton had as often disobeyed. At last, when it was too late, he saw his danger, and determined to get north of the railroad and escape. But two of his men deserted to our lines with the information, whereupon Grant sent emphatic orders to his corps commanders to concentrate instantly on the rebel front.

From all quarters our hard-worked men, now thoroughly enthusiastic, came marching forward with ringing cheers. About three in the morning,† as Pemberton was beginning to move, our advance encountered him at Champion Hill, on the railway, half way between Jackson and Vicksburg. The rebel general, utterly unsuspicious that Grant's

* Map, page 280.

† May sixteenth.

army was in the neighborhood, thought he had encountered only a small detachment. His position, on a ridge several hundred feet high, gashed with ravines and covered with dense undergrowth, was exceedingly strong.

Through the morning there was hot skirmishing. Grant, with his staff and son, was under fire, though a little protected by a hill. On its farther side, Hovey, commanding our advance, was driven back across a ravine and up toward the crest. An ubiquitous correspondent witnessing this, rode back to get out of a hot place and to inform Grant. On the way he passed a detachment of Union soldiers with two guns, which they had just captured, pouring shells into the enemy, while a few hundred yards away, the rebels were replying with the four remaining pieces of the battery. The General was told that Hovey was repulsed.

GRANT.—"I guess not."

JOURNALIST.—"He is—pouring back pell-mell."

GRANT.—"Did you see it?"

JOURNALIST.—"Yes."

GRANT (to McPherson, who had just come up).—"Cadwallader reports that Hovey is being driven back."

MCPHERSON.—"Yes, I understand so."

GRANT (speaking with great quickness and precision).—"Then I think I would move Quinby right up. Form a line here. Just put a battery in there and another over there."

These dispositions were completed just as Hovey's stampeding men poured over the crest. The two batteries opened on the pursuing rebels, staggered them, and shortly drove them back, our men yelling and chasing in turn, over heaps of dead and wounded.

Grant had delayed the battle as long as possible, that McClernand might come up. While it raged he was constantly sending messages to that commander—a few miles southward, and detained by a small rebel force—to press forward at all hazards. The General directed operations on the front, through hours of fierce fighting, hardly equaled during the war, except at Shiloh and Spottsylvania. Hovey, Logan, and Crocker took the brunt of it. The ground was

so covered with torn and blackened corpses that our soldiers called it the "Hill of Death."

At four P. M. Logan's division, by a skillful movement on our right, got almost in the rear of the weary confederates, causing an alarm which, increased by a vigorous charge in front, sent them flying westward—toward the railway-crossing of the Big Black, ten miles out of Vicksburg,—for it was impossible for them to move north.

Out of fifteen thousand men engaged, the Union army had twenty-three hundred killed and wounded, but only two hundred missing. The rebels lost as many from wounds, beside three thousand prisoners and many field-pieces. General Lloyd Tilghman, whom Grant had captured at Fort Henry two years before, was among their killed.

Just after the last gun was fired, McClernand's corps reached the field. Its delay was owing solely to its commander, for only a handful of men had been lost.

Loring, a one-armed rebel general, imitating the insubordination of his chief, disobeyed Pemberton's order to fall back toward Vicksburg. He led his division southward, around our forces, and after ten days of hard and costly marching, succeeded in reaching Johnston's army.

Grant, leaving a detail to bury his dead, followed the shattered enemy in close chase, securing twelve heavy guns, many small-arms, and hundreds of stragglers, who surrendered themselves voluntarily.

After dark the enemy halted at the Big Black, and headquarters were established at a farm-house, half a mile in the rear. It was still occupied by wounded rebels, one of whom walked raving about with his brains protruding through a bullet-hole.

Grant had carried out his hazardous plan of cutting loose from his base of supplies without consulting the Washington authorities. Confident that they would not approve it, he had not telegraphed the general-in-chief until just before starting. Cairo was the nearest station, so he could not receive a countermanding order under ten days. To-night came a dispatch from Halleck, written on learning of his

plan, and counseling him to effect a junction with Banks before moving on Vicksburg. He read it with a smile, doubtless wondering what the military theorist would think on learning of this bit of military practice by a once despised subordinate.

The General and staff slept on their blankets, under the porch, as well as the groans of the sufferers within would permit.

Sunday morning* found the rebel army west of the river. But two brigades were left upon a sort of island, on the east side, to protect the bridge-head for Loring's division, which was still expected. Between our front and this island ran a broad muddy bayou full of reeds, and seemingly impassable. Just beyond were the well-manned rifle-pits of the enemy.

Our line here was held by the brigade of "Mike Lawler," an impetuous Illinois brigadier. Months earlier at Cairo, Lawler had summarily court-martialed and hanged one of his men for an outrage upon a woman. The punishment was utterly beyond his authority, but the victim being undoubtedly guilty, Grant let off his subordinate with a sharp reprimand. Lawler, full of energy and pluck, had exceeded his authority on two or three later occasions, and was still in disfavor. But now his zeal proved opportune. Glancing over the cotton field and the reedy bayou at the rebel work, he said:—

"Boys, here's a chance to go in."

Starting at the word they charged yelling across the cleared land, and through the water up to the arm-pits, pushing away obstructions, and many losing their muskets. Unchecked by the brief shower of bullets they reached the opposite shore, went down into the trenches, then over the breastworks, and the camp was theirs! Had not the enemy been utterly demoralized he would have eaten them up, but they lost only two hundred and fifty men.

The flying confederates crowded upon the bridge, until their comrades on the other side, panic-stricken lest our men

* May seventeenth.

should pursue, set it on fire. Many jumping into the water were drowned, and the rest instantly surrendered.

Lawler had captured almost eighteen hundred men—a force larger than his own—with their equipage and artillery. The moment Grant heard of the most gallant exploit he rode forward with his staff. The day was excessively hot, and Lawler, who weighed three hundred pounds was stooping in a fence corner beside his orderly and cook, with his coat and waistcoat off, and his shirt thrown open at the neck, trying to build a fire to boil his pot of coffee. His wounded were just passing back on stretchers and blankets. The General, thanking him in the most emphatic terms, went all over the ground asking many questions; and from that hour looked upon Lawler with warm and unvarying favor.

After dark three bridges were built, one of cotton bales tied together, one of timbers and planks, and a third of Sherman's pontoons. The army was ordered to cross at daylight in the teeth of the enemy.

But the enemy's teeth were drawn. On that Sunday night, Pemberton's shattered command poured back into the strong defenses of Vicksburg. The game was entering the trap!

On Monday, Grant pushed forward. During the campaign thus far Sherman had expressed his incredulity freely, though co-operating with the utmost zeal. Many another general would have talked less without working half so well. Now from an elevation above Vicksburg, in full view of the scene of his own failure, four months earlier, he said abruptly to his chief:—

"Until this moment I never thought that your expedition would be a success; I never could see the end clearly; but *this* is a campaign,—this is a success if we never take the town."*

The party had just passed a rude cabin, when a woman came out swinging her tattered bonnet.

"Go back and see what she wants," said the General.

"She and her husband," reported the returning aide,

* Badeau.

"came here from Cairo, just before the war. He was impressed into the rebel service, but his health breaking down, he has been confined to the house for more than a year, and is very poor. They are Union people, and she only wanted to welcome our army, and get a look at you."

After cross questioning her a little Grant rode on for five minutes, when he suddenly directed:—

"Captain, leave a guard at that house to protect those poor people."

The order was obeyed.

Going a little farther in silence, he again said, abruptly, as if a fresh thought had struck him:—

"Send back a surgeon to that sick man, with instructions to report his condition to me."

This, also, was done. The cavalcade went on a few minutes longer, when the General gave a third order:—

"Have the commissary leave a few rations, that the woman and her husband need not suffer."

The family was protected and fed. In due time the invalid was cured, and Grant furnished them with free transportation to the North.

That night* our investing lines in the rear of Vicksburg were formed, in a half circle, from the river above almost to the river below, Sherman holding the right, McPherson the center, and McClernand the left. Haine's Bluff was already evacuated, and our gun-boats and transports from Young's Point steamed up the Yazoo. Before midnight, wagon loads of provision and forage reached Grant's hungry army. His anticipations had been fulfilled to the letter. This was *the fifth night.*

After riding the lines until midnight, he and the staff slept at a house where the negroes in possession supped them upon the only turkey which the desolation of war had spared. There was no salt, bread, nor vegetables, but the party ate eagerly, for they had fasted since daylight, It was nearly dawn when they went to bed with light hearts.

* May eighteenth.

Grant's operations since leaving New Carthage, had rarely been equaled by the most illustrious captains of history. In twenty days he had marched two hundred miles, and fought five battles, taking ninety guns, capturing six thousand of the enemy, and killing and wounding many more. He had destroyed Pemberton's communications, stopped him from escaping, and finally driven him to the wall. And his total loss in killed, wounded, and missing, footed up only four thousand.

In three or four days the investment was complete. Our semicircular line, inclosing the city and defenses—about four hundred yards from that of the rebels—was eight miles long. In the enormous ravines protecting Vicksburg in the rear, our troops found shelter, but the moment they ventured forward on a crest, vigilant sharp-shooters picked them off.

Grant established his head-quarters just out of range, on Sherman's left. His two favorite lieutenants, both near by, spent much time with their chief. McPherson—tall and slender, with dark hair, beard, and eyes, but a very fair complexion—lounged every day at head-quarters, where he was a universal favorite.

Supposing the rebel force much smaller than it really was, the chief ordered a general assault,* and at two P. M., three artillery volleys being fired as a signal, our troops, all along the line, streamed over the crests, and succeeded in capturing two or three outworks and some prisoners. But they were repelled, with a loss of five hundred.

The men, however, were confident that they could carry the place by storm, and Grant feared that Johnston might collect a force large enough to attack him in the rear. So, after his siege-pieces and Porter's gun-boats and mortars from the river had dropped shells into the town through an entire night, the troops made another more vigorous assault.† Starting at ten A. M., they swept gallantly over fallen timbers and gullied hills, until checked by a deadly fire of musketry and artillery. The day saw desperate hand-to-hand fighting and many deeds of valor. Field-

* May nineteenth. † May twenty-second.

pieces were dragged by the men themselves to points where horses could not live for a moment, and ammunition was carried forward in haversacks. Griffith, an Iowa sergeant of nineteen, getting into an outwork of the enemy after all his comrades had been shot down, found a rebel lieutenant and fifteen soldiers exposed to the fire from both sides. He shouted:—

"This place is too hot for any man to stay in. Come with me."

The whole sixteen obeyed; but he brought in only twelve, the rest being killed by the enemy's shots while climbing over the parapet. Griffith was made a lieutenant, and afterward appointed a cadet at West Point.

McClernand, reporting in several dispatches that he had carried portions of two forts, begged for re-enforcements, and for a vigorous assault along the entire line, to weaken the resistance on his front. Grant finally sent him troops, and ordered the assault, but it was bloodily repulsed. McClernand's enthusiasm was caused by the fact that twenty or thirty of his men had got into a ditch and planted their colors on the outer face of the parapet. They were unable to retreat until after dark, and then left two or three flags. At night, when the battle ended, our army had lost three thousand men.

After desultory fighting for two days longer, the air grew so foul from the wounded and corpses, that Pemberton granted the General an armistice for two hours and a half, to bring away his dead and the few living who were yet uncared for. Simultaneously the rebels removed the putrefying horses, which greatly affected their health and comfort. During this truce both armies fraternized, perhaps softened by the peaceful sleep of friend and foe side by side on that bloody field. Beardless boys lay among the confederate dead, and a rebel and a Union man, lying stark, were found grasping a rifle which they had been contending for when one shot killed them both.

The spade now took the place of the musket. Slowly our lines contracted as the soldiers dug forward. Sharpshooting grew deadly on both sides. No artillerists loaded

their pieces so quick, but that the bullets would "ping, ping," about their ears before they could spring back to their bomb-proofs. The ditches were so near that conversations between the pickets were familiar, and sometimes witty. This is an authentic example:—

REBEL PICKET.—"What are you uns doing out there?"

UNION PICKET.—"Guarding thirty thousand of you prisoners, and making you board yourselves!"

REBEL.—"Why don't you come and take Vicksburg?"

UNION.—"Oh, we're in no hurry! Grant hasn't got transportation yet to send you up North."

REBEL.—"We have a lot of your d——d old flags in here."

UNION.—"Make shirts of them; they'll look better than that butternut!"

REBEL.—"Will you trade some coffee for corn meal?"

UNION.—"Yes, just to oblige you; fling it over here."

Though Pemberton was heart and soul with the rebels, they ungenerously questioned his fidelity because of his Northern birth. According to their newspapers, he replied, in a fire-eating speech, to his men:—

"You have heard that I was incompetent and a traitor, and that it was my intention to sell Vicksburg. When the last pound of beef, bacon, and flour; the last grain of corn; the last cow, and hog, and horse, and dog shall have been consumed, and the last man shall have perished in the trenches, then, and only then, will I sell Vicksburg!"

McClernand had some good and soldierly qualities; but his insubordination at last culminated in innuendos against the ability of his chief, circulated in a congratulatory order to his corps. Grant promptly removed him,* and appointed the faithful Ord in his stead.

Famine proved a powerful coadjutor of the Union army. The soldiers and citizens of Vicksburg were on less than half rations. Flour commanded a thousand dollars per barrel, and meat two hundred and fifty dollars per pound, in rebel currency. Fatal dysentery and fevers, caused by

* June eighteenth.

hunger and fatigue, sharpened the horrors of the besieged city. Women and children in their houses, and soldiers in the hospitals, were killed by our shells; and the hapless citizens, bond and free, called on the rocks to fall upon them and the mountains to cover them. Caves dug in the bluffs, through which the streets are cut, afforded the best shelter; but even these were sometimes penetrated; and in one a babe, sleeping peacefully by its mother, was torn to fragments.

On the Union side, during long summer evenings, the chief chatted of every thing, though great military operations were his favorite theme. He never wearied of explaining where he ought to have done better, where Fortune had happily served him, and where, affronted by mistakes of his own or of others, the fickle goddess had baffled him.

With his usual flow of spirits he always had his jest, continually bantering some one of the staff, and taking his pay in the same coin with invariable good-humor. But his familiarity never bred contempt. No one presumed on him. The abrupt Sherman and the more stately and formal Thomas called him "Grant," but no other subordinate ever addressed him except by his title.

The plantation of the rebel president, near New Carthage, fell into our hands, and a black pony brought from it was presented to Grant. "Jeff. Davis," as he named the steed, soon showed extraordinary speed and endurance. The General rode him through the rest of the war, and still keeps the favorite horse.

Our troops suffered from diarrhea and dysentery, caused by the unwholesome lime-water springs of the hills. Some of the head-quarters officers were sick nearly all the time. An old negro to the manner born, who sold them blackberries, one day brought a quantity of roots and herbs, which he offered as specifics. One known as dittany he recommended enthusiastically:—

"Dis makes a good moral drink. It always cures de misery in de bowels!"

The plant, largely used for tea through portions of the

South, proved a welcome medicinal agent, if not an infallible panacea.

Grant, though exceedingly active, and riding the lines daily, displayed his extraordinary faculty of delegating labor. He was never hurried or "fussy," and gave few directions; but he knew his men, and the work was always done.

Ditching being the order of the day, he employed every West Pointer in his army below the rank of general on engineering duty. One made an ingenious and exceedingly safe reconnoissance of the interior of a rebel work, by elevating a mirror upon a pole, and inclining the top forward.

One day our men, preparing the ground for a new battery in front of Logan's division, were sorely harassed by sharp-shooters. They dodged at every discharge, and seemed inclined to run. Grant, therefore, sat down upon a pile of rails coolly giving orders, and whittling a stick for ten minutes, while bullets whistled about his ears. His example restored courage, and the work was completed.

Having now two hundred heavy guns in position, and twelve miles of trenches dug, he prepared a mine under Fort Hill, an important rebel work. In subterranean galleries as large as a railway car, fifteen hundred pounds of powder—in kegs with the heads knocked out and with loose powder scattered about them—was deposited, and the earth strengthened by timbers, and sand-bags firmly rammed in.

Under a tremendous artillery fire the fuse was lighted. As usual only a small portion of the powder burned, and the slight noise of the explosion was not heard half a mile away. First a boundless mass of snow-white smoke puffed up. Vast clouds of brown smoke mingled with dust, and rapidly turning to jet black, followed, spreading in all directions like spray from a Titanic fountain. The whole heavens were darkened with enormous rocks and timbers, which began to drop in both lines with ruthless disregard for the safety of the individual.

A part of the fort was blown up, but the debris falling around the crater, made entering difficult. The rebels, though recoiling in terror for a moment, were again in posi-

tion three minutes later, as our troops swarmed in through the gap which was twenty feet wide. Then followed close fighting with bayonets, clubbed muskets, and stones. The enemy dragged up a six-pounder, and fired right into the assailants, but our soldiers instead of retiring shoveled up a little breastwork.

Hand-grenades were thrown over on both sides as long as they lasted. Then the men cut off and lighted the fuses of bomb-shells, and at the right moment pitched them, with their hands, among the rebels. Frequently a Union soldier threw one of those ugly missiles a few seconds too soon; then the confederates flung it back, and it would pass to and fro several times before exploding. Many were torn to atoms. Greek had met Greek. Our soldiers remained through the night and part of the next day, but then fell back. They named the crater the "Death Hole." Six mines were sprung afterward during the siege, but without important results.

The days dragged on. A rebel woman tauntingly asked Grant:—

"When do you expect to get Vicksburg?"

"I can't tell exactly," he replied, "but I shall stay until I do, if it takes thirty years."

Captured dispatches between Pemberton and Johnston, showed that the latter was hoping to get up in our rear. But though the General had received many re-enforcements, he would not detach a man while the stronghold continued to defy him. A rebel inside wrote in a letter to his wife which our officers intercepted:—"We put our trust in the Lord. * * * We expect Joe Johnston to come to our relief."

Grant, ordering Sherman to be ready to march the moment the siege should end, observed:—

"They seem to put a good deal of faith in the Lord and Joe Johnston, but you must whip Johnston at least fifteen miles from here."

CHAPTER XXII.

IO TRIUMPHE!

JULY came. The army was growing weary. Our lines were close up to those of the enemy, but we had made no perceptible impression upon his main works. Johnston's force, already twenty-five thousand strong, might attack soon, so Grant determined to make another vigorous assault on Independence Day.

Pemberton rendered it unnecessary. On the morning of the third a white flag appeared on the confederate works. Firing ceased at that point, and the rebel General Bowen advanced to the national lines. He was blindfolded and brought to A. J. Smith. He requested an interview with Grant, but, this being denied, delivered the following:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, VICKSBURG, *July* 3, 1863.

"Major-General GRANT, commanding United States forces:—

"GENERAL—I have the honor to propose to you an armistice of — hours, with a view to arranging terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end, if agreeable to you, I will appoint three commissioners, to meet a like number to be named by yourself, at such place and hour as you may find convenient. I make this proposition to save the further effusion of blood, which must otherwise be shed to a frightful extent, feeling myself fully able to maintain my position for a yet indefinite period. This communication will be handed you, under a flag of truce, by Major-General John S. Bowen.

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"J. C. PEMBERTON."

The General expressed orally his willingness to meet Pemberton between the lines, and responded in writing:—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR VICKSBURG, *July* 3, 1863.

"Lieutenant-General J. C. PEMBERTON, commanding confederate forces, &c.:

"GENERAL—Your note of this date, is just received, proposing an armistice for several hours, for the purpose of arranging terms of capitulation through commissioners to be appointed, &c. The useless effusion of blood

you propose stopping by this course, can be ended at any time you may choose, by the unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg, will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and, I can assure you, will be treated with all the respect due prisoners of war. I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange the terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above.

"I am, general, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT, Major-General."

At three P. M., while eager-faced soldiers peered over the parapets on both sides, Grant, Rawlins, Logan, McPherson, Ord, and A. J. Smith, rode forward from our trenches, dismounted, and sat down upon the greensward under a live oak. In ten minutes the rebel commander appeared, accompanied by Bowen and a staff officer. Grant, who had known Pemberton in Mexico, and Bowen in St. Louis, shook hands with both, and Bowen introduced the other Union officers to his chief.

The latter, tall, well built, with swarthy face rather sinister in expression, black hair and eyes, and close-cut chin whiskers, was carefully dressed in dark-blue pantaloons and gray military coat. He began a little haughtily:—

PEMBERTON.—"I have come to see if we can arrange terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. What do you demand?"

GRANT.—"All the terms I have are stated in my letter of this morning."

PEMBERTON (drawing himself up stiffly).—"If that is so, the conference may terminate and hostilities be resumed."

GRANT.—"Very well. My army was never in better condition to prosecute the siege."

The subordinates on both sides—all tired of fighting, since the result was a foregone conclusion—were disturbed at this, and Bowen urged a further conference.

GRANT.—"Suppose we do talk the matter over?"

He and the confederate chief sat down aside from the rest, Grant serenely smoking, and Pemberton nervously pulling up and scattering blades of grass. After they had conversed a few minutes, Grant called up McPherson and A. J. Smith, while Pemberton summoned Bowen, and the three likewise went aside to confer.

Pemberton, urging that the place and armament ought to satisfy the Union commander, asked that his men might be allowed to march out with their arms and accouterments. Grant refused, but finally, Bowen, McPherson, and Smith joining in the discussion, the conditions were settled. After the five rejoined the rest under the tree, there was some further general conversation, and then a little colloquy :–

GRANT.—"I'll go home and write out the terms agreed upon. General, you can have rations for your men if you desire them."

PEMBERTON.—"Oh, no, we will use our own; we have plenty."

This was a bit of boasting. The rebels had barely the scantiest supplies for three days.

During the interview both armies had been quiet, but the gun-boats now opened in one of the fiercest bombardments of the siege.

GRANT.—"This is a mistake. I will send to Admiral Porter, and have the firing stopped."

PEMBERTON.—"Never mind, let it go on. It won't hurt anybody; the gun-boats never hurt anybody!"

If the confederate leader meant this in jest, it was good, but if in braggadocia the scenes witnessed after our troops entered the city proved it a sorry attempt.

The two commanders returned to their respective lines. Grant conferred with most of his corps and division generals. All except Steele thought his proposed terms quite too lenient, but he sent them forward :—

'HEAD-QUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE,
NEAR VICKSBURG, *July* 3, 1863.

"Lieutenant-General J. C. PEMBERTON,
Commanding confederate forces, Vicksburg, Miss. :—

"GENERAL—In conformity with agreement of this afternoon, I will submit the following proposition for the surrender of the city of Vicksburg, public stores, etc. On your accepting the terms proposed, I will march in one division as a guard, and take possession at eight A. M. to-morrow. As soon as rolls can be made out and paroles signed by officers and men, you will be allowed to march out of our lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file will be allowed all their clothing, but no other property.

"If these conditions are accepted, any amount of rations you may deem necessary can be taken from the stores you now have, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two two-horse or mule teams as one, will be allowed to transport such articles as can not be carried along. The same conditions will be allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers, as fast as they become able to travel. The paroles for these latter must be signed, however, whilst officers are present, authorized to sign the roll of prisoners.

"I am, general, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT, Major-General."

With characteristic promptness, Grant now directed Sherman to march upon Johnston and destroy him, the moment the surrender should be consummated. And, determined to render it impossible for Pemberton to decline his terms, he instructed corps commanders to put intelligent and discreet men on picket with instructions to assure the rebels on their front, that in case of capitulation officers and men would be paroled, and allowed to return to their homes. Of course this news spread like wild-fire through the confederate ranks. But the precaution was not needed. During the night came Pemberton's response :—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, VICKSBURG, *July* 3, 1863.

"Major-General GRANT,

"Commanding United States forces :—

"GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of this date, proposing terms of capitulation for this garrison and post. In the main, your terms are accepted; but in justice both to the honor and spirit of my troops, manifested in the defense of Vicksburg, I have to submit the following amendments, which, if acceded to by you, will perfect the agreement between us. At ten o'clock, A. M., to-morrow I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession; officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected.

"I am, general, yours, very respectfully,

"J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieutenant-General."

Grant replied soon after sunrise :—

"HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF TENNESSEE,
BEFORE VICKSBURG, *July* 4, 1863.

"Lieutenant-General PEMBERTON, commanding forces in Vicksburg :—

"GENERAL—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of 3d July. The amendment proposed by you can not be acceded to in full. It will be necessary to furnish every officer and man with a parole signed by himself, which, with the completion of the roll of prisoners, will necessarily take some time. Again, I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property. While I do not propose to cause them any undue annoyance or loss, I can not consent to leave myself under any restraint by stipulations. The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition of last evening—that is, officers will be allowed their private baggage and side-arms, and mounted officers one horse each. If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the lines now occupied by it, and stack arms at ten o'clock, A. M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it. Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by nine o'clock, A. M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly. Should these terms be accepted, white flags should be displayed along your lines to prevent such of my troops as may not have been notified from firing upon your men.

"I am, general, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"U. S. GRANT, Major-General U. S. A."

At ten o'clock on the morning of our National Anniversary, the ragged, attenuated rebels who had defended Vicksburg so stanchly, marched out of their intrenchments. With sad faces the men of each regiment stacked their arms, threw down upon them knapsacks, belts, cartridge-boxes, and cap-pouches, and then tenderly crowned the piles with their faded and riddled colors. For two hours long files in gray performed this duty in mournful silence, while their captors in blue looked on with soldierly sympathy, never uttering a taunt.

Logan's division, in recognition of its gallantry, occupied the post of honor on our advance, and raised the flag upon the court-house. When the army saw its triumphant banner planted at last, regiment after regiment made the gashed streets ring with the favorite chorus of the national troops :—

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom;
We'll rally from the hill-side, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom."

Grant courteously went with his staff to call on his discomfited opponent. In the streets the party found confederates and Yankees mingling indiscriminately, sharing rations, playing euchre, and discussing the war, generally in entire friendliness. Pemberton and his subordinates received their visitors with marked rudeness. All were sitting upon the porch of the late rebel head-quarters, and not one arose to offer Grant a seat until they had divided into knots of two and four, and conversed stiffly for fifteen minutes. Soon after, the General, thirsty from his hot ride, asked for a drink of water. Pemberton pointed silently to the rear of the house, where, on stepping out, he discovered some negroes at the well. No coldness among *them*, but eager rivalry in serving him.

Returning to the group, he found his chair occupied again, and remained standing. When the party left, the staff gave vent to their anger; but Grant said, laughingly:—

"Well, if Pemberton can stand it, under the circumstances, I can."

During the dreary siege the half-starved rebel soldiers had shown the genuine national humor. These extracts are from a document found in one of their camps:—

HOTEL DE VICKSBURG.

BILL OF FARE FOR JULY, 1863.

SOUP.

Mule tail.

BOILED.

Mule bacon with poke greens. Mule ham canvassed.

ROAST.

Mule sirloin.

DESSERT.

White-oak acorns. Blackberry-leaf tea.
Beech-nuts. Genuine confederate coffee.

Parties arriving by the river, or Grant's Inland Route, will find Grape, Canister & Company's carriages at the landing, or any depot on the line of intrenchments.

One daily paper had continued publication, though reduced to sore shifts. Toward the end, its fair proportions were reduced to a foot square. All the printing, writing,

and wrapping paper of the town was exhausted, so it was worked off upon the blank side of wall-paper. When Pemberton surrendered, the form, all ready for the press, contained the paragraph:—

"ON DIT.—That the great Ulysses—the Yankee Generalissimo, surnamed Grant—has expressed his intention of dining in Vicksburg on Saturday next, and celebrating the Fourth of July by a grand dinner, and so forth. When asked if he would invite General Jo. Johnston to join, he said, 'No! for fear there will be a row at the table.' Ulysses must get into the city before he dines in it. The way to cook a rabbit is, 'first catch the rabbit.'"

The Union typos promptly issued the paper, after adding, in a postscript of four lines, that the rabbit was caught, and that "the Yankee Generalissimo" did take his Fourth-of-July dinner in Vicksburg.

The adjacent country was so stripped of eatables, that the General issued to the people ten days' rations for adults and half rations for children. Hundreds came miles for the provisions, including "first families" in their carriages.

In the capitulation, Grant received fifteen generals, thirty-one thousand six hundred soldiers, and one hundred and seventy-two cannon—the greatest capture of men and armament ever made at one time since the invention of gunpowder, if not since the creation. Adding prisoners previously taken, his captures since the first of May were swelled to forty-two thousand and fifty-nine men.* That one who could speak in such deeds should envy any mere talking or writing fluency, is only a fresh proof for Mrs. Stowe's hero, that "as long as folks is folks they will be folksy."

The country, though electrified by this unparalleled success, feared that the rebels might be put in the ranks again

* As Grant lost in that time nearly nine thousand men in killed and wounded, it is fair to suppose that Pemberton and Johnston, so repeatedly and disastrously beaten, lost twelve thousand. Any one who has seen war is aware how small an estimate six thousand is for the stragglers in an unsuccessful campaign. The calculation is simple:—

Prisoners	42,000
Killed and wounded	12,000
Stragglers	6,000
Total rebel loss in the campaign	60,000

BADEAU.

before their exchange, and at first shared the feeling of a gentleman who said to Abraham Lincoln:—

"I don't like Grant's *paroling* these prisoners. We had better feed them than fight them."

"Well," replied the President, "he has accomplished so much that we won't quarrel with him about this matter."

But the General did not mean to have his captives do the enemy much good in future. To the indignation of Pemberton, who declared it all a Yankee trick, he would not deliver them within the rebel lines, or furnish arms that the faithful might keep the unfaithful from deserting on the way thither; but he simply turned them loose at Vicksburg, permitting all who desired to go North under guard. Many did desert, others remained at their homes within our lines, and only a few of the whole ever again carried muskets for the confederacy.

Sherman's troops, not even waiting to enter the city which they had so zealously helped to capture, turned their faces toward the interior, destroying bridges and railways, and dispersing Johnston's army to the four winds.

Grant's brilliant campaign—made easier by Pemberton's glaring weakness—had opened the Great River from the Falls of St. Anthony to the southern sea! When the result became known, the Northwest was wild with delight. Yet the tidings traveled slowly. In Washington, before they arrived, there was grave anxiety. But one evening, Joseph A. Ware, editor of Forney's *Chronicle*, went to the White House, and was ushered in.

JOURNALIST.—"Mr. President, have you any news to give me to-night?"

PRESIDENT.—"Yes, great news; but you must hurry up, for I have company down-stairs, and can't wait long. Grant has taken Vicksburg! Here are two dispatches, one from Rawlins, the other from Hurlbut. Don't stop to read them, but I'll copy the short one while you copy the long one, as you can write faster than I."

JOURNALIST (after the copying).—"Mr. Lincoln, this must be most gratifying to you, after standing by Grant so steadfastly."

PRESIDENT.—"Yes, it is. No man will ever know how much trouble I have had to carry my point about him. The opposition from several of our best republicans has been so bitter that I could hardly resist it."

JOURNALIST.—"The newspapers assailed him outrageously."

PRESIDENT.—"True, but that wasn't half the trouble. Why, after Shiloh, a republican senator from Iowa denounced him to me as bloodthirsty, reckless of human life, and utterly unfit to lead troops; and because I wouldn't sit down and dismiss him at once, went out in a rage, slamming the door after him. Even within the last two days, senators have demanded his immediate removal."

The Chief Magistrate, who never did things by halves, promptly sent this remarkable autograph letter:—

"EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *July* 16, 1863.

"To Major-General GRANT:

"MY DEAR GENERAL:—I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment *that you were right and I was wrong.*

"Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN."

Halleck, stirred to unwonted enthusiasm, also wrote:—

"In boldness of plan, rapidity of execution, and brilliancy of routes, these operations will compare most favorably with those of Napoleon about Ulm. You and your army have well deserved the gratitude of your country, and it will be the boast of your children, that their fathers were the heroic army which reopened the Mississippi River."

Southern newspapers seemed panic-stricken and appalled. Northern journals abounded in effusions, of which these lines by Alfred B. Street, afford a specimen:—

Executive Mansion,

Washington, July 13, 1863.

Major General Grant

My dear General

I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do, what you finally did — march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the

transports, and then go below; and I never had any
doubt, except a general hope that you knew better
than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition, and the
like, could procure. When you got below, and
took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I
thought you should go down the river to join
Gen. Banks, and when you turned Northward
East of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake.
I now wish to make this personal acknowledgment that you were right, and I was wrong.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln

Vicksburg is ours!
Hurrah!
Treachery cowers!
Hurrah!
Down reels the rebel rag!
Up shoots the starry flag!
* * * * *

Vicksburg is ours!
Hurrah!
Arch the green bowers!
Hurrah!
Arch o'er the hero, who
Nearer and nearer drew,
Letting wise patience sway,
Till, from his brave delay,
Swift as the lightning's ray,
Bounded he to the fray,
Full on his fated prey;
* * * * *

Till the dread work was done,
Till the grand wreath was won.
Triumph is ours!
Hurrah!

Ere many months, curiosity-seekers had carried away every fragment of the trunk and branches of the live oak overspreading the site of Grant and Pemberton's historic interview, and had even removed the roots for ten feet below the surface. An obelisk of white marble, twelve feet high, and surmounted by a globe, was afterward reared on the spot. It bore the inscription:—

"To the memory of the surrender of Vicksburg by Lieutenant-General J. C. Pemberton, to Major-General U. S. Grant, United States Army, on the fourth of July, 1863."

Two years later, unreconstructed Southrons and traveling Northern Vandals had obliterated the words and taken away a large portion of the monument itself. It has therefore been replaced by an immense cannon standing upright, with a huge shell on top—fitting memento of a day forever memorable in the history of military science, of popular government, and of a race "redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of universal Emancipation."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PROMOTED.

WEEKS earlier the general-in-chief had advised Grant of the President's determination to confer the vacant major-generalship in the regular army upon the first commander who should win a great success. The General was just in time; a few days later Meade would have gained it, for only one day after the surrender of Vicksburg, news of the victory of Gettysburg fanned Northern exultation into a continental bonfire from Maine to California.

After each of Grant's previous successes, the air had been filled with clamorous slanders; but this crowning triumph silenced them forever. Nobody could make "plain people" believe that the captor of Vicksburg was either a drunken or an incapable soldier, and East vied with West in lauding the man whose name, inseparably coupled with victory, had become a household word. Sunday-school medals, swords, horses, degrees from universities, and honorary memberships in all sorts of societies, were showered upon him. His wife, in St. Louis, was serenaded by an immense throng, and when she appeared on the hotel balcony, leaning upon the arm of General Strong, was greeted with rousing cheers.

As he had borne injustice and misrepresentation without a murmur, he bore this success, which would have turned most heads, with serene and unaffected modesty. He did not chime in with those writers and talkers who—crammed with a little military learning—can not describe two soldiers crossing a street or going around a corner except as "moving by the flank" or "turning the enemy's line." To a visitor who spoke pretentiously of "grand logistics" and his "brilliant strategy," he replied:—

"Oh, I don't know much about that. I had as many men as I wanted, and simply pounded away till I pounded the place down!"

In less than a year a President was to be nominated, and newspapers suggested his name. Politicians, too, began to tender their "influence." But the General, refusing to talk at all on the subject, continued quietly doing his duty.

He was ever mindful of the welfare of his men. Rawlins, on his way to Washington with the official report of the capture of Vicksburg, found that Mississippi River steamers were exacting enormous prices for the transportation of soldiers going home on furlough. He reported the facts to his chief, who thereupon issued an order, restricting charges to the rate per mile which the Government paid for transporting troops. This cut them down more than two-thirds.

Shortly afterward, the *Hope*, about leaving Vicksburg for Cairo, took on board twelve hundred officers and men, charging them each from ten to twenty-five dollars passage money. Down came an order, enforced by a file of soldiers, requiring her captain to refund to every enlisted man the excess he had paid above five dollars, and to each officer the excess above seven dollars. The passengers cheered until they were hoarse, and Grant did not permit the boat to leave until the last dollar was paid back.

"I will teach these steamboat men," he said, "that soldiers who have periled their lives to open the Mississippi for their benefit must not be imposed upon."

Charges by the mile proved a little confusing, so he subsequently established the rates:—From St. Louis to Cairo, four dollars; to Memphis, ten dollars; to Vicksburg, sixteen dollars; to Port Hudson, twenty dollars.

Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, favored the immediate resumption of trade with the conquered regions. Grant opposed it, in a letter to the Government, on the ground that it was premature, and would demoralize our army, and help the rebels. He added:—

"*But no theory of my own will ever stand in the way of my executing in good faith any order I may receive from those in authority over me.*"

One day a stranger presented himself with a recommendation, signed by several members of Congress, and other Northern politicians. Glancing at it, the General—who was wont to declare that he had not yet found one honest man following the army as a trader—asked impatiently :—

"This is for a permit to buy cotton, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can take it, and leave these head-quarters at once. If I find you here again, I'll have you arrested. Men of your class are doing more to corrupt this army than all other kinds of rascality put together."

The speculator ingloriously decamped. The enormous fortunes made by this dubious traffic naturally excited the bitterness of conscientious officers working hard for slender remuneration and the privilege of being shot at. One evening, the staff sat idly in front of head-quarters.

BOWERS (vehemently).—"I'm a fool. I have mistaken my vocation. I think I'll go into cotton-stealing, as the only only way to prosper."

GRANT (laughing).—"I don't know about that. I don't believe it does prosper generally, though there are streaks of success in roguery, as in every thing else."

BOWERS.—"Well, I think I'll resign and go into cotton. At least I would if I had the money. You know when I drew my pay last; here is all I have left."

And from the depths of his pocket the aide produced a solitary penny. The General, fumbling in his own pocket, seemed, likewise, unable to find any memento of pay-day; but at last he brought to the surface a silver half-dollar, and tossing it to his young friend, said :—

"Here, Joe, take this for a 'stake.'"

Bowers had these words engraved upon the coin, and always carried it. After his tragic death it was found in his pocket.

Grant recommended several colonels and brigadiers for promotion, and the Government, now very gracious, acceded in every case. Among them was the zealous and able Rawlins. Never had commander a more loyal and efficient helper, or one more heartily appreciated and loved.

In no form was the General's genius more conspicuous than in his quick recognition of any special capacity, and his knowing exactly where to put it. E. S. Parker—another strong man, of unusual culture and accomplishments, though of unmixed Indian blood—soon afterward joined the staff, and has since continued a leading and valuable member.*

The President desired to organize one hundred thousand negro soldiers in the Mississippi Valley. Grant zealously co-operated, stating, as the result of his observation, that negroes were more easily disciplined than white troops, and asking that as many as possible might be placed under him. At every post he established a camp for contrabands out of employment, and allowed them to work for planters who could give satisfactory bonds for their pay and kind treatment.

Most Northern States passed laws allowing their soldiers in the field to vote. Grant responded† to an inquiry:—

"Your letter, asking if citizens of the State of Iowa will be allowed to visit this army and distribute tickets when the election is held for soldiers to vote, is just received. In reply I will state that loyal citizens of Northern States will be allowed to visit the troops from their States at any time. Electioneering, or any course calculated to arouse discordant feelings, will be prohibited. The volunteer soldiers of the army will be allowed to hold an election, if the law gives them the right to vote, and *no power shall prevent them from voting the ticket of their choice.*"

* Brigadier-General Parker is descended from that portion of the Indian race known as the Iroquois, or Six Nations, originally the most powerful confederacy of Indian tribes on our continent. Indeed, speculative writers have claimed that the alliance under which the American colonies fought the war for Independence, and which afterward ripened into the United States, was based upon it. Since the Revolution, the Six Nations have declined in numbers and power, though they still maintain a quasi national existence.

General Parker spent his early days with them in their wild life, not beginning his English education until he had nearly reached manhood. After spending three years at school and two in studying law, he practiced civil engineering, first in the service of the State of New York, and afterward under the National Government. In the fall of 1863, he was ordered to duty on Grant's staff, with the rank of captain and assistant-adjutant-general. He was in the Chattanooga campaign, and the Virginia battles of 1864–5. He has had several honorable commissions to treat with refractory Indian tribes, and has performed other valuable public services.

† August fourth.

But while determined that troops should vote as they pleased, his own views were very emphatic. To Logan, at home—"stumping" for the Union candidates—he wrote:—

"I send you ten days' extension of leave, and will give you as many more as you require. I have read your speeches in Illinois, and feel that you are really doing more good there than you could possibly here, while your command is lying idle."

Senator Henry Wilson, in a letter to Washburne, alluded to rumors that the General would be called East, and also expressed the hope that his large influence would be thrown against the prime cause and strength of the rebellion. The note was forwarded to him, and he replied:—*

"I fully appreciate all Senator Wilson says. Had it not been for General Halleck, and Dana, I think it altogether likely I would have been ordered to the Potomac. My going could do no possible good. They have there able officers who have been brought up with that army; and to import a commander to place over them, certainly could produce no good.

"Whilst I would not positively disobey an order, I would have objected most vehemently to taking that command, or any other, except the one I have. I can do more with this army than it would be possible for me to do with any other, without time to make the same acquaintance with others I have with this. I know that the soldiers of the Army of the Tennessee can be relied on to the fullest extent. I believe I know the exact capacity of every general in my command to command troops, and just where to place them, to get from them their best services. *This is a matter of no small consequence.*

* * * "The people of the North need not quarrel over the institution of slavery. What Vice-President Stephens acknowledges as the corner-stone of the confederacy is already knocked out. Slavery is already dead, and can not be resurrected. It would take a standing army to maintain slavery in the South if we were to make peace to-day guaranteeing to the South all their former constitutional privileges.

"I never was an abolitionist—not even what could be called anti-slavery—but I try to judge fairly and honestly; and it became patent to my mind early in the rebellion, that the North and South could never live in peace with each other except as one nation. *As anxious as I am to see peace, and that without slavery, re-established, I would not therefore be willing to see any settlement until this question is forever settled.*

* August thirtieth.

"Rawlins and Maltby have been appointed brigadier-generals. These are richly deserved promotions. Rawlins especially is no ordinary man. The fact is, *had he started in this war in the line instead of in the staff, there is every probability he would be to-day one of our shining lights.* As it is, he is better and more favorably known than probably any other officer in the army, who has filled only staff appointments. Some men—too many of them—are only made by their staff appointments, whilst others give respectability to the position. Rawlins is of the latter class. My kind regards to the citizens of Galena."

Grant, always chafing at inactivity, repeatedly asked permission to capture Mobile, now feebly defended. But, in view of the flagrant intervention of France and Great Britain in the affairs of Mexico, the President wished to send a force to the Rio Grande, and stripped him of troops to supply Banks and other Western commanders.

Sherman, under his chief's instructions to conciliate the people, supplied sick and wounded rebels—soldiers and civilians—in the interior of Mississippi, with medicines and provisions. This kindness helped to dispel the illusion of the ignorant about the harshness of the nation toward its conquered foes, and largely increased the already frequent desertions from the confederate service.

During these idle days, an old acquaintance asked the General:—

"What do you think now about going back to Galena and to civil life?"

"Well, my position in the army seems to be assured, and I shall be quite satisfied if I can educate my children properly,* and keep a saddle-horse for myself, and a pair of carriage-horses for my wife."

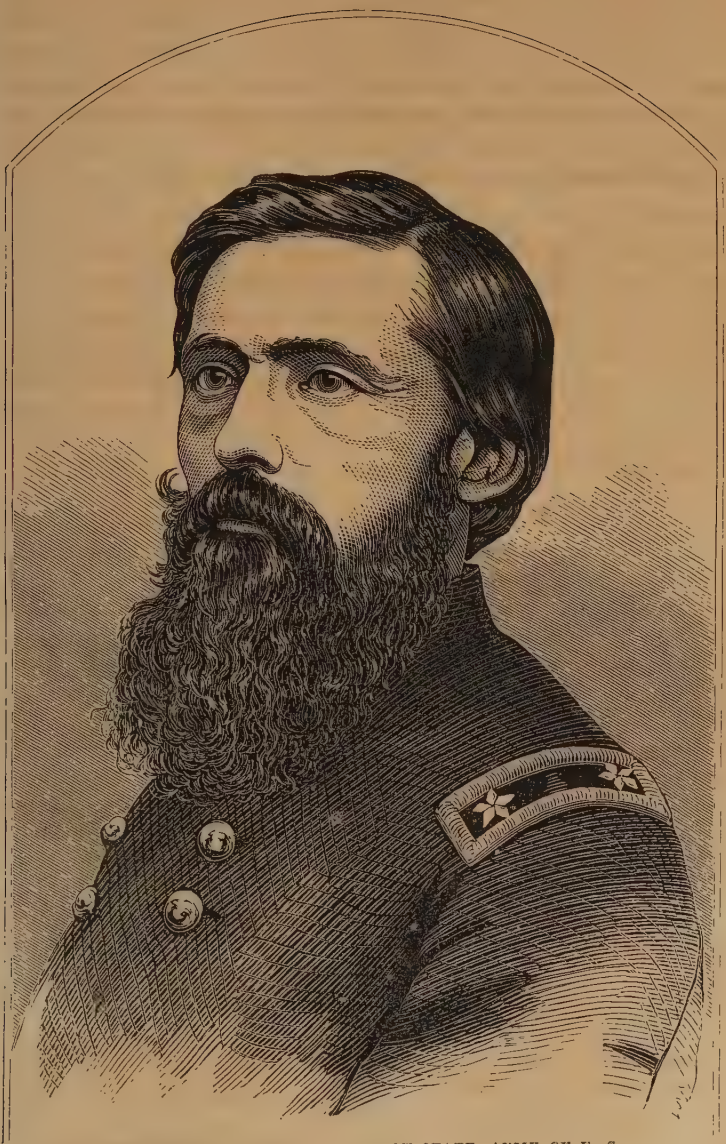
"You are liable to be ordered from place to place, which is unpleasant and inconvenient."

"True; but hereafter the Government will hardly be likely to send me where I don't wish to go."

During a brief trip to Memphis,† a banquet was offered him by the Board of Trade, and another by the municipal

* He had already invested in Chicago three thousand dollars, saved since the beginning of the war.

† August twenty-third.



GEN. JOHN A. RAWLINS, CHIEF OF STAFF, ARMY OF U. S.

authorities. Such displays were not at all to his taste, but he accepted both, in recognition of the first exhibition of loyalty in that city.

Though always writing his own official papers, civil and military, with great clearness and rapidity, seldom changing a word from the first draft, any merely formal note or speech confounded him. On receiving the proffer of the first banquet, he remarked to a friend :—

"I don't see how I can find time to write an answer to this invitation."

"Shall I write it?"

"I wish you would."

When it was prepared, he approved and signed it.

After submitting to an hour of hand-shaking, he sat down with the company at the Gayoso House. When he was toasted, a member of his staff replied for him in words fit but few :—

"General Grant believes that he has no more than done his duty—for which no particular honor is due."

At the second banquet, the cup which cheers and also inebriates, inspired new-born cordiality in the city fathers and the mayor. The latter functionary, in zealous but unmanageable hospitality, first emptied a plate of soup into the lap of Adjutant-General Lorenzo Thomas, and then showered a bottle of champagne upon his venerable crown. This latter blessing in disguise kindled such unwonted wrath in the amiable old gentleman, that his honor's retirement from the festive scene was accelerated by a well-grounded fear of having "his head punched."

On the way back to Vicksburg, the persistent persuasion of a young lady—also a passenger on the boat—induced the General, for the first time since re-entering the service, to join in a game of cards. Her supplementary pleadings that he would appoint her father—a surgeon—to the charge of a Memphis hospital, he steadfastly resisted, saying :—

"In such a matter I *will not* interfere with my medical director."

During the last days of August, Grant visited New Orleans for a military conference with Banks. Hundreds of

citizens and soldiers flocked to see him at the St. Charles Hotel, and, when the shades of night were falling fast, gave him a serenade, and clamored for a speech. At his request, a friend responded in remarks occupying a quarter of a minute:—

"Gentlemen: General Grant never speaks in public, but he desires me to thank you for your beautiful serenade, and to congratulate you that communication is at last open between Cairo and New Orleans."

How many another general would have devoted an hour to the vindicating of himself from past charges and the expounding of his military and civil "policy!"

The next morning Banks called to invite him to a ride, but found that he had already procured a team. Taking Banks in the vehicle with him, and holding the lines for the first time since leaving Galena, he put the two spanking bays upon their mettle, and left every thing else behind on "the shell road."

When the bays were sent back to the livery stable their owner exclaimed:—

"That General Grant must be a terrible driver; these horses steam like a locomotive."

The next day the generals attended a grand review at the suburb of Carrollton.

"The street was crowded to witness the departure of these officers, all present being desirous of seeing Grant. He was in undress uniform, without sword, sash, or belt; coat unbuttoned, a low-crowned black felt hat, without any mark upon it of military rank; a pair of kid gloves, and a cigar in his mouth."

The display was magnificent, and the Thirteenth Corps, whose colors had been on the front at Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh, and Vicksburg, passing their old chief who sat upon his horse, shielded by a live oak from the broiling sun, greeted him with thundering cheers.

In compliment to Grant's equestrian skill, Banks had provided him with a very large and spirited horse which he could hardly restrain while galloping along the lines. On starting back to the city, the charger grew quite unmanageable, and flew like the wind, leaving the cavalcade far be-

hind. Near the Carrollton Hotel, taking fright at a steam whistle, he dashed against a carriage, and fell heavily with his whole weight upon Grant's leg and hip.

The General was carried on a litter back to the St. Charles, and propped up in bed with pillows. For two weeks he lay there with characteristic serenity, uttering no impatient word, but amusing himself with conversation, and with that drollest of American books, "Phœnixana." He was kept in bed for twenty days, and used crutches for two months. But he continued to make the best of it, and described the accident to a friend as an attempt by his steed to run through a heavy coach, which failed because the horse proved "the weaker vessel."

He returned to Vicksburg, where Mrs. Grant and the children* now spent some weeks with him at head-quarters, a pleasant residence on the bluff, with a grassy yard full of shading trees and snowy tents, and commanding a splendid view for miles up the river.

Grant's administration in the far West was now at an end. He had been the most successful, the most economical, and the most humane of our generals.

His army had written Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, and Vicksburg upon its banners in letters that no coming time could efface.

It had cost the Government far less for food and transportation than any other equal number of troops.

It had not seen a single man hanged or shot by the orders of its commander. At an early day deserters, guerrillas, and spies were sentenced to death, but the law then prohibited the execution of any military criminal until the President should order it, after first examining the case. At Grant's head-quarters all capital sentences were revoked if any error or informality could be found in the trial. When those in which no flaw could be picked were sent to Washington, the aides used to remark:—

* After he entered the service in 1861 they remained for a year in Galena, and afterward with her family in St. Louis, and with his father in Covington, until the spring of 1864. When the General was ordered East he established them in a pleasant village near Philadelphia, that he might be able to see them often.

"These fellows are safe enough. Uncle Abe is never going to shoot them."

He never did. Finally, Congress believing his soft-heartedness injurious to discipline, changed the law, and authorized army commanders to inflict the death penalty. Then forty or fifty capital sentences which had not been acted upon were sent back for execution. Some of them were already eight months old, and the General suspended them until Rawlins could submit to the Government the legal doubt whether he had any right to hang or shoot these men, when the law existing at the time of their trial required the President's approval of their condemnation. As no answer ever came, the culprits went scot free.

A few soldiers deserted, because they could not obtain furloughs, or disliked their officers, or disapproved of the emancipation policy. But Grant gave leaves of absence freely, his army was always successful, which kept its tone excellent, and there were less desertions proportionately than from any other command in the Union. It is equally true of soldier as of civilian, that the worst possible use society can put a man to is to hang him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NEW FIELD.

IN Tennessee there was trouble and peril. Rosecrans, by skillful movements, had driven Bragg south of the Tennessee River, but the rebel general, being re-enforced, resumed the offensive, and about the middle of September brought on the great battle of Chickamauga.* Rosecrans, who went into it with overweening confidence, lost sixteen thousand men and fifty-five guns, and was only saved from annihilation by the pluck and generalship of Thomas, who held his little force so firmly against the whole rebel onset, that our soldiers named him "The Rock of Chickamauga."

Bragg seized all Rosecrans' communications except one difficult mountain wagon-road, and kept him, practically besieged and in imminent danger of starvation, in Chattanooga, the only point he held south of the Tennessee, except the head of his pontoon-bridge at Bridgeport, twenty-eight miles below.

Sherman's corps was ordered to march from Memphis to co-operate with Rosecrans. Just before it started, Sherman's little boy died. The bereaved father wrote:

"Consistent with a sense of duty to my profession and office, I could not leave my post, and so I sent to my family to come to me in that fatal climate and in that sickly period of the year, and behold the result! The child that bore my name, and in whose future I reposed with more confidence than I did in my own plans of life, now floats a mere corpse, seeking a grave in a distant land. * * * God only knows why he should die thus young!"

At mid-day on the tenth of October, the captor of Vicksburg, barely able to hobble on crutches, received a dispatch from Halleck:—

* *Indian*, "stagnant stream," or "bad water;"—poetically translated by our writer. The River of Death.

"It is the wish of the Secretary of War that as soon as General Grant is able to take the field he will go to Cairo and report by telegraph."

He started the same night, and arriving at Cairo,* found a second order:—

"Proceed, by the way of Indianapolis, to the Galt House, Louisville, Kentucky, where you will meet an officer of the War Department with your orders and instructions. You will take with you your staff for immediate operations in the field."

At Indianapolis, Stanton, Secretary of War, met the party, and accompanied it to Louisville, where he spent twenty-four hours with the General. His visit was partly from curiosity and partly for conference. The West contained the departments of the Ohio under Burnside, the Tennessee under Grant, and the Cumberland under Rosecrans. The Government, after many representations from various sources, had been stimulated into making a change at Chattanooga, by a letter from Garfield, Rosecrans' chief of staff, to Secretary Chase, setting forth the desperate situation.

Stanton brought an order from the President consolidating the three departments into the Grand Military Division of the Mississippi, to be under Grant, with head-quarters in the field. He offered the General his choice between two further orders, one continuing Rosecrans in command, and the other substituting Thomas. Grant, who had lost faith in Rosecrans since his dilatoriness in pursuing, after Corinth, and had also been hurt by his intemperate criticisms, chose the latter. Stanton offered to issue the order, but he took the responsibility.

There were fears that Rosecrans would abandon the position, though it would have been impossible for his reduced and weakened animals to remove all his wagons and artillery, sick and wounded. Grant telegraphed to Thomas, informing him of the change, and adding:—"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible."

The stanch subordinate replied:—"We will hold the town until we starve."

* October sixteenth.

Southern journals, assuming a sanguineness though they had it not, declared that Lincoln had supplanted one hero—Rosecrans—with two fools—Grant and Thomas. The President, seeing the paragraph, said, laughingly:—

"With one more fool like Grant we should make short work of *them!*"

The General was thoroughly aroused for his new work. Reaching Nashville at midnight,* he sent dispatches to Burnside, to Admiral Porter, and to Thomas, ordering preparations for movements he already contemplated. At the same place he encountered Charles A. Dana, who had been at Chattanooga representing the War Department, and whom he induced to return, that he might avail himself of Dana's knowledge of affairs.

At Stevenson, the next day, he met Rosecrans on his way north. The retiring general greeted his successor:—

"How are you, Sam?"

Then the two talked for a few minutes, Rosecrans, with hearty patriotism, giving all the information in his power.

Hooker was with the Eleventh Corps, under Howard, and the Twelfth, under Slocum, at Stevenson and Bridgeport. He had come to re-enforce Rosecrans, but kept his troops along the railway, that they might not share and aggravate the suffering at Chattanooga. Hooker came on board the train, and the two officers, who had not met since they were stationed in California, conversed for a few minutes, though one obviously felt that the wrong relation existed between them.

The next day was very rainy, but the General and staff rode from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, sixty miles as their road meandered. They found it crowded with wagons and strewn with dead mules. The chief, still so lame that any unusual exercise tortured him, started in an ambulance, but soon took to his horse. Soldiers bore him in their arms over the roughest places. At every telegraph station he dispatched instructions to distant subordinates. Comprehending, as if by intuition, the condition and needs of his

* October twentieth.

scattered forces, he inspired every subordinate with something of his own zeal and vigor.

Just before reaching Chattanooga, for the first time since his injury, he walked alone for a few yards, and even remounted without assistance. But a moment after, his horse stumbled, and fell upon his unfortunate hip, causing intense pain, but, happily, no permanent harm. After dark the party entered the town, chilled, hungry, and utterly exhausted.

Dana and Wilson, who had taken a short cut and ridden hard, were already there. The former called to congratulate Thomas. A month before, under instructions from Washington, he had expressed to that admirable officer the Government's appreciation of his important services at Chickamauga and Stone River, and assured him that an independent command would be tendered him at the earliest favorable opportunity. Thomas replied :—

"I should be glad of one, if I could organize and discipline the army for myself; but I should not like to take a command, already having a distinctive character acquired in active service."

Now, Thomas protested laughingly that his wishes had not been regarded. Dana answered :—

"The Government seems to have thought, very properly, that *you* were not to be consulted in this change."

Sheridan was becoming a little known, from his conspicuous gallantry at Stone River, where he commanded a division in a cedar thicket. "I thought it was infernally hot there before I got in," said Rousseau; "but I knew it when I saw Phil. Sheridan, with hat in one hand and sword in the other, fighting as if he were a devil incarnate."

Quartermaster service was the sorest need now, and Halleck* telegraphed :—

"Sheridan is one of the best officers in the army to regulate transportation and supplies. He fully supplied Curtis's army in mid-winter over the most horrible roads."

The General and his aides took their first meals with

* October twenty-second.

Thomas. He welcomed them cordially, though his staff-officers were a little sore at seeing a superior placed over their chief. In two or three days the servants came up, and Grant established head-quarters in a pleasant dwelling on a little bluff overlooking the river and the main street.

Forage was so scarce that all the horses, except two or three for orderlies, were sent back to Stevenson. For ten days the party lived on coffee, "hard tack," and dessicated vegetables, with two or three meals of salt meat. The army was starving. Some fortunate brigades received a little fresh beef, and corn, counted out by the ear. Hungry soldiers eagerly collected and ate kernels of corn which the mules had left while it was yet plentiful.

Chattanooga,* an important railway junction in Tennessee, near the corners of Georgia and Alabama, nestles high in a mountain pass, the counterpart of

> "Many a lonely hamlet,
> Which, hid by beech and pine,
> Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
> Of purple Apennine."

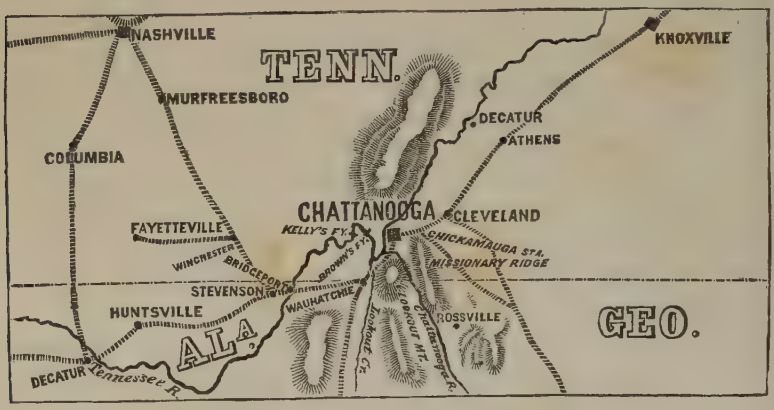
Two miles east passes Missionary Ridge, four hundred feet high—the site of schools and churches established years ago by Catholic missionaries among the Cherokee Indians.

Three miles southwest is Lookout Mountain,† two thousand feet above sea level, and fourteen hundred above the Tennessee, which washes its base. The summit affords a grand view of portions of Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, Kentucky, and Virginia, and thirty miles of the silvery Tennessee, winding through a cool, green landscape. The north side counterfeits a human face, with a pointed ledge for the nose. Surmounting palisades of

* *Indian*, "Crow's nest," dignified by writers into "Eagle's nest."

† Lookout Mountain is properly a continuation of the range of mountains which, beginning in Pennsylvania, extends in a southwesterly direction through Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama; and which is known in the East as the Alleghanies, in the West as the Cumberland, and in the South as Lookout Mountain. The range would be an unbroken chain from the Susquehanna to the Coosa, from the iron and coal fields of Pennsylvania to the gold region of Georgia, if it were not for the existence of the Tennessee River.—WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS.

gray rock encircle the brow like a crown, and at times soft, fleecy clouds envelop it like the snowy locks of age.



THE CHATTANOOGA CAMPAIGN.

Chattanooga was too strongly fortified for Bragg to carry it by storm, but his arching line, from the river above to the river below, completely invested the southeast side, and inclosed Missionary Ridge and Lookout, whose batteries dropped shells into the city every day. Streets and yards were gashed with rifle pits, and so much fresh dirt was spaded up among the board huts of the soldiers, that Chattanooga seemed like some enormous prairie-dog town.

Our army was on quarter rations. Three thousand sick and wounded soldiers suffered for the common necessities of life. The animals were utterly worn out, the artillery horses were back at the railroad, and there were believed to be ten thousand dead mules on the road to Bridgeport. Ammunition was almost expended, and the troops were short of clothing. But they toiled away, and, trying to keep jolly under adverse circumstances, named the solid squares of hard bread, which were their chief subsistence, "Lincoln platform."

Jefferson Davis, visiting Bragg's army, ascended Lookout, and made a reassuring speech to his soldiers, from a ledge known as Pulpit Rock, but called by our men the "Devil's Pulpit," after his visit.

The Union position was difficult and perilous. The railway brought supplies to Bridgeport. Thence up to Chattanooga the river is navigable, but the enemy held it. Rosecrans' original wagon road from Bridgeport to Chattanooga hugged the south bank of the river for several miles near Lookout Mountain, and the rebels soon captured it. Then he used the road north of the Tennessee, sixty miles long, and also touching the stream in several places. Sharpshooters on the south bank made these exposed points impracticable. So a route still longer and farther north was opened; and even this suffered from the enemy's cavalry.

It was necessary to send heavy guards with every train to protect it. The road, washed by unusual rains, and compelled to find new tracks, stretched at last to seventy miles. The trip to Bridgeport and back sometimes occupied four weeks. Trains returned empty, all the food and forage they started with having been eaten by the guards and the weakened animals. Others were so long exposed to the rain that when they reached Chattanooga the provisions were spoiled and had to be thrown away in sight of the starving soldiers.

Rosecrans, and afterward Thomas, had been hauling supplies for fifty thousand men over this route, at some points through fathomless mire, and at others along mountain shelves so narrow that if a single wagon broke down, all behind it must stop and wait.

Bragg's possession of Lookout Valley rendered it impossible to shorten this tortuous road. Rosecrans, and W. F. Smith, his chief engineer, had already originated a plan for driving him out, but without taking any active steps. Thomas, however, issued orders for executing it before Grant's arrival. These orders the General promptly confirmed.

In pursuance of them, Hooker crossed at Bridgeport and started through the mountains to get into Lookout Valley. A few hours later, at three o'clock, on a very dark morning,* pontoon boats, each containing thirty soldiers

* October twenty-sixth.

of Smith's command, pushed off from Chattanooga, floated silently down for six miles, passing the rebel sentinels unobserved, and landed on the south bank, at the mouth of the valley, capturing the enemy's pickets. Before morning, Smith's men had cut the timber from the hills commanding Lookout Valley on the west, planted artillery, and intrenched themselves. They immediately built a pontoon bridge from the north bank, which would enable Grant, in case of battle, to re-enforce them from Chattanooga, quicker than Bragg could re-enforce Lookout Mountain from Missionary Ridge.

The next evening, from the overlooking summit, Longstreet saw the fires of Geary, one of Hooker's corps commanders, encamped in the valley near Wauhatchie. A glance showed him that this movement, if not prevented, would end the siege of Chattanooga, and he sent his troops to dislodge Geary at all hazards.

At midnight they fell upon him. It was so dark that the Union soldiers could hardly distinguish each other from the rebels. For three hours there was fierce fighting. A large number of mules added to the confusion by breaking from their wagons and running in wild stampede toward the enemy, who, fancying it a cavalry charge, fled in panic. The droll incident provoked the parody :—

"Mules to the right of them,
Mules to the left of them,
Mules in front of them,
Pawed, brayed, and thundered.
Breaking their own confines,
Breaking through Longstreet's lines,
Into the Georgia troops,
Stormed the two hundred.
Wild all their eyes did glare,
Whisked all their tails in air,
Scattering the 'Chivalry' there,
All the world wondered!"

Longstreet's force was much the larger, but he directed its movements by torches from the mountain, and our officers, who had fortunately learned his signal code, read each successive order and repeated it to Geary, enabling

the Union general to anticipate and repulse every attack. Before daylight the discomfited rebels fell back.

No more starvation for the Union troops! Supplies could come up from Bridgeport on scows and a little steamer, which the soldiers had built, to Kelly's Ferry, and thence by wagon to Chattanooga, or by wagon all the way. Within one week Grant had raised the siege.

He gave his subordinate full credit, telegraphing to Halleck:—*

"*General Thomas*' plan for securing the river and south-side road to Bridgeport has proven eminently successful. The question of supplies may now be regarded as settled."

Grant's military division—the largest ever yet given to an American general—stretched from the lower Mississippi to the east line of Tennessee, and was guarded by two hundred thousand soldiers.

Sherman, who had succeeded to the command of the Department of the Tennessee, was making for Chattanooga as fast as building bridges, repairing railways, and driving the enemy from his front permitted; and Grant was waiting his arrival, that he might attack the rebel army with certainty of success.

Burnside was at Knoxville, a hundred miles northeast of Chattanooga, with twenty-five thousand hungry soldiers, compelled to haul their supplies one hundred miles, after little steamers had carried them up the Cumberland for five hundred.

Bragg, never imagining that he could be dislodged from his mountain positions, detached Longstreet's corps,† and afterward Buckner's division, to destroy Burnside. Grant, learning of it from deserters—unusually numerous and friendly, being Union mountaineers whom the rebels had impressed—pronounced it the weakest act he had ever known in a military leader. Bragg was jeopardizing his main army for the chance of a trivial and partial success.

But the defeat of Burnside would involve the loss of all

* October ninth. † November third.

East Tennessee. So Grant instructed Thomas to attack Missionary Ridge vigorously, for the purpose of calling Longstreet back. He wrote:—

"Where there are not horses to move the artillery, mules must be taken from the trains or horses from ambulances, or, if *necessary, officers dismounted and their horses taken.* * * * The movement should not be made a moment later than to-morrow morning."

Lack of horses rendered it utterly impossible for Thomas to move, and the General telegraphed Burnside:—

"It is of the utmost importance that East Tennessee should be held. * * * I can hardly conceive the necessity of retreating. *If I did so at all, it would be after losing most of the army.*"

The welcome form of Sherman soon appeared at headquarters. He came in with restored cheerfulness, and, after the usual off-hand greetings, Grant gave him the only chair which his office afforded. The two chatted a little as to which was the older man, and, therefore, entitled to the seat; then fell into grave military discussion. The next day* Grant issued orders for battle.†

On our right was Hooker, extending to the west side of Lookout Mountain; in the center, Thomas, facing Missionary Ridge and covering the city. Bragg supposed our main attack would be on Lookout, and Grant encouraged this belief by fictitious camp-fires and displays of troops, and advancing his line up the western slope. At the same time, Sherman's force was on the north side of the river, behind a range of hills, creeping toward Missionary Ridge, and kindling no fires, lest the smoke should betray it to the enemy. Sherman was to hold our extreme left, with Howard's corps filling the gap between him and Thomas. The army faced southwest.

* November sixteenth.

† All of Grant's letters of instructions to his commanders have been noticeable for their completeness, their quiet, conversational tone, and the absence of any rhetorical display in style or boasting in matter. I particularly remember the easy and familiar style of his secret instructions for the battle of Chattanooga; they read more like a pleasant letter from one friend to another, discussing domestic affairs, rather than the commander-in-chief's circular, ordering the grand movements of an important battle.—WILLIAM F. G. SHANKS.

CHAPTER XXX.

CHATTANOOGA.

FOR several days Grant chafed under delays caused by heavy rains. A brief dispatch came from Bragg:—*

"As there may be some non-combatants in Chattanooga, I deem it proper to notify you that prudence would dictate their early withdrawal."

This threat was only made to cover weakness; and Bragg found, ere long, that prudence dictated the "early withdrawal" of somebody else beside non-combatants from the vicinity.

From the river to the foot of Missionary Ridge, two miles and a half, are level farms and swamps. Thomas's picket lines were so near Bragg's, that the opposing soldiers talked familiarly, and at one point were only separated by the narrow bed of Chattanooga Creek. One morning, as Grant sat upon his horse on the bank, a party of rebels in blue came down on the other side to draw water. Supposing them to be his own men, the General asked:—

"What corps do you belong to?"

"Longstreet's."

"What are you doing in these coats, then?"

"Oh! all our corps wear blue."

The fact had escaped his memory; but having the good fortune not to be recognized, he rode away.

At last all things were ready. On the bright afternoon of November twenty-third, Gordon Granger's corps of Thomas's army pushed forward toward the Ridge in such perfect order, that the rebel pickets, supposing it a review, stood leaning upon their muskets in soldierly admiration.

* November twentieth.

Whistling bullets soon dispelling this delusion, they fell back through a strip of cottonwoods to their first rifle-pits.

Sharp fighting followed. At Fort Wood, the highest ground in the vicinity, and near the center of Thomas's line, Grant sat upon the guns, overlooking the conflict, chatting quietly, and sending out orders with less display than many a sergeant makes in posting his men.

Among the division generals was Phil. Sheridan, fighting, for the first time, under the eye of his chief. Our forces swept forward, capturing two hundred prisoners, and a mile in advance of Fort Wood, occupying a high mound, which they named Orchard Knoll, from its scattered scrub oaks, resembling apple-trees.

Before night our lines had advanced a mile, or two-thirds of the way to the Ridge, pressing back the enemy, with a loss of about one hundred in killed and wounded on each side. Bragg's resistance satisfied Grant that he was not retreating, as deserters had reported. Our men slept upon their arms, and the General and staff returned to their quarters in the town.

After dark, Sherman's advance reaching the north bank, four miles above Chattanooga, floated silently down on pontoons, undetected by the rebel pickets, and at daylight eight thousand held a strong position on the south bank, having surprised and driven back the enemy.

Before noon a bridge was built, and Sherman's entire force was in position. There was some sharp fighting as he pushed forward his left toward the summit of Missionary Ridge—gaining and fortifying two high points. Thomas also advanced his lines, and there was heavy cannonading from morning until night.

Our front, from Sherman's left to Hooker's right, was six miles long. Two days before, seeing Hooker's corps moving in, Bragg had said:—

"Now we shall have a grand Potomac review."

He did have it, and something more. The flat summit of Lookout often two thousand feet wide, extends back seventy-five miles. From the bottom of the palisade rocks

which encircle its crest, wooded hills slope to the creek and the river. On this foggy morning, while the rest of the army was waiting, Hooker made an imposing display on the rebel front, marching columns of troops, and opening with artillery, as if that were to be his point of attack. Meanwhile, he sent far back five brigades, which forded the creek, ascended the mountain as far as the palisades, and then swept down through the woods in *echelon*. Their right, which hugged the palisades, was in advance of their left, so the wedge-shaped column, completely raking the whole slope, took the rebels in the rear, capturing many and compelling the rest to abandon their works, and fly around the "nose" of the mountain.

Bragg, seeing that it was impossible to hold Lookout, and desiring to withdraw his artillery by the road leading into the Chattanooga Valley, a mile back from the river, attacked Hooker in the evening to cover his retreat, and there was skirmishing for several hours. Clouds of fog which covered the mountain side, and columns of smoke from the artillery and musketry, hid the battle from persons in the valley below. They could only see the flashes of fire, except when strong winds momentarily lifted the veil. This skirmish the imaginative General Meigs named Hooker's "battle above the clouds."

Grant had spent the dull, drizzling day on Orchard Knoll. When he received the welcome intelligence that Hooker had carried Lookout, a journalist, just from the mountain, reported that the loss did not exceed one hundred in killed. The General remarked :—

"He must be mistaken. I am afraid he is a better newspaper man than soldier."

Shortly after came a dispatch from Hooker, stating that his casualties were very light.

"Then," said Grant, "the mountain could not have been defended by many troops. Bragg must have surmised my plan and strengthened his right in front of Sherman."

These had been two days of preliminary skirmishing. The third morning,* opening brightly, showed Bragg's

* Wednesday, November twenty-fifth.

forces all drawn in upon Missionary Ridge. Hooker's men, climbing to the summit of Lookout, found it deserted, and planted the flag there.

Their general, finding no enemy in his front, moved down the east side of Lookout to cross Chattanooga Valley, being ordered to reach Rossville Gap, in Missionary Ridge, four miles in Bragg's rear. The rest of the army was to delay attacking until he could get into position there.

"A cloud of witnesses" saw the day's operations from the housetops of Chattanooga, the level ground of Thomas and Howard, and the hills held by Sherman. From Grant's stand-point, Orchard Knoll, the whole field spread out like a map; and Bragg's head-quarters, on the summit of Missionary Ridge, were distinctly visible The two commanders faced each other, and looked down upon the intervening valley, where deadly conflict was to harm irreparably the cause of one or the other.

Sherman was to capture the north end of the Ridge. Though fighting stubbornly for hours he was unable to carry it. But he threatened Bragg's depot of supplies at Chickamauga Station so seriously, that the rebel commander weakened his center to save his right flank and rear.

The day dragged. Sherman was not making the hoped-for progress, nor a word heard from Hooker, who was delayed to build bridges across the Chattanooga, broken by the retreating enemy. Grant awaited impatiently the opportune moment for ordering Thomas to charge in the center.

At last it came. At four P. M. signal-officers from their station in the rear reported heavy columns of troops from Bragg's center moving over to his right in front of Sherman. Obviously the rebel general had weakened his stronghold! Grant instantly directed an assault upon the Ridge. Corps and division generals were standing near him on the knoll, but he gave the order only to Thomas, who commanded them all.

Then the chief and his staff turned their glasses toward the advancing columns on our extreme left. In an open field these suddenly encountered the fire of thousands of

rebel muskets, from a fringe of woods beyond—hesitated, and fell back in confusion. The General and his companions simultaneously dropped their glasses.

GRANT.—"They seem to be driving our boys."

OFFICER.—"Yes."

GRANT.—"Driving them pretty badly."

OFFICER.—"Yes."

The columns rallied, charged, and were again repulsed.

GRANT.—"They are driven again; but it's all right now. You see that signal flag?"

OFFICER.—"Yes."

GRANT.—"Well, that's Sherman. Sherman is there and he'll make it all right."

A few minutes later Sherman swept forward, charging up a steep hill toward a confederate work called Fort Breckinridge. He was soon so near that the enemy could not depress his guns enough to reach him. Then the rebels began to fling bowlders and roll down huge rocks.

Granger, commanded the Fourth Corps. He was at the battery on Orchard Knoll, in the zeal of an old artillerist, forgetting his soldiers, but sighting the guns, and shouting with delight when they did good execution. For hours our infantry had been lying in line just in the rear of their breastworks, ready for the expected assault, and Granger's men were still waiting.

RAWLINS.—"Why are not those men moving up to the rifle-pits? I don't believe they have been ordered forward."

GRANT.—"Oh yes, I guess the order has been given. General Baird, why is not your division moving up?"

BAIRD.—"We have had no orders to."

GRANT.—"General Thomas, why are not those troops advancing?"

THOMAS.—"I don't know. General Granger has been directed to move them forward."

GRANT.—"General Granger, why are your men waiting?"

GRANGER.—"I have had no orders to advance."

GRANT (sharply).—"If you will leave that battery to its

captain, and take command of your corps, it will be a great deal better for all of us."

Granger, never lacking enthusiasm if there was fighting to be done, obeyed promptly, and six cannon-shots, fired at intervals of two seconds, gave the preconcerted signal for the Union soldiers to advance. Sherman had been unable to carry the hill; but he had done exactly what was wanted —compelled Bragg to weaken his force on the Ridge.

Thomas's men. three lines deep, rose up from their trenches, their long array stretching for miles on each side in splendid pageant. It looked like a dress parade, and as if one might walk on the solid lines of bayonets. Rebel prisoners afterward stated that they thought the movement only a review. It was "a surprise in open daylight."

Bands were playing, flags flying, and the soldiers in blue cheering and yelling, as they streamed out of their works. They poured through the timber, reached the rebel skirmishers, then quickening their pace to a run under a pelting fire brushed them right back into their rifle-pits at the foot of the Ridge, and, almost before the enemy knew it, had the stars and stripes floating above the captured trenches! Every part of our long line reached them almost at the same moment. The orders had been to carry these rifle-pits at all hazards, and then halt for further directions.

Among long, low, flat-roofed log-cabins the level ground ended, and the steep Ridge rose up for five hundred yards, its face torn and gullied by the waters and melting snows of many an April.

Just before the charge began, Phil. Sheridan, reconnoitering in front of his division, saw that the trenches could not be held against a reverse fire, and sent back an aide to Granger asking what the orders were. In the midst of the charge the answer came back:—"Only the front line of rifle-pits to be carried."

But, before it was received our men were already sweeping up the hill without orders. A glance showing that it was impossible to stop them, Granger's aides again dashed forward, shouting:—"Take the Ridge if you can; take

the Ridge if you can." One who was there writes of "Little Phil.":—

"An aide rides up with the order. 'Avery, that flask,' says the general. Quietly filling the pewter cup, Sheridan looks up at the battery that frowns above him, by Bragg's head-quarters, shakes his cap amid that storm of every thing that kills, when you could hardly hold out your hand without catching a bullet in it, and, with a 'How-are-you?' tosses off the cup. The blue battle-flag of the rebels fluttered a response to the cool salute, and the next instant the battery let fly its six guns, showering Sheridan with earth. Alluding to that compliment with any thing but a blank cartridge, the general said to me, in his quiet way, 'I thought it —— ungenerous!'"

Then, putting his horse upon the full run, Sheridan was again among his men, cheering them forward in the face of an appalling fire.

The rebels were utterly surprised at the irresistible charge. A thousand of them fell prostrate, and the national troops passed right over them. Others scampered up the hill-side, dropping guns and knapsacks, and our men chased with ringing yells. They were in no mood to stop, while they had the enemy running through a staggering fire of grape and musketry poured from the summit.

Seen from Orchard Knoll, a mile and a half in the rear, the advancing line of blue wavered, grew ragged, and seemed to melt. Grant's stanchest subordinates were alarmed.

WILSON.—"Those fellows will be all cut to pieces. They will never get to the top in the world."

GRANT.—"Let us see what the boys will do. They are not so badly scattered as you think. You see a good deal more bare ground between them on that hill-side than you would if it were level. We will see directly. The boys feel pretty good; just let them alone."

Now those in the advance, lay upon their faces by thousands, waiting a little for the rest of the line to come up. The signal was instantly sent out to right and left that the first rifle-pits were taken, and the crest must be carried.

When they started again, Grant unable to remain longer in the rear exclaimed:—

"I am going up there."

As he and the staff rode forward he directed Rowley:—

"Major, go back to that signal station, and signal over to Sherman that we have taken the lower line of works, and are going to take the hill. He must press them quick and hard, and keep them from re-enforcing on our front."

Our soldiers reached the second rifle-pits, clubbed their muskets and drove out the remaining rebels in a twinkling.

The sharp ascent beyond was now ablaze. Benjamin F. Taylor, the poet-journalist, pictures the scene:—

"They dash out a little way and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works to the second.

"They burst into a charge with a cheer and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on right and left. It is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all.

"Under tree trunks, among rocks, stumbling over the dead, struggling with the living, facing the steady fire of eight thousand infantry poured down upon their heads as if it were the old historic curse from heaven, they wrestle with the Ridge. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. The hill sways up like a wall before them, at an angle of forty-five degrees: but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily on. They seem to be spurning the dull earth under their feet, and going up to do Homeric battle with the greater gods.

"If you look you shall see, too, that these thirteen thousand are not a rushing herd of human creatures; that along the Gothic ridge a row of inverted V's is slowly moving up almost in line. At the angles is something that glitters like a wing—the regimental flag; and glancing along the front you count fifteen of those colors, that were borne at Pea Ridge, waved at Pittsburg Landing, glorified at Stone River, riddled at Chickamauga.

"Up move the banners, now fluttering like a wounded bird, now faltering, now sinking out of sight. Three times the flag of one regiment goes down. Do you know why? Just there lie three dead color-sergeants. But the flag, thank God! is immortal, and up it comes again, and the V's move on.

"The sun is not more than a hand's breadth from the edge of the mountain. Its level rays bridge the valley from Chattanooga to the Ridge with beams of gold. It shines in the rebel faces; it brings out the national blue; it touches up the flags. Oh, for the voice that could bid that sun to stand still!

"Swarms of bullets sweep the hill. You can count twenty-eight bullets in one little tree. The rebels tumble rocks upon the rising line. They light the fuses and roll shells down the steep. They load the guns with handfuls of cartridges in their haste.

THE CHARGE AT MISSION RIDGE. Page 337.

"Just as the sun, weary of the scene, was sinking out of sight, the advance surged over the crest with magnificent bursts all along the line, exactly as you have seen the crested waves leap up at the breakwater. In a minute those flags fluttered along the fringe where fifty rebel guns were kenneled. What colors were the first on the mountain battlement one dare not try to say. Bright Honor itself might be proud to bear, nay, to follow the hindmost. Foot by foot they had fought up the steep, slippery with much blood; let them go to glory together!"

The enemy had barely time to explode three or four of his caissons before national flags fluttered upon the crest, and national troops were bayoneting his men in their rifle-pits. Sheridan, with the advance, was suddenly flung to the ground; his horse had been shot under him. He sprang upon a captured gun, to catch the attention of the crazy throng, and ordered immediate pursuit. The rebels had fancied us in a trap the moment we occupied their lower rifle-pits. Now, utterly bewildered, most of them fled, the Union soldiers driving them with unceasing yells. One astounded confederate, after seeing his comrades swept from the crest, and being run over himself by the pursuing throng, rose, brushed off the dust, mounted a high rock, and regarding the vanishing crowd, asked:—

"*How do you do, Southern Confederacy?*"

The health of the "so-called" *was* in a condition to cause anxiety.

On the summit, Quartermaster-General Meigs was loading and firing upon the retreating foe two Parrott guns which the rebels had named "Lady Davis" and "Lady Breckinridge," while Rawlins, apostrophized the captured pieces:—

"Turning upon your friends, are you? Well, give them ——! You are doing more good than you ever did in your lives before."

Grant was known personally to few of these troops. But just now, riding to post a division, he was recognized by one or two men, who passed the word, and in three minutes hundreds of soldiers thronged around him, grasping his hands, embracing his legs, and shouting: "*Now* we have a general! We have paid them up for Chickamauga."

In fifty-five minutes after starting on their first charge they had swept the crest clean of every rebel, except the prisoners. Nobody was more astounded than Bragg. In vain did he attempt to form a new line. The rout was so wild* that he himself narrowly escaped capture.

Several of the staff were slightly wounded, but the General who had been under fire all day was unharmed. Directing every thing in person, he had fought a wonderful battle. It was a game of chess—every movement made at the right moment, Grant compelling the enemy to do what he wished almost as invariably as if the rebel army had been under his command. It was a conflict of brains, and he completely out-generaled Bragg. But never was commander so well aided by his soldiers. The campaign was his; the charge on Missionary Ridge was "the Privates' Victory."

Sheridan's division had lost in killed and wounded one-fifth of its six thousand men, before reaching the crest. But Sheridan pushed forward alone and without orders, fighting until two in the morning, and capturing hundreds of prisoners. This proved him an officer after Grant's own heart, and was rewarded by an early opportunity to serve the country and win a name as the greatest cavalry general of the age.

Grant modestly telegraphed to Halleck:—

"Although the battle lasted from early dawn till dark this evening, *I believe I am not premature in announcing a complete victory over Bragg.*"

Bragg retreated to Chickamauga Station, burning wagons, caissons, pontoons, and enormous quantities of corn. He telegraphed to Richmond this mild statement of his ill-fortune:—

* "Though greatly outnumbered, such was the strength of our position that no doubt was entertained of our ability to hold it. * * * A panic, which I had never before witnessed, seemed to have seized upon officers and men, and each seemed to be struggling for his personal safety, regardless of his duty or his character. * * * No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops. * * * * Those [Union soldiers] who reached the ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion, from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them."—*Bragg's Official Report.*

"After several unsuccessful assaults on our lines to-day, the enemy carried the left center about four o'clock. The whole left soon gave way *in considerable disorder*. The right maintained its ground, and repelled every attack. I am withdrawing all to this point."

After heavy skirmishing with Hooker he soon fell back into Georgia.

The respective official reports thus summed up the losses :—

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
Grant —	757	4529	330	5616
Bragg —	361	2180	4146	6687

Bragg's fortifications and strongholds made his killed and wounded less than ours. He greatly understated his missing, for Grant was compelled to issue rations for upward of six thousand prisoners.

The entire Union force was a little more than sixty thousand; that of the rebels about forty-five thousand, with incomparable advantages of position. The charge on Missionary Ridge was less perilou sthan it seemed. Bragg had left only a weak force there, and even that was a good deal demoralized. Still few generals would have had the temerity to order the daring assault. Fewer would have managed by such skillful dispositions to weaken the seemingly invulnerable center of the foe, and then detected the moment for profiting by it with unerring accuracy.

A brave young Irish colonel, who during Van Dorn's raid, a year earlier, had defended his post north of Holly Springs with such marked and successful valor that Grant publicly thanked him, was among the killed. The General on hearing of it rode down to the landing and had the coffin opened that he might take a final look at the remains of the faithful soldier.

Sherman was now ordered to the relief of Knoxville, and Grant addressed a dispatch to Burnside in duplicate :—

"Do not be forced into a surrender by short rations. Take all the citizens have to enable you to hold out a few days longer. * * * There are now three columns in motion for your relief. * * * These will be able to crush Longstreet's force, or drive them from the valley, and must be within twenty-four hours' march of you, by the time this reaches you."

He directed that one copy be forwarded to Burnside at the earliest possible moment, and the other allowed to fall into the hands of the rebels, as the truth just then was exactly what he wished them to know.

Longstreet, hearing of Bragg's defeat, finally attacked the Knoxville fortifications,* his infantry charging at a full run. It reached the ditch, but was checked with great slaughter while climbing the first parapet. Only one confederate got over alive, and five hundred, unable to retreat, surrendered themselves. The garrison lost only thirteen men, the assailants about one thousand.

Burnside, who had borne himself in his difficult position with great sagacity and pluck, received Grant's dispatch by a scout, who brought it inserted in a hollow half eagle. Before the prompt Sherman could arrive, Longstreet had retreated toward Virginia.

President Lincoln, on learning the result of the brilliant campaign, recommended a national thanksgiving, and telegraphed to Grant with unusual warmth :—

"Understanding that your lodgment at Chattanooga and at Knoxville is now secure, I wish to tender you, and all under your command, my more than thanks—my profoundest gratitude—for the skill, courage, and perseverance with which you and they, over so great difficulties, have effected that important object! God bless you all!"

Halleck pronounced Chattanooga "the most remarkable battle of history." Grant wrote of it to a friend :—

"I presume a battle never took place on so large a scale where so much of it could be seen, or where every move proved so successful."

The army and the country were more than satisfied, and named our General, as the Mamalukes named Napoleon, "The Favorite of Victory."

* November twenty-ninth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL.

Grant made a new request for permission to undertake the capture of Mobile, and met with a new denial. He then established his head-quarters at Nashville, in a large brick dwelling whose rebel owner had fled southward.

He visited Knoxville to look after the little Union army there, and afterward, though it was mid-winter, rode on horseback through Cumberland Gap, which had been repeatedly lost and won during the war, and through which supplies were now hauled for our troops in East Tennessee. The thermometer indicated ten degrees below zero; and though he was still exceedingly lame, deep snows, and long stretches of ice on steep hill-sides compelled him to walk and lead his horse for many miles of the severe journey.

After emerging from the mountains, he was received with enthusiasm by the Union people of Lexington and Louisville, and he reached Nashville again on the thirteenth of January. McPherson and Sherman were playing havoc with the enemy's communications and supplies in Mississippi, and through the greater part of Grant's military division a national officer in uniform could ride alone with safety.

Politicians beset him more than ever, but found him an unpromising subject. He said:—

"I never aspired to but one office in my life. I should like to be mayor of Galena—to build a new sidewalk from my house to the depot."

But when Isaac N. Morris, of Illinois—son of the Ohio senator who had caused his appointment to the Military Academy a quarter of a century before—inquired whether

he would permit the use of his name for the Presidency, under any circumstances, he responded :—*

"Your letter of the twenty-ninth of December I did not see until two days ago. I receive many such, but do not answer. Yours, however, is written in such a kindly spirit, and as you ask for an answer confidentially, I will not withhold it.

"Allow me to say, however, that I am not a politician, never was, and I hope never to be, and could not write a political letter. My only desire is to serve the country in her present trials. To do this efficiently it is necessary to have the confidence of the army and the people. I know no way to better secure this end than by a faithful performance of my duties.

"So long as I hold my present position, I do not believe I have the right to criticise the policy or orders of those above me, or to give utterance to views of my own, except to the authorities at Washington, and the general-in-chief of the army. In this respect I know I have proven myself a good soldier.

"In your letter you say that I have it in my power to be the next President. This is the last thing in the world I desire. I would regard such a consummation, as highly unfortunate for myself, if not for the country. Through Providence I have attained to more than I ever hoped, and, with the position I now hold in the regular army, if allowed to retain it, will be more than satisfied.

"I certainly shall never state a sentiment, or the expression of a thought with the view to being a candidate for office. I scarcely know the inducement that could be held out to me to accept office, and unhesitatingly say that I infinitely prefer my present position to that of any civil office within the gift of the people.

"This is a private letter to you, and not intended for others to see, or read, because I want to avoid being heard from by the public except through my acts, in the performance of my legitimate duties."

Sherman, always a little haunted by regrets that Grant was not a book-soldier, observed to some acquaintances :—

"The General is *not a man of remarkable learning*, but he is one of the bravest I ever saw. I do not say he is a hero—I do not believe in heroes ; but I know he is a gentleman, and a good man."

On the other hand Grant remarked of his friend :—

"I always find it the best way to turn Sherman out like a young colt, and let him kick up his heels. I have great confidence that he will come in all right in due time."

* January twentieth.

The General's military wishes were now treated as law by the Government and the country. "Golden Honor showered all her stars." The legislatures of the great States of New York and Ohio voted him their enthusiastic thanks; and Congress complimented him with a gold medal in the name of the people of the United States. One side bore his laureled profile; the other, a figure of Fame, bearing a scroll inscribed with a list of his victories, and the motto:—"Proclaim liberty throughout the land." Gifts poured in from all quarters, but the one he seemed to prize most was a brier-wood cigar-case from a Lookout Mountain tree whittled out and presented by a soldier without hope or desire of any return.

Fred. was with the family of Grant's old partner, prostrate from lingering pneumonia and dysentery, contracted in the Vicksburg campaign. On receiving a dispatch that his condition was alarming, the father—first obtaining leave from Washington—visited St. Louis, but happily found him out of danger.

The next evening, with his family and Mrs. Boggs, Grant witnessed a representation of "Richelieu," at the St. Louis Theater, the party riding down town in a democratic street car. They occupied a private box, the General sitting back out of sight. At the close of the first act the audience shouted:—"Grant! Grant! Get up."

He came forward, bowed uneasily, and abruptly returned to his seat. This only provoked new cries, which would not be silenced until he moved his chair to the front of the box. Then there were lusty cheers and vain calls for a speech.

Leading citizens and soldiers gave him a public dinner, "to meet old acquaintances and form new ones." The spacious dining-hall of the Lindell House* was crowded with gentlemen eager to honor the soldier whom, a few years before, many had known as a farmer hauling wood, or an agent collecting rents. Rosecrans, Schofield, Fisk, and other generals, and also his white-haired father-in-law, sat near

* The largest hotel in the world—since burned.

him. At the toast "To our distinguished guest," the band played "Hail to the Chief!" There were enthusiastic huzzas as Grant arose and said :—

"Gentlemen: In response, it will be impossible for me to do more than thank you."

The festivity passed off pleasantly, though the ladies, in brilliant array, looking on from an adjoining parlor, were with it, but not of it; for even Americans are not yet civilized enough to admit women to public dinners.

At its close, the neighboring streets, bright with bonfires and rockets, were densely thronged; and notwithstanding persistent denials, the crowd continued to beg for oratory.

A BYSTANDER.—"General, do make them a little speech."

GRANT.—"I can't."

BYSTANDER.—"Then tell them you can't."

GRANT.—"Oh! they know that already."

But still they shouted until he appeared on the hotel balcony, cigar in hand, and replied :—

"Gentlemen: Making speeches is not my business. I never did it in my life, and never will. I thank you, however, for your attendance here."

The city council—in amusing contrast to the action of the county commissioners five years before—thanked him, in a series of resolutions, for his "mighty successes in behalf of the Government."

He remained at the residence of his former partner two or three weeks, visited by many friends and strangers, whom he received with old-time modesty and cordiality.

"I used to have a good deal of Southern feeling against the Republicans," he said, in reply to a question, "but now I know of only two parties, and I am for the party of the Union."

One day, after his return to Nashville, his chief-of-engineers was walking to and fro at head-quarters, absorbed in thought :—

MEIGS.—"Baldy Smith seems to be studying strategy."

GRANT.—"I don't believe in strategy, in the popular understanding of the term. I believe in getting up just as

close to the enemy, and with just as little loss of life, as possible."

MEIGS.—"What then?"

GRANT.—"Why then, 'Up guards, and at them.'"

Nearly all our other generals, in their campaigns, had exhibited some glaring weakness of their own. Grant had invariably found and profited by some glaring weakness of his adversary. While he had practically ended the war in the West, the Army of the Potomac—the largest and most important of our armies—had encountered little but failure and disaster. After three years of terrible conflict, rebel banners still floated defiantly almost at the gates of the national capital.

The Northern people were utterly absorbed in the war. They cared nothing for antecedents. Men hitherto unpopular, were now trusted and honored. Standing firm by the Union was sufficient to condone all old offenses, political or moral. Those, even, who had committed crimes were forgiven, and afforded opportunity to win honorable distinction in leading regiments and brigades, divisions and army corps. There was no past which the country would not pardon to all who were true in its present sore need.

It presented the strange spectacle of patriots twice as numerous and twice as rich as their foes, waiting, dying for a leader—ready to lay all their magnificent resources, their treasures of life and of property, at the feet of any man who could so use them as to bring decisive victory.

All eyes were looking toward our General. In the Senate, Howe, of Wisconsin, had already offered an impracticable but significant resolution, instructing the President to call out a million of new volunteers, for a few months, and place Grant in command of all the Union armies, with power to choose his own subordinates. In the House, Washburne introduced a bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general, and authorizing the Executive to confer it upon some officer

"not below the grade of major-general, most distinguished for courage, skill, and ability; and who * * * shall be authorized, under the direction of the President, to command the armies of the United States."

This high rank was originally created for Washington, in 1798, in anticipation of a war with France. When he died, it was discontinued. Several years after the close of the Mexican war it was conferred by brevet on Winfield Scott. No other Americans had ever held it.

Long discussions followed, a few members urging postponement until the close of the conflict, on the grounds that the war might yet develop some new general who would deserve the rank more than Grant, and that it would also be hazardous to call him from the field to office duty. But many more supported the measure. Washburne said:—

"I am not here to speak for General Grant. No man, with his consent, has ever mentioned his name in connection with any position. * * * Every promotion he has received since he first entered the service to put down this rebellion, was moved without his knowledge or consent; and in regard to this very matter of lieutenant-general, after the bill was introduced and his name mentioned in connection therewith, he wrote me and admonished me that he had been highly honored already by the Government, and did not ask or deserve any thing more in the shape of honors or promotion; and that a success over the enemy was what he craved above every thing else."

With pardonable pride he alluded to his early and almost solitary support of the Coming Man:—

"I now appeal to history for my justification, and ask if Grant has not far transcended every thing that I claimed for him. * * * Why necessary to recount that long list of victories from Belmont to Lookout Mountain? Look at what this man has done for his country, for humanity and civilization—this modest and unpretending general whom gentlemen appear to be so much afraid of. He has fought more battles and won more victories than any man living; he has captured more prisoners and taken more guns than any general of modern times."

The House passed the bill, ninety-six to forty-one. In the upper branch of Congress there was still more debate. Several senators expressed fears that the President might appoint some one else beside Grant. Saulsbury, of Delaware, alleged that his opposition to the measure was

"For this simple reason, that in my capacity as a senator I will have nothing to do with President-making."

HOWARD, of Michigan.—"Give us, sir, a live general; give us some man who has talent, who has character and force enough within him to give a

successful direction to the enthusiasm of the armies of the United States, and who will, if properly supported here, give us victory even upon the Rappahannock, and *not let us be draggling along under the influences such as have presided over the Army of the Potomac for these last many tedious and weary months*—an army oscillating alternately between the Rappahannock and the Potomac, defeated to-day and hardly successful to-morrow, with its commanders changed almost as frequently as the moon changes its face. Sir, for one I am tired of this; and I tell you, and I tell senators here, that the country is getting weary of it."

DOOLITTLE, of Wisconsin.—"Grant has won seventeen battles, he has captured one hundred thousand prisoners, he has taken five hundred pieces of artillery, and innumerable thousands of small-arms on all these fields. He has organized victory from the beginning, and I want him in a position where he can organize final victory and bring it to our armies and put an end to this rebellion."

GRIMES, of Iowa.—"I am the last man who would pluck a single leaf from the victor's chaplet that adorns General Grant's brow. But if I comprehend the character of that man, he is a man for action, for field service, for active duty, and not a man for the council chamber. * * * I am very well satisfied that a man can perform the duties of commanding an army just as well with the rank of major-general as with the rank of lieutenant-general. I believe that the pay of six thousand dollars, which General Grant now receives, is adequate to the rank and to the position which he holds, and that it is not necessary for me to assist in running the hands of Congress into the national treasury, for the purpose of giving him between thirteen and fourteen thousand dollars a year."

SHERMAN, of Ohio.—"*I only know that the Army of the Potomac is now where it was two years ago:* not through any lack of courage in the brave men who are fighting in that army; but for some reason, they have not won the honors of this war. But General Grant and the armies under his command have won those honors; and I think we should all, frankly and generously, by a unanimous vote, tender them."

HALE, of New Hampshire.—"Let the people get a suspicion that, from any motives, the due tribute to the gallantry and self-sacrifice, and the great victories which General Grant has won is withheld, that there has been a feeling in favor of withholding from him the due reward of his merit and the prompt and generous acknowledgment of it—let that go abroad, and I tell you, sir, the people will put it right; they will rally, and they will not stop until, over the Senate, and over Congress, they have rendered the highest honors in their power to General Grant. * * * What made General Jackson President of the United States? What made General Taylor President of the United States?"

WILSON, of Massachusetts.—"Has not General Grant rendered transcendent services to the country? He has fought seventeen battles for the republic, and won them all; he has taken more prisoners and

more cannon than ever Washington or Scott saw on all their battle-fields."

FESSENDEN, of Maine.—"I believe that he is a man of high moral qualities; that he not only has physical courage, but moral courage; *that if he had been at Antietam he would have followed the retreating army at once and demolished it; that if he had been at Gettysburg, the army of Lee never would have crossed the river*, because he would not have consulted those about him, and agreed with them contrary to his own opinion; he would have acted. he would have taken the responsibility."

GARRET DAVIS, of Kentucky.—"General Grant has not achieved his whole work. He is about to enter upon a field of operations comparatively new to him, and what will be the amount and measure of his success nobody can conjecture. I believe that it will be attended with success, and probably with signal success; but I do not feel enough assurance of those results to create for him the high office of lieutenant-general, which, in my judgment, ought to be instituted only after the war is over, and then as a reward to crown the services and the genius of the best general that has appeared in the course of the war."

The Senate passed the bill, with only six dissenting voices. The President used no influence either for or against it; but, when it was a foregone conclusion, said:—

"I have never seen Grant. Before I appoint him to the command of the armies, I want to learn all about him. Who of his friends knows him best?"

Washburne suggested Russell Jones, United States marshal for Illinois, and an acquaintance of Lincoln. Jones was thereupon summoned to the capital. A few weeks earlier he had written Grant, asking his views about the Presidency, for which many journals were urging him. On his way to the station, he called at the Chicago post-office for his mail, and received a letter in reply. Reaching Washington, he reported himself at the White House, and the chief magistrate asked him many questions.

JONES.—"Mr. President, perhaps you would like to know whether Grant is going to be a candidate for the Presidency."

LINCOLN.—"I confess I have a little curiosity on that point."

JONES.—"Well, I have just received a reply from him to my questions on the subject. It is a private letter, but I

see no impropriety in showing it to you, and it will be more satisfactory than any thing I could tell you."

The President read the letter. In it Grant said, that nothing was further from his wishes than that high office; and that, even if he had been ambitious for it, he would not then permit his name to be used, but was for Abraham Lincoln above all men, and under all circumstances. The Commander-in-Chief was much gratified. He said:—

"I wanted to know; for *when this Presidential grub once gets to gnawing at a man, nobody can tell how far in it has got.* It is generally a good deal deeper than he himself supposes."

Jones left the letter with Lincoln. It is believed to be still among his papers, sealed up in a vault, at Bloomington, Illinois, and not to be opened for the present.

The bill being passed, and Grant appointed and confirmed lieutenant-general, Halleck telegraphed, requesting him to report to the War Department in person.

Two months earlier Sherman had said in a letter to Grant:—

"You occupy a position of more power than Halleck or the President. * * * Do as you have heretofore done, preserve a plain military character, and, let others maneuver as they will, you will beat them not only in fame, but in doing good in the closing scenes of this war, when somebody must heal and mend up the breaches made by the war."

Now, on the evening before starting for Washington, the General wrote* to Sherman and McPherson—addressing it to the former—a peculiarly warm and generous letter:—

"Dear General:—The bill reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army has become a law, and my name has been sent to the Senate for the place. I now receive orders to report to Washington immediately in person, which indicates a confirmation, or a likelihood of confirmation. I start in the morning to comply with the order.

"Whilst I have been eminently successful in this war, in at least gaining the confidence of the public, no one feels more than I how much of this success is due to the energy, skill, and the harmonious putting forth of that energy and skill, of those whom it has been my good fortune to have occupying subordinate positions under me.

* March fifth.

"There are many officers to whom these remarks are applicable, to a greater or less degree proportionate to their ability as soldiers; but what I want, is, to express my thanks to you and McPherson, as the men to whom above all others I feel indebted for whatever I have had of success. How far your advice and assistance have been of help to me you know. How far your execution of whatever has been given to you to do, entitles you to the reward I am receiving, you can not know as well as I.

"I feel all the gratitude this letter would express, giving it the most flattering construction. The word *you* I use in the plural, intending it for McPherson also. I should write to him, and will some day. But starting in the morning, I do not know that I will find time just now."

Sherman replied from near Memphis:—*

"DEAR GENERAL:—I have your more than kind and characteristic letter of the fourth instant. I will send a copy to General McPherson at once.

"You do yourself injustice, and us too much honor, in assigning to us too large a share of merits which have led to your high advancement. I know you approved the friendship I have ever professed to you, and will permit me to continue as heretofore to manifest it on all proper occasions.

"You are now Washington's legitimate successor, and occupy a position of almost dangerous elevation. But if you can continue, as heretofore, to be yourself—simple, honest, and unpretending—you will enjoy through life the respect and love of friends, and the homage of millions of human beings, that will award you a large share in securing to them and their descendants a government of law and stability.

"I repeat, you do General McPherson and myself too much honor. At Belmont you manifested your traits neither of us being near. At Donelson also you illustrated your whole character. I was not near, and General McPherson in too subordinate a capacity to influence you.

"Until you had won Donelson, I confess I was almost cowed by the terrible array of anarchical elements that presented themselves at every point; but that admitted a ray of light I have followed since.

"I believe you are as brave, patriotic, and just, as the great prototype, Washington—as unselfish, kind-hearted, and honest, as a man should be. But the chief characteristic is the simple faith in success you have always manifested, which I can liken to nothing else than the faith of a Christian has in the Saviour.

"This faith gave you victory at Shiloh, and Vicksburg also. When you have completed your best preparations you go into battle without hesitation as at Chattanooga—no doubts, no reserves; and I tell you it was this that made us act with confidence. I knew wherever I was that you thought of me, and if I got in a tight place you would help me out of it alive.

"My only point of doubt was, in your knowledge of grand strategy, and

* March sixteenth.

of books of science and history; but I confess your common sense seems to have supplied all these.

"Now, as to the future. Don't stay in Washington. Come West. Take to yourself the whole Mississippi valley. Let us make it dead sure,—and I tell you the Atlantic slopes and Pacific shores will follow its destiny, as sure as the limbs of a tree live or die with the main trunk. We have done much; but still much remains; and time's influences are with us, we could almost afford to sit still and let these influences work.

"Here lies the seat of the coming empire, and from the west, when our task is done, we will make short work of Charleston and Richmond, and the impoverished coast of the Atlantic."

Grant started eastward, accompanied by Rawlins and Duff of the staff. He traveled by special trains, but the people learning of his approach thronged to the stations. At Baltimore, a dense crowd gave him welcome. He shook hands with all whom he could not escape, but said to some who began to talk of politics:—

"Beyond all things I am determined to avoid political demonstrations. My business is with war while it exists. When the rebellion is put down, as it shortly will be, it may be a time for partisanship."

At five P. M., on the eighth of March, he reached Washington, where he had never before spent more than a single day. After a hasty toilet, he entered the long dining-hall at Willard's, and sat down to dinner. A gentleman near by asked his neighbor:—

"Who is that major-general?"

"Why that is Lieutenant-General Grant."

The news flew from table to table. Up-sprang and outspoke a Pennsylvania member of Congress:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: The hero of Donelson, of Vicksburg, and of Chattanooga is among us. I propose the health of Lieutenant-General Grant."

Five hundred guests of both sexes were instantly on their feet, cheering, huzzaing, waving handkerchiefs and napkins, and a few enthusiasts dancing wildly, in reckless disregard of chairs, toes, and crockery. With evident embarrassment Grant bowed, shook hands with those who crowded around him, and then attempted to return to his muttons. But in vain. He could not take his meal in peace,

and finally retired abashed before the crowd of loquacious men, and showily-dressed women.

Late that evening he attended the President's reception. Lincoln, Seward, and Senator Wilson were standing in the Blue Room, surrounded by guests, when Cameron brought in Grant. The two men who had come from humble life in the West, one to lead the nation and the other the army, scanned each other curiously as they shook hands for the first time.

After a little conversation the party repaired to the great East Room. There the throng of curious visitors made a rush for the General, fairly driving him to the wall. Seward pulled him upon a sofa, where he bowed his blushing acknowledgments. He afterward characterized this reception as the hottest campaign he ever fought. He made the tour of the room with Mrs. Lincoln, and at an early hour returned to his hotel.

The next day the President, attended by his private secretaries and cabinet, and Halleck and Owen Lovejoy, received him formally. Grant was accompanied only by Rawlins and Comstock of his staff, and his little son Fred. Lincoln greeted him cordially, presented him to the bystanders, and then read the following:—

"GENERAL GRANT—The nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented with this commission, constituting you Lieutenant-General in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you also a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that with what I here speak for the nation, goes my own hearty personal concurrence."

Grant also read his reply, written the evening before, in a public room of the hotel:—

"MR. PRESIDENT—I accept the commission, with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought on so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving on me; and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence which leads both nations and men."

Half an hour's conversation ended the simple interview.

The General next visited the army of the Potomac, where Meade, glad to have the weighty responsibility removed from his own shoulders, welcomed him heartily. The corps and division generals calling to pay their respects, also greeted cordially the modest Western commander.

Before coming East, Grant had urged strenuously upon the Government the adoption of a new policy—perfect co-operation in time and purpose between all our armies, from the coast to the Rocky Mountains, and the striking of heavy blows simultaneously along the entire line, that the enemy might not be able to weaken one point to strengthen another. He had recommended the appointment of Sherman or W. F. Smith to the command of the Army of the Potomac, and had started for Washington, intending to keep his own head-quarters in the West, and return there shortly to lead a column from Chattanooga to the Atlantic.

But now, on seeing the Eastern army for himself, he found that there was some prejudice against Smith, and that the appointment of a purely Western general like Sherman would excite sectional jealousy. The same objection existed to his assuming command. Meade, a native of Spain, but educated at West Point, was in most respects an excellent soldier, and enjoyed a good degree of popularity; so Grant decided to retain him under his own general direction. In view of the old bitter jealousies of that gallant but unfortunate army, this was undoubtedly the wiser mode; it left the General actually, but not nominally, in charge. Here was to be the crucial test. Here was a post which had proved the grave of many promising military reputations. Said Grant to a friend:—

"If I had taken command of this army two years ago, I should have been very likely to fail; but now I have had so much experience as colonel, brigadier-general, and major-general, that I feel entire confidence in myself. McClellan's lack of that was a great cause of his failure; and any man would have lacked it under the circumstances."

On the evening of March eleventh, after a consultation with the President and Secretary of War, Grant was ready

to start West, when he received an invitation from Mrs. Lincoln to a military dinner at the White House, given in his honor. Twelve other prominent generals were also to be present. He replied that he trusted she would excuse him, as he must return immediately to Nashville.

LINCOLN.—"I don't see how we *can* excuse you. It would be Hamlet with the Prince left out."

GRANT.—"I appreciate fully the honor Mrs. Lincoln would do me; but time is precious; and—really—Mr. President, *I have had enough of the show business.*"

The dinner was given, but the Lieutenant-General did not wait for it. He reached Cincinnati on a Sunday morning. His father had sent a carriage to the station for him, and stood waiting at his gate for its return, when up walked the General, carpet-sack in hand, and wearing a plain army overcoat. The driver had failed to find him.

On Monday morning he started for Nashville, where he found an order from the War Department, formally assigning him to the command of all the forces of the United States, with head-quarters in the field. Halleck was to continue at Washington as chief of staff of the armies under him; Sherman to succeed him in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, and McPherson to take Sherman's place at the head of the Army and the Department of the Tennessee. Grant had lifted up his lieutenants with him.

On the way East again, Sherman, summoned by telegraph, accompanied him from Nashville to Cincinnati for conference. He spent part of another day at his father's, where there were several visitors. Something being said about generals who had "failed," one of those little pitchers which have long ears, asked:—

"What is it to fail?"

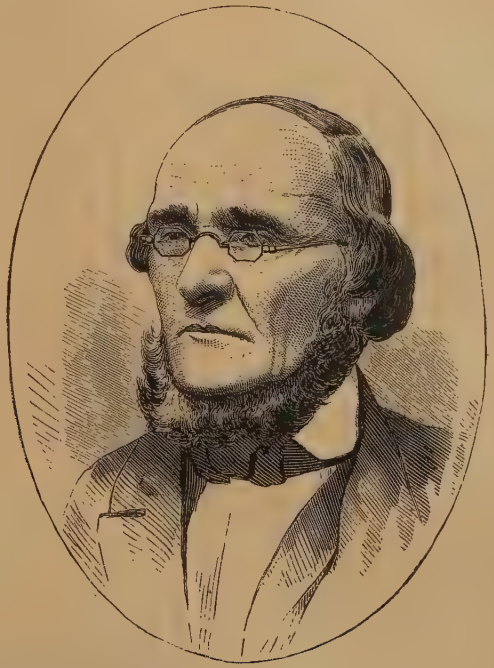
"Well, my son," replied the Lieutenant-General, "when you try to get a boy down, and can't—that's to fail."

"I suppose now," said Jesse, "it's 'on to Richmond.'"

"No; on to Lee's army."

"But how?"

A puff from the cigar and a shrug of the shoulders were the only answer.



GEN. GRANT'S FATHER AND MOTHER, 1868.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WILDERNESS.

ON the twenty-third of March the Lieutenant-General reached Washington, accompanied by Mrs. Grant and the children, and by Rawlins, Bowers, Duff, Rowley, Leet, Parker, and Badeau, of his military family.

The next day he began to reorganize the army for the summer campaign. It was a long task, but, fortunately, he had not risen to the chief command until after sorest trials had educated the country into patient trust in its leaders. Few other generals had so fully deserved this trust. Grant never complained, he never once asked for re-enforcements, but always did cheerfully the best he could with whatever the Government saw fit to give him.

Some Western soldiers, proud of their unvarying successes, claimed superiority over their Eastern brethren. The latter were wont to reply :—

"The Western armies have never fought against the best rebel troops or the ablest generals. Let them face Lee a while and they would sing another song."

The General himself said :—

"The Army of the Potomac is a very fine one, and has shown the highest courage. Still, I think it has never fought its battles through."

He did not mean to have it continue open to that criticism. He was preparing it for work. He suppressed three reduced corps, consolidating them with larger ones ; and sent away to other fields half a dozen subordinate generals, in whom Meade lacked confidence—a proceeding which Stanton termed "the slaughter of the innocents."

A party of ladies asked Mrs. Grant's opinion of her husband's new responsibilities and prospects.

"Mr. Grant has succeeded, thus far," she answered, "wherever the Government has placed him; and he will do the best he can."

"Do you think he will capture Richmond?"

"Yes, before he gets through. *Mr. Grant always was a very obstinate man.*"

To take the rebel capital—that had been the supreme desire of three blood-stained years. A gentleman, wishing to enter the enemy's lines on business, asked the President for a pass to Richmond.

"I should be glad to oblige you," replied Father Abraham, "but my permits are not respected. I have given a quarter of a million of men passes to Richmond, and not one has ever got there, except as a prisoner of war."

In a letter* to Senator Henry Wilson, asking the confirmation of his chief-of-staff as a brigadier-general, Grant said:—

"General Rawlins has served with me from the beginning of the rebellion. I know he has most richly earned his present position. He comes the nearest being indispensable to me of any officer in the service. But if his confirmation is dependent on his commanding troops, he shall command troops at once. There is no department commander, near where he has served, that would not most gladly give him the very largest and most responsible command his rank would entitle him to. * * * If he fails to be confirmed, beside the loss it will be to the service and to me personally, I shall feel that, by keeping with me a valuable officer, because he made himself valuable, I have worked him an injury."

He wrote to Sherman the same day:—

"You I propose to move against Johnston's army, to break it up, and go into the interior of the enemy's country as far as you can, inflicting all the damage you can against their war resources. *I don't propose to lay down for you a plan of the campaign*, but simply to lay down the routes desirable, and to leave you free to execute in your own way. Submit to me, however, as early as you can, your plan of operations."

He visited Butler, who was at Fortress Monroe, commanding the Army of the James. It was their first meeting. Grant, who had kept his plan a secret, began to detail it, when Butler interrupted:—

* April fourth.

"Stop, General, please, and let me tell you what *I* think you are going to do."

Referring to a map upon the wall, he pointed out with minuteness, and, as it afterwards proved, with great accuracy, what he surmised the movements would be. Grant returned to Washington with a good deal of respect for Butler's clear-headedness and capacity.

Success had become a necessity. The anti-war sentiment in the North, no longer awed into silence, was growing outspoken and defiant. In Congress, Alexander Long, a representative from Ohio, advocated the recognition of the Southern confederacy in an elaborate argument.* Speaker Colfax moved his expulsion, on the charge of having violated his official oath, and given aid and comfort to the enemy. Several democratic members partially defended Long, and Harris, of Maryland, said:—

"I am a peace man,—for peace, by the recognition of the Southern confederacy. Laugh as you may, you have got to come to that!"

The House censured both Long and Harris as "unworthy members," but could not muster a two-thirds vote to expel them. Southern newspapers heralded this as evidence that the North was weary of the conflict.

But as a counterpoise, five noble Northwestern States—Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Indiana—true to the Ordinance of Eighty-seven which secured them to freedom—voluntarily furnished the Government with eighty-five thousand men without bounties. They did garrison duty for ninety days, enabling all the veterans to go to the front. Many leading and wealthy citizens carried muskets in this honorable service.

One day the President asked the General:—

"What do you think of our prospects?"

Grant began to explain his plans, but Lincoln, raising his hand, interrupted:—

"No, no; don't tell me. Everybody will ask me, and I want to reply that I don't know what your in-

* April eighth.

tentions are. I only wish to know your opinion of the prospects."

Grant modestly replied that he thought them good. He said his two chief purposes were to keep all the troops active, East and West, and, instead of guarding long lines of communication, to concentrate his supplies near the front, where our soldiers protecting them could be destroying the rebel country, and yet free from attack, unless the foe weakened his main army to harass them. After his return to the front, the President wrote him* an assuring letter:—

"Not expecting to see you before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know that these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would mine. If there be any thing wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you!"

Grant replied:—

"Your very kind letter of yesterday is just received. The confidence you express for the future, and satisfaction for the past, in my military administration, is acknowledged with pride. It shall be my earnest endeavor that you and the country shall not be disappointed. From my first entrance into the volunteer service of the country to the present day, I have never had cause of complaint—have never expressed or implied a complaint against the Administration or the Secretary of War, for throwing any embarrassment in the way of my vigorously prosecuting what appeared to be my duty. Indeed, since the promotion which placed me in command of all the armies, and in view of the great responsibility and importance of success, I have been astonished at the readiness with which every thing asked for has been yielded, without even an explanation being asked. Should my success be less than I desire and expect, the least I can say is, the fault is not with you."

The three corps constituting the Army of the Potomac were commanded by Hancock, Sedgwick, and Warren. Sheridan, whom Grant had brought from the West, was in

* April thirtieth.

charge of all the cavalry. Burnside's splendid Ninth Corps —now containing several negro regiments—was brought from Annapolis to participate in the movement. Passing through Washington, it was reviewed by Lincoln from the balcony of Willard's. The black soldiers greeted the Chief Magistrate with great enthusiasm, flinging up their caps, shouting and cheering. A shower came up, and bystanders urged the President, who wore a brown linen blouse, to go within, that he might not get wet. He replied:

"If *they* can stand it, I guess I can."

Hitherto—in the words of Grant's final report—our scattered armies

"had acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two ever pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communication for transporting troops from East to West, re-enforcing the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough large numbers, during seasons of inactivity on our part, to go to their homes and do the work of producing, for the support of their armies. It was a question whether our numerical strength and resources were not more than balanced by these disadvantages and the enemy's superior position.

"I therefore determined, first, to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons, against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance; second, *to hammer continuously* against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws."

Along the whole line for twelve hundred miles, from the Atlantic to the Rio Grande, our forces were to advance simultaneously—Butler up the James, Grant and Meade across the Rapidan, Sigel up the Shenandoah, Averill in West Virginia, Sherman and Thomas from Chattanooga, and Banks up the Red River toward Texas. Every column was to be hurled simultaneously upon the foe.

The heaviest movement, however, must be made against Lee, who had thus far withstood like a rock every assault from the Army of the Potomac. Grant said to Meade:—

"Lee's army will be my objective point. Wherever he goes I will go also."

The rebel chief was at Orange Court-House, a few miles south of Grant. The two armies had not met in battle for nine months. Lee had interior lines and an admirably defensible country with which he was personally familiar. In it his father—"Light-Horse Harry," of the Revolution—had spent the closing years of his checkered life, and Lee himself had defeated the Union army in two campaigns. His troops had the confidence in themselves born of habitual victory and a well-grounded faith in him which the Union Army could not feel in its untried commander.

Grant was at Culpepper Court-House, just north of the the scene of Hooker's disastrous failure at Chancellorville, and a few miles from the ground of Burnside's bloody repulse at Fredericksburg. His army was much larger than Lee's, but it was an army so accustomed to defeat that it fought with the mechanical sturdiness of manhood and military drill rather than the fiery zeal of predestined victory.

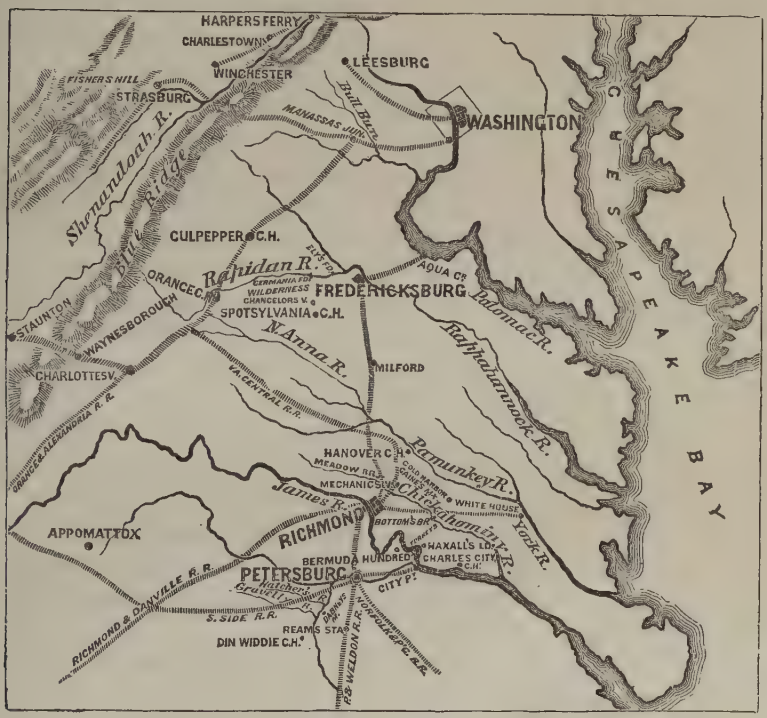
He had determined to move toward Richmond—seventy miles, by the direct or land route—across a heavily-timbered country, broken by many streams running at right angles with his line of march, and easily held against a superior force. Every mile of progress, too, would make the obtaining of supplies harder for him and easier for Lee.

The line of the James River was in many respects more favorable, but President Lincoln had always believed this the better route, and Grant adopted it because it would enable him to cover Washington, and was the more direct and convenient from the point where he found the army. Had he abandoned Culpepper and gone around to the mouth of the James, it would have left the capital open to Lee for a month, and even if no disaster had followed, the seeming retreat could not have failed to dispirit his troops. Still, he was not altogether sanguine of success, and told his staff and Meade and Butler that in case of failure he should ultimately cross the James and attack Richmond from the south.

On the evening of Tuesday, May third, Meade issued orders to strike tents, and sent forward the pontoon trains to lay bridges at Ely's Ford and Germania Ford. While

Culpepper was noisy with rumbling wheels, clattering hoofs, and tramping feet, Grant, Rawlins, and Washburne sat in the head-quarters tent until two in the morning, talking of history, literature, and politics. Then they rolled themselves in their blankets. The troops started at midnight, marching silently by the light of the stars.

Next morning, the citizens were surprised to find the



THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

army gone. The General and his staff breakfasted, and galloped away from the deserted village. At Germania they found the splendid soldiers of Warren and Sedgwick streaming over the Rapidan, in long lines of blue, tipped with shining bayonets and garlanded with starry flags. At Ely's, Hancock's men were crossing, followed by the enormous supply train of four thousand wagons. Before night

St. Mary's COLLEGE

the army was south of the river, encamped on the historic field of Chancellorville and around the house to which Stonewall Jackson was borne, mortally wounded.

At nine o'clock, all lights were put out. Grant, who had feared that the enemy might dispute his passage or fall upon his train, regarded the safe crossing as a great success, and now hoped to find a clear road. His immediate design was to get between the rebel capital and the rebel army, and he had hopes even of crushing that army in one decisive battle. "It was my intention," says his final report, "to fight Lee between Culpepper and Richmond *if he would stand.*"

Lee not only stood but he came. Early on Wednesday, from a high mountain station, his signal officers had notified him that the Union columns were moving. He started on the instant to strike their line of march at a right angle. Grant was facing south; at dark Lee coming in from the westward, was close upon the national camps in the Wilderness—a great desolate region of worn-out and abandoned tobacco fields—broken table-land, covered with scraggy oak, sassafras, hazel, and pine. It is intersected by narrow roads and deep ravines, and covered with undergrowth so dense that a man on foot penetrates it with difficulty, and can see only a few feet before him.

Grant did not mean to fight in this "darkling wood," but early on Thursday morning* an orderly came back with intelligence that Warren had encountered the enemy.

MEADE.—"Then the rebels have left a division here to fool us while they concentrate toward the North Anna."

Shortly after came a dispatch from Sheridan's cavalry who were scouring the front.

MEADE.—"They think Lee intends to fight us here."

GRANT.—"Very well; let him be attacked vigorously wherever he appears."

The struggle was soon "vigorous" enough. Artillery could hardly be used in that tangled forest, and infantry had to move in by the compass, but it was soon engaged in the deadliest fighting.

* May fifth.

Meade planted his head-quarters flag just out of range upon a knoll covered with dry pines, and pitched his tents back in a little open space overlooking an old quartz mill at the foot of a hill.

The day was intensely hot. In close, stifling ravines, in jungles of interlacing branches and vines, Death held high carnival. Every advance was into an ambush, where our soldiers found the rebels on their knees, awaiting them. Many received only trivial wounds from flattened bullets, which glanced from the trees; but thousands were struck in lungs or stomach, and out of the dark forest began to flow interminable processions, bearing bleeding forms, upon blankets and stretchers.

By 2 P. M. the entire army was engaged. Under a tree upon the knoll sat Grant, smoking, whittling, and talking quietly. Near him, stood Meade*—tall, slender, and stooping, wearing spectacles, and looking more the scholar than the soldier—answering dispatches and issuing orders. A rumor came back that the skillful and gallant Hancock was repulsed, and our entire left wing giving way.

"I don't believe it," insisted Grant, cutting at a root with his knife. "There must be some mistake about it."

But finding it impossible to stay in the rear, the chief galloped forward to where the battle raged, and rode to and fro, consulting with officers, but giving no orders except general ones to Meade.

Darkness closed upon an unfinished battle. Both armies had shown the utmost determination; both had lost and won much ground over and over again. Lee telegraphed to Richmond, in his usual moderate vein:—

"By the blessing of God we maintained our position against every effort, until night, when the conflict closed. We have to mourn the loss of many brave officers and men."

Grant sent no dispatches, but ordered a general attack at half-past three the next morning. At midnight in his

* In the pages following I speak of the Army of the Potomac sometimes as "Meade's" and sometimes as "Grant's."

guarded tent he was awakened by an orderly with a dispatch from Meade, saying that at half-past three our men could not distinguish each other from the rebels, and suggesting six o'clock as a better hour.

GRANT (drowsily).—"Very well, let it be at six."

A STAFF OFFICER.—"Why, General, the sun is an hour and a half high at six o'clock!"

GRANT (rising and walking to get awake).—"True, that will be too late. Instruct Meade to delay the attack until a quarter-past four—not a minute later. It is of great importance that *we* should begin the battle."

Friday* dawned. Lee, with the same desire to secure for his soldiers the moral effect of the offensive, had likewise ordered a general assault the moment it should be light enough. The result was that Union troops fired the first gun on our left and center, and rebels the first on our right.

The cloudless day was excessively hot. Both armies had intrenched. Grant's line faced westward, Sedgwick holding the right, Warren the center, and Hancock the left.

Before nine A. M., Hancock impetuously drove the enemy for two miles, almost overrunning Lee's head-quarters. Had he pressed right on he would inevitably have cut the rebel army in twain, and ended the campaign then and there. But in that dense forest he was out of reach of his supports, his flanks were in danger, and he paused to readjust his line.

Lee, seeing that he faltered, placed himself at the head of a Texan division, to lead a charge and retrieve his desperate fortunes. The rebels refused to budge a step with their favorite chief thus periling his life, but after he had taken his proper place in the rear, they pushed forward with new-born energy, and drove back the Union column.

Already, James S. Wadsworth, a leading citizen of New York and a most gallant major-general of volunteers, had had two horses killed under him; and now he fell, shot through the head. Burnside's corps arrived, after a rapid march, and took a position between Warren and Hancock. The rebels, also, were strengthened by Longstreet's corps,

* May sixth.

the advance reaching the ground in season to help drive Hancock back, and the rest during the forenoon.

There was desperate fighting from morning until night. "It was the longest day I ever passed," says one of the spectators. Grant, who was in military undress, without sash or sword, spent it chiefly at Meade's head-quarters on the knoll, sitting quietly at the foot of a stunted tree, still whittling, but when the prospect grew darkest, letting the fire go out and chewing his cigar instead of smoking. There was grave cause for anxiety, but as each new rumor of disaster came, he invariably declared that he did not believe it. He said to a journalist:—

"It has been my experience that though the Southerners fight desperately at first, yet when we hang on for a day or two we whip them awfully."

In the afternoon the rebels concentrated, and began a vigorous charge to overwhelm Hancock. But at that moment Longstreet and his staff, who had just reached the field, galloped down the road. The confederates, taking them for Union cavalry, fired upon them. Longstreet received a wound in the neck and shoulder, which kept him out of the field for nearly a year. The confusion caused by his fall delayed the attack until the Union line was strengthened, and easily checked it. Hancock's escape was almost as narrow as Lee's had been in the morning.

Warren, Burnside, and Sedgwick likewise did superb fighting through the day, with alternate good and ill fortune. One regiment rushed out of the woods toward head-quarters, in dire confusion. Grant sprang upon his horse and dashed forward to see what was the matter. It proved that a sudden panic had seized them, and they had become separated from their brigade.

The General directed an aide to have the bridge upon which Burnside's corps had crossed the Rapidan taken up and brought forward. To a suggestion that it might yet be needed, he answered:—

"One bridge and the ford will be amply sufficient to cross all the men left, if we should have to fall back!"

At four P. M., during another fierce assault upon our

intrenched lines, the woods took fire. The smoke and flames blowing in the faces of our men, compelled them to fall back, and the rebels rushed forward and occupied their works. After the smoke subsided, our troops retook them, capturing many prisoners.

Even darkness did not bring quiet. The confederate General Gordon, flinging his division upon our right flank, captured two brigades, and created a panic hitherto unequaled. Surgeons fled from their hospitals in the old quartz mill, and soldiers came running back to head-quarters, declaring that all was lost. It was the most alarming moment of the campaign; but Sedgwick checked the onset, and restored the line.

Before midnight came yet another alarm, caused by musketry and terrific yells from thousands of throats. Quartermasters began to strike tents. The General said:—

"They have broken through Warren's line. I don't know but we shall have to get out of this."

It proved a voice and nothing more. Gordon, expecting an attack where his line was extremely weak, had ordered the yells, to give an exaggerated idea of its strength.

After midnight, a correspondent who accompanied headquarters sat by the camp fire, unable to sleep, and wondering sadly if he had followed the chief to the Army of the Potomac only to chronicle his ruin. Looking up, he saw Grant, sitting on the other side of the blaze, his hat slouching so low, and the collar of his blue overcoat standing so high, that most of his face was hidden. He, too, was buried in thought. Through the long, trying day his serenity had appeared unshaken, but, now that he was alone, nervous shiftings of one leg over the other, and worn, haggard looks, showed how deeply he was moved at the dreadful and seemingly fruitless shedding of blood.

Still he would not admit, in the profoundest recesses of his heart, that there was any danger of failure. He expressed regrets to his friend at the appalling loss of life, but said that as Lee could choose his own ground, we must fight him wherever we found him—often at great

disadvantage, but with absolute certainty of destroying him at last. After talking until two o'clock, he went to his cot.

The battle of the Wilderness was over, and we had barely held our own. Careless lookers-on doubted whether there were more men in the hospitals or on the field. But, the Union causalties actually footed up far less than it was at first expected. The rebels had fought with dauntless courage and tenacity. But in vain was their valor, in vain the skill of their chief. They might, indeed, check the Army of the Potomac, but never more were they to drive it back. It had found a leader at last!

During these anxious days, Frank B. Carpenter, the artist, painting "the Signing of the Proclamation," at the White House, asked the Chief Magistrate :—

"How does Grant impress you as compared with other leading generals?"

"The great thing about him," answered the President, "is cool persistency of purpose. He is not easily excited, and he has the grip of a bull dog. *When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off.*"

Lincoln afterward said that any previous commander of the Army of the Potomac would have fallen back across the Rapidan, at the end of such a conflict.

At Washington on that Friday night there was gravest apprehension. The Government having no dispatches from the General, was in complete ignorance of the result of the battle, and even of the whereabouts of the army. Among other rumors it was reported that the rebel trooper, Stuart, was making a raid, cutting off Grant's communications. At the request of Lincoln and Stanton, Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, started for the front at midnight by a special train, to report the situation. After he reached Alexandria, a telegram called him back to the War Office, where he found the worn President and secretary still sitting.

Lincoln.—"We are afraid to have you go to-night. The danger of your capture is too great."

Dana.—"Then I'll go home to bed. Good night."

Lincoln (hesitatingly).—"Are *you* afraid to make the journey?"

Dana.—"Oh, no. I have a good escort, and two of Sedgwick's officers, who know every ford of the Rapidan, and every foot of the country."

Lincoln (to Stanton).—"Then, I guess, we'd better let him go."

Dana pushed forward, and though encountering swarms of stragglers, and all sorts of rumors, rode up to head-quarters at noon on Saturday, and found Grant and Meade, not only safe, but at their mid-day lunch of sandwiches. He remained at the front until the end of the campaign.

Our old friend Cadwallader yearned to supply the North with news, and to make a hit for the New York *Herald*, which he now served. So he started across the country, carrying two huge sacks of letters from head-quarters, and his own dispatches which contained the names of many thousands of wounded copied from the hospital lists. At midnight, riding through the forest south of the Rappahannock, unaware of any enemy within miles of him, he was suddenly hit upon the head by the butt-end of a musket and knocked off his steed. The guerrillas had him! Next morning, however, they encountered a little Union force near Fredericksburg. During the skirmish, by the gift of horse, saddle, bridle, and two hundred dollars in greenbacks, Cadwallader induced the sergeant who had him in charge to look one way while he walked off the other.

After a day of starvation in the woods, and a voyage on the Potomac upon an improvised raft, he was picked up by a Union gun-boat, and reached Washington on Sunday night. He had given unwitting comfort to the enemy. The Richmond papers published copious extracts from his lists of killed and wounded, to show how "Grant the Butcher" was slaughtering his own soldiers.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SPOTTSYLVANIA TO COLD HARBOR.

DURING all Saturday the two armies confronted each other, both too much bruised and shattered to attack. They spent the day in removing the suffering and burying the peaceful sleepers, who lay in masses of mingled gray and blue. The soldiers on both sides were sobered, and the most profane forgot their oaths.

Grant was sending back his wounded to Fredericksburg, and opening roads on his front. The smoke of his cigar was seen on every part of the field, but the smoker was more taciturn than usual.

In the rebel lines it was believed that our army was falling back. Gordon said to Lee:—

"I think there is no doubt but that Grant is retreating."

"You are mistaken," replied the confederate chief, earnestly, "quite mistaken. Grant is not retreating: *he is not a retreating man.*"

Forward, not back, was the word! After dark, the tents were struck, and Grant and Meade, with their staffs and escorts, started along a narrow road, lined with thousands of Hancock's sleeping men. At the sound of tramping hoofs, drowsy soldiers rubbed their eyes and asked:—

"What's that?"

Others, recognizing the chief, answered:—

"That's Grant 'on to Richmond.'"

This waked up the troops. They were not to fall back this time, but actually to go on! The welcome news was received with a chorus of cheers which, passing from regiment to regiment, accompanied the cavalcade for a mile and a half, till the ears of all the riders ached.

GRANT.—"Well, we are at least revenging ourselves on the rebels for their yells of last night."

Through the darkness he rode at a brisk gallop, and twice his party ran into hostile pickets, and shots were exchanged. During a halt our pickets asked one of the head-quarters' party :—

"Where are you going?"

"To Spottsylvania."

"Then you will have a skrimmage."

"Why?"

"Well, nothing, except that there are fifty thousand rebels in front of you, as Sheridan has found out."

Reaching Todd's tavern, a dilapidated cross-road hostlery in the Wilderness, two hours after midnight, the General and staff rolled themselves in their blankets and slept on the bar-room floor until daylight.* Then they again moved forward and established head-quarters near Meade at "Piney Branch Church," in a pleasant grove. While they breakfasted under a tree, up rode Sheridan. Grant directed him to start on a raid against Lee's communications with Richmond. He received his orders, touched his hat with a bright smile, leaped upon his horse, and galloped gayly away.

The General had ordered the whole army forward. Had it moved promptly it would have reached Spottsylvania before Lee, and interposed between him and Richmond, forcing him to fight for his communications. It had to march only twelve miles, but was delayed by various causes to the sore disappointment of the chief.

Meanwhile Lee, divining Grant's plan, had already sent his engineers to open roads and prepare fortifications; and while the Union rear-guard was firing its last gun at the Wilderness, its advance came upon Lee's troops in front of his new works, three miles from Spottsylvania.

Fighting began at nine A. M., and lasted through the day. The enemy was driven back, but not until the delay had enabled him to complete his strong works.

Monday was devoted chiefly to maneuvering, though there was some heavy fighting. Sedgwick on the front of

* Sunday, May eighth.

his corps, seeing his men dodge at occasional bullets from sharp-shooters, said laughingly :—

"Pooh, men, don't duck; they couldn't hit an elephant at that distance."

As he spoke a bullet pierced his brain, and the veteran fell dead, wearing his usual calm smile. He was perhaps the best soldier in the Army of the Potomac. Grant regarded his loss greater in a mere military view than the destruction of an entire division would have been.

Hundreds of fugitives were pouring into Washington. Four runaway colonels even were taken to the War Department in irons, and the air was thick with rumors that Grant was in full retreat. This afternoon, however, receiving a dispatch from Meade, the President issued the following :—

"TO THE FRIENDS OF UNION AND LIBERTY:—

"Enough is known of the army operations within the last five days to claim our especial gratitude to God. While what remains undone demands our most sincere prayers to and reliance upon Him (without whom all human effort is vain), I recommend that all patriots, at their homes, in their places of public worship, and wherever they may be, unite in common thanksgiving and prayer to Almighty God."

On Tuesday morning * Meade's line was six miles long. The day saw hard fighting in deep ravines, in dense pine forests, and in pleasant sun-bathed fields. Once the woods took fire, and a number of wounded were burned to death.

Just before dark under a thundering cannonade a charge was made by our entire line. Several rebel works were carried. A Vermont brigade captured an important one, but found itself without supports. The moment Grant heard of it he directed :—

"Pile in the men and hold the work."

But before this could be done the brigade had been withdrawn.

Our forces failed to break the enemy's main line, but brought back more than a thousand prisoners. Little by little the Union troops were gaining upon the rebels. Grant

* May tenth.

kept with him his heavy siege trains for attacking Richmond, and replied to all desponding questions:—"We are going through; there is no doubt about it."

On Wednesday morning,* after an early breakfast, Washburne, about starting for Washington, stood with the General and staff while his escort was getting ready.

WASHBURNE.—"What word have you to send?"

GRANT.—"None I think, except that we are fighting away here."

WASHBURNE.—"Hadn't you better send Stanton just a scratch of the pen?"

GRANT.—"Perhaps so."

He stepped into his tent, and, without a moment's reflection, dashed off a note, apparently not even reading it after it was written:—

"We have now ended the sixth day of very hard fighting. The result, to this time, is much in our favor. Our losses have been heavy, as well as those of the enemy. I think the loss of the enemy must be greater. We have taken over five thousand prisoners in battle, while he has taken from us but few, except stragglers. *I propose to fight it out on this line, if it takes all summer.*"

At ten that night Washburne delivered the note. Stanton forwarded it to Dix, "whose duty it was to deal information which the War Department cut for him," and Dix sent it to the press of the country. It relieved the general suspense, and the italicized sentence was received with great enthusiasm. It gave expression to the popular desire to fight right through to victory, regardless of the cost.

Wednesday was spent in skirmishing and maneuvering. Thursday* brought a long and desperate battle. Late on the previous night, which was very dark and stormy, Hancock had massed his corps near the rebel left. At dawn he made a charge in the dense woods. On coming in sight of the enemy's works his troops burst into ringing cheers and broke into a run. They rushed over the abatis and into the breastworks, surprising the rebels at breakfast.

After brief fighting with bayonets and clubbed muskets,

* May eleventh. † May twelfth.

they sent back thirty stands of colors and over three thousand prisoners, including two generals—Edward Johnson and George H. Stewart. Hancock had known both in the old army, and he shook hands courteously with Johnson, who said, with tears in his eyes, that he wished death had met him rather than such disaster. His fellow-captive was not in the melting mood.

HANCOCK.—"How are you, Stewart?"

STEWART.—"Sir, I am General Stewart, of the confederate army, and, under present circumstances, I decline to take your hand."

HANCOCK.—"Under any other circumstances, general, I should not have offered it!"

To Grant, Hancock wrote:—"I have finished up Johnson, and am now going into Early." Suiting the action to the word, he pushed forward, and, in the face of sharp resistance, captured Early's rifle-pits.

His corps was now a wedge, inserted between Lee's right and center. If the wedge had only been driven home! This would have made short work of the rebellion. But, unfortunately, Hancock was unsupported, and the enemy rallied and checked him.

Though heavy rain set in at mid-day, fierce fighting continued until dark. In five vehement but unsuccessful charges Lee tried to regain his lost ground. Again and again, too, Meade made fruitless attempts to advance. Union and confederate colors were often planted on different sides of the same breastwork.

At midnight, after twenty hours of obstinate combat, Lee drew back his bleeding columns to his second line of intrenchments. The field, the bloodiest of the war, was literally covered with dead, and showed other evidences of the hardest fighting. The trunk of one tree, eighteen inches in diameter, was entirely cut off by bullets. Grant had lost eight thousand men; but his army was beginning to acquire a habit of driving the enemy instead of being driven. After dark, he dispatched to Washington:—

"The eighth day of battle closes, leaving between three and four thousand prisoners in our hands for the day's work, including two general officers.

* * * *. * The enemy are obstinate, and seem to have found the last ditch."

Next morning,* the main force of the enemy had fallen back, but there was frequent skirmishing. Once the rebels suddenly poured out of the woods, and almost surrounded a house occupied by Meade. An engineer, familiar with the ground, took him out by a back door, and he safely reached the Lieutenant-General's head-quarters, from which his narrow escape had been seen.

GRANT (laughing).—"What's the fuss over there?"

MEADE.—"Nothing—only they came pretty near catching the commander of the Army of the Potomac."

The same day Meade issued a congratulatory order to his troops:—

"For eight days and nights, without almost any intermission, through rain and sunshine, you have been fighting a desperate foe, in positions naturally strong, and rendered doubly so by intrenchments. * * * Now he has abandoned the last intrenched position, so tenaciously held, suffering in all a loss of eighteen guns, twenty-two colors, eight thousand prisoners, including two general officers. * * * Let us return thanks to God for the mercy thus shown us, earnestly ask for its continuance. * * * The enemy must be pursued, and, if possible, overcome. * * * We shall soon receive re-enforcements, which he can not expect."

The next day, in an order to *his* soldiers, Lee related that detachments of our army along the Shenandoah, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railway, in Western Louisiana under Banks, at the northern defenses of Richmond under Sheridan, and on the south side of the James under Butler, had all been successfully repelled, with the loss of many prisoners. He concluded:—

"The heroic valor of this army, with the blessing of Almighty God, has thus far checked the principal army of the enemy, and inflicted upon it heavy losses. * * * Encouraged by the success that has been vouchsafed to us, and stimulated by the great interests that depend upon us, let every man resolve to endure all and brave all; until, by the assistance of a just and merciful God, the enemy shall be driven back, and peace secured to our country. Continue to emulate the valor of your comrades who have fallen, and remember that it depends upon you whether they shall have died in vain. It is in

*Friday, May thirteenth.

your power, under God, to defeat the last great effort of the enemy, establish the independence of your native land, and earn the lasting love and gratitude of your countrymen, and the admiration of mankind."

For several days the armies remained quiet, sending back their dead and wounded, and bringing up commissary stores. Grant, too, was receiving re-enforcements.

A Maine gentleman, present to look after the sick and wounded, found head-quarters in a beautiful open grove. He thus describes his call:—

"Dismounting and tying my horse to a sapling, I asked of the guard where I could find an officer who would introduce me to the General. He replied:—'No need of any introduction; just walk in.' I approached the open tent, made the best military salutation at my command—doubtless awkward enough—and asked: 'Is General Grant in?' 'That is my name,' answered a quiet officer sitting on his camp chair, and withdrawing his cigar from his mouth. 'I am all the way from Maine, General, and want to shake hands with you.' 'Well, well, come in—have a seat.'

"I accepted his invitation only upon his assurance that there was time enough; and sat and talked with him a few minutes, exceedingly gratified at his kindly manner toward a stranger in citizen's dress who came to him without pass or invitation."

During one of these May evenings, Isaac N. Arnold, of Illinois, was at the White House, when allusion was made to pending attempts to make Grant a candidate for the Presidency. The Union *people* were for Lincoln; but many politicians were not. He said to his visitor:—

"If Grant could be more useful than I in putting down the rebellion, I would be quite content. He is fully committed to the policy of emancipation and employing negro soldiers; and with this policy faithfully carried out, it will not make much difference who is President."

Meade suggested that Hancock's corps, by attacking again on our right, might break the enemy's line. The General—who never discouraged any promising project—replied:—

"Very well; let him try."

At dawn, on the eighteenth, the attempt was made. Hancock's men did all that men could do; but were compelled to retire with a loss of twelve hundred. Grant—exceedingly

tender hearted in spite of the favorite epithet of the enemy —was deeply grieved at the sacrifice · but Meade said, truthfully :—

"We can't do these things without risks—without heavy losses."

The chief fully comprehended this, and his faith in the final result never faltered. Many men and some officers, approving of his fighting policy, said triumphantly :—

"Lee no longer commands this army. It is under a general now who don't take orders from him."

But there were others who declared :—

"Grant finds his match at last. He encounters different troops and a different commander from those he met in the West."

The Army of the Potomac fought splendidly and unflinchingly. There was no conspicuous disloyalty ; and yet something of the old feeling yet lingered—the feeling that Grant was only a lucky general, who had climbed up by the shoulders of Sherman and McPherson ; and that Lee was a great chieftain, certain to accomplish what he attempted.

Through this entire campaign, our army faced the West with its right toward Washington, and its left toward Richmond. On the afternoon of the nineteenth Lee tried the flanking game. Ewell's corps got in the rear of the Union right, and assaulted vigorously, but was repulsed with heavy loss. The hammer was beginning to tell. Never afterward did the enemy leave his breastworks to attack, except in one or two desperate cases.

On the night of May twenty-first, the national army left Spottsylvania and continued the movement toward our left, reaching the North Anna on the afternoon of the twenty-third.* The vigilant Lee, anticipating this, had pushed forward upon his shorter line, and again confronted it.

Grant threw his troops across the river, Warren's men building a bridge of boards and timbers which they had cut

* That night Stanton telegraphed to the Northern press that heavy re-enforcements had been forwarded to Grant; twenty thousand sick and wounded from the fields received at the Washington hospitals; over eight thousand rebels at the prison depots, and much captured artillery at the seat of Government.

out in a captured rebel saw-mill. A thousand prisoners were captured, but Lee held a salient extending down to the stream in the form of a letter V, and could not be dislodged from it without great sacrifice of life. Grant fell back, therefore, to the north bank, and a little quiet followed.

On the twenty-fifth Sheridan rejoined the army, after sixteen days spent in "smashing things" within the enemy's lines. From the beginning, the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac had been notoriously inefficient. The infantry jeered at it, and Hooker offered twenty-five dollars for the body of any trooper killed in a fight. When Sheridan took charge, he found it improved, but still engaged chiefly in picket and guard duty. He very soon gave it new character. He kept it protecting the flanks and scouring the front of our army and harassing the enemy.

On cutting loose from Spottsylvania, he was in his element. He loved work, and the noise of fighting kindled in his face the expression of enjoyment which most countenances wear on hearing a good story. He captured supply trains, tore up railways, released four hundred Union prisoners, and at Yellow Tavern, within six miles of Richmond,* defeated a large cavalry force, and mortally wounded J. E. B. Stuart, Lee's ablest and most daring cavalry leader, and an eye-sore to the Army of the Potomac.

Sheridan pursued the routed rebels into the defenses of Richmond, capturing a section of artillery and a hundred prisoners. His official report adds:—

"For the balance of the day we collected our wounded, buried our dead, grazed our horses, and read the Richmond papers: two small news-boys having, with commendable energy, entered our lines and sold them to the officers and men."

Moving with great skill and daring—destroying bridges behind him and building them in front—he reached Haxall's, on the James; communicated with Butler, rested for several days, and started back. After amusing himself on the road by destroying another long stretch of railway

* May eleventh.

near Hanover, here he was again. He had kept Lee's cavalry utterly unable to molest our supply trains, made his arm of the service, for the first time, a terror to the enemy, and cleared the road for a new advance.

Grant withdrew at night* from North Anna, and moved forward, flanking again. Sheridan was not allowed a day's rest. At noon, on the twenty-seventh, he held the crossing of the Pamunkey at Hanovertown, fifteen miles north of Richmond, and built a pontoon bridge, upon which the army crossed during that day and the next. In anticipation of this, supplies had already come up by steamers to White House, on the Pamunkey.

On Sunday, the twenty-ninth, our army again found Lee upon its front; and there was heavy skirmishing that day and the next, as he slowly fell back.

On the thirty-first, Sheridan, on the advance, encountered stubborn resistance near Cold Harbor. Grant, receiving word that he was very hard pressed, directed him to hold the position at all hazards. So he threw up intrenchments, and fought sturdily until the next morning, when the infantry arrived to relieve him.

Head-quarters were established at Cold Harbor†—an old tavern, under a spreading catalpa—at the crossing of two roads, twelve miles from Richmond, and near the ground where McClellan and Lee had fought at Gaines's Mill, two years before.

Grant attacked Lee‡ to drive him south of the Chickahominy. The troops charged gallantly across an open field and through a strip of woods, taking a line of rifle-pits and several hundred prisoners. Further to our right they also effected a lodgment, but the pitiless fire from a redoubt on the enemy's second line, compelled them to abandon it. Hot work continued during the afternoon and night. Grant lost two thousand men; Lee fewer, as breastworks protected him.

* May twenty-sixth.

† Often written "Coal Harbor," and "Cool Arbor." But in England, cold harbor was once a common name for a place by the roadside affording shelter, but no fire.

‡ June first.

The next day was spent in posting troops and performing sad duties for the dead and wounded. At dawn on the third Grant assaulted again along the entire front. At many points our men pushed the enemy out of his first works; but he rallied and drove them back, capturing prisoners and colors. The hot portions of the battle lasted only a few minutes, but proved terribly destructive. Lee, fighting behind breastworks, possessed great advantages. It was the most discouraging conflict of the year. Grant had merely ordered the assault, leaving details to Meade. There seems to have been no proper study of the ground or arrangement for supports—only the blind hurling of one corps at a time against the enemy. One of Hancock's divisions broke the rebel line, but finding itself without supports, had to withdraw. Ten thousand men to help follow up the advantage, would have brought victory instead of defeat.

At a later hour, Meade ordered each corps commander to renew the attack, without reference to the troops on his right or left. But the men, willing to fight when fighting could avail, did not mean to give their lives for nothing, and when the hour came they did not move.

Grant, in his final report, says of the day's battle:—

"Our loss was heavy, while that of the enemy, I have reason to believe, was comparatively light. It was the only general attack made, from the Rapidan to the James, which did not inflict upon the enemy losses to compensate for our own. I would not be understood as saying that all previous attacks resulted in victories to our arms and accomplished as much as I had hoped, but they inflicted upon the enemy severe losses, which tended in the end to the complete overthrow of the rebels."

The army intrenched, in the face of the defiant foe, and days of desultory skirmishing ensued. The confederates made two night attacks, but both were repulsed. Once there was an armistice of two hours, to bury the dead and remove the wounded from the bullet-swept space between the lines.

A few days ended the fighting of the "overland campaign." An official abstract of Meade's morning reports for April, 1864, made up in the Adjutant-General's office, shows that his aggregate force "present" at the outset numbered one hundred and twenty-two thousand four

hundred and eighty-six. Deducting those on special service, sick, and under arrest, the officers and men, "present for duty, equipped," were eighty-nine thousand seven hundred and thirty-seven. The return of Burnside's Ninth Corps, for the same month, shows its numbers "present" to have been twenty thousand four hundred and forty-four, but does not state how many of these were "present for duty, equipped." If his proportion of men unavailable for battle was the same as Meade's, he had fourteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight bearing muskets. One division of these, numbering about four thousand, was with the wagon train until the army reached the James. Grant's effective force, therefore, after Burnside came up, in the Wilderness, did not vary more than a few hundred either way from one hundred and two thousand men.

Lee's official field return, dated April twentieth, 1864, shows that his aggregate numbers "present"—exclusive of Longstreet's corps and Hoke's division, and two of Ewell's regiments, all detached and not reported—were sixty-two thousand eight hundred and twenty-five. Deducting those on special service, sick, and under arrest, the officers and men present and available for battle were fifty-four thousand two hundred and fifty-six.

It is believed that this force was materially increased before Grant crossed the Rapidan; but I find no official statement showing how much. Longstreet came up in the Wilderness with nineteen thousand effectives. Lee's army to Grant's, therefore—without estimating other re-enforcements—was as seventy-three to a hundred and two. Whether this disparity, in view of Lee's thorough familiarity with the country, and his fighting generally on the defensive and often in strong intrenchments, gave Grant any advantage over him, is a question which every reader must answer for himself.

The sweet spring days had been days of harvest for the great Reaper. Still the frowning walls of the confederacy showed no rent nor seam; and still the tireless arm was "hammering away." Which would break first, the granite or the hammer?

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

DURING the long June days, while Grant confronted Lee at Cold Harbor, Meade had the misfortune to excite the ire of the journalists. A Philadelphia correspondent wrote, that on the second night of the Wilderness battle he would have retreated had not Grant prevented it. Meade, with natural anger at this injurious statement, arrested its author, and, after compelling him to ride through the camps bearing the placard, "*A Libeler of the Press*," expelled him from the army.

Other journalists, though not at all excusing the offender, were so indignant at this degrading penalty, that by common impulse, both those in the field and those at Washington omitted Meade's name for months from all their dispatches. If he issued an order, they spoke of it merely as "from head-quarters." If he directed a movement, they gave credit to the officer commanding in person. A stranger reading the papers would have been almost ignorant of Meade's existence.

One day the Lieutenant-General told the President that he proposed to keep Lee in the vicinity of Richmond, while Sherman marched, destroying the confederacy.

LINCOLN.—"I don't know much about military technicalities, but, as near as I can understand, you propose to hold the leg, while Sherman takes off the skin!"

GRANT.—"Yes, that's exactly what I mean."

A national convention of the Union republican party met at Baltimore to select a Presidential candidate. In vain did the politicians labor for Chase, and other eminent leaders; the people *would* have their favorite. When the roll was called, every State but one cast its entire vote for Abraham Lincoln. The Missouri delegation—under instructions

from their radical constituents, who fancied that the President had not supported them zealously against the conservatives of the same party—gave their votes for Grant; but afterward changed them, making Lincoln's nomination unanimous.

A rumor was mentioned to the General that McClellan would be ordered to duty under him. He replied:—

"I would as soon have him for a corps commander as any officer I know."

Grant's final report says:—

"My idea from the start had been to beat Lee's army north of Richmond, *if possible;* then, after destroying communications north of the James River, to transport the army to the south side and besiege Lee in Richmond, or follow him south if he should retreat."

It had not proved "possible;" so, leaving Warren to hold Lee by a vigorous show of attacking, on the night of Sunday, June twelfth, Meade's troops moved swiftly across the Chickahominy, and over ground familiar to the surviving veterans of McClellan's sanguinary battles.

This most skillful and difficult of all the flanking movements completely surprised Lee. At first he supposed it a blow against Richmond from the north side. The moment he discovered that it was not, he fell back into the city.

After a march of fifty-five miles, which occupied two days, our troops were across the peninsula, and struck the James near Charles City Court-House. The pontoons were laid, and Grant directed Meade to push Hancock forward to aid Butler's army in surprising and capturing Petersburg—an important point at the head of navigation on the Appomattox, twenty-two miles from Richmond, and the focus of all the railways entering it from the south. He telegraphed to Halleck on the fourteenth:—

"Our forces will commence crossing the James to-day. The enemy shows no signs of yet having brought troops to the south side of Richmond. I will have Petersburg secured, if possible, before they get there in much force. Our movement from Cold Harbor to the James River has been made with great celerity, and, so far, without loss or accident."

Abraham Lincoln replied with his own hand:—

"I have just received your dispatch of one P. M. yesterday. *I begin to see it.* You will succeed. God bless you all!"

Butler's orders were, to take Petersburg immediately. At seven P. M., on the fifteenth, W. F. Smith attacked the northeast defenses, capturing a line of rifle-pits and several field-pieces, and dashing into the main works, where he secured three hundred prisoners and sixteen guns.

Smith, spending a large portion of the day in reconnoitering the enemy's position, had deferred his attack until that late hour. Hancock also was seriously delayed on the south bank of the James River, awaiting rations for his hungry men, but when once he started he moved rapidly and was soon at the front. Being unacquainted with the region, he waived rank, and placed his corps under Smith's orders. It was bright moonlight, but Smith was ignorant of what lay beyond the captured works, and with a lack of continuous enterprise marvellous in so brilliant a soldier, he halted. He might have gone straight into Petersburg!

Not only did he spend the night there, but the next morning he even waited for his men to breakfast. Then it was too late. Lee, learning by telegraph of his assault, instantly put every car to be found in Richmond upon the railway, and spent the night in throwing forward his troops to Petersburg. The next morning, from the strong fortifications, his veterans made our second attempt an utter failure.

At six that evening, Grant having returned from the Army of the Potomac, which he had gone back to hurry up, Meade attacked again with two corps. Fighting continued through the night, with the capture of a few rebel works, some artillery, and four hundred prisoners, but without any decisive result. The remainder of the army coming up, the attempt was renewed on the seventeenth and eighteenth: but it proved impossible to dislodge Lee, and our baffled army sat down before Petersburg.

Grant was sorely disappointed. Butler—a volunteer officer—on first approaching the city, had given up his own project for attacking on the north side, in deference to the earnest counsel of two West Point subordinates. Actually,

only two rebel regiments defended the town on that side, and it could have been carried easily. Shortly afterward the rallying enemy drove Butler back into his works, within the triangle between the James and the Appomattox, and intrenched strongly upon his front, protecting the railway and the city. Of his position, thus cribbed, coffined, and confined, Grant's final report says:—

"His army, therefore, though in a position of great security, was as completely shut off from further operations directly against Richmond, *as if he had been in a bottle strongly corked.* It required comparatively a small force of the enemy to hold him there."

The expression "bottled up" had been frequently applied to Butler's condition. It did not originate with the chief, but he used it as the most fitting.

Just after the Lieutenant-General arrived, Lee withdrew a part of his troops from Butler's front to help defend Petersburg. The rebel regiments which were to replace them did not get in promptly, and Butler pushed forward, tearing up half a mile of railway. Grant directed him to hold the position at whatever cost, and gave orders to throw in the whole army if necessary. But on the afternoon of the seventeenth the rebels rallied and recaptured their works. We never again broke their line between Petersburg and Richmond, until just before the final surrender.

Since starting from Culpepper Court-House, Grant's losses had been heavy, but he had inflicted incalculable injury upon the enemy in killed and wounded, besides capturing thirteen thousand prisoners. Rebel journalists, whistling to keep their courage up, exaggerated enormously the number of his casualties, but regarded him in their hearts as a relentless Fate, whose brooding shadow covered, inch by inch, more and more of their political firmament.

Northern peace editors echoed their statements, and declared the change of base to the James a confession of the failure of Grant's plan, and the wisdom of McClellan's, attempted two years' earlier. But friend and foe alike

conceded that he had conducted his marching and flanking movements with rare skill. During much of the time, he supplied more than a hundred thousand soldiers over roads so narrow that one wagon could not pass another, yet his men never suffered for food, nor did he lose a single wagon.

He now established his head-quarters on the promontory, at the junction of the Appomattox and the James, known as City Point. There they were to remain nine months. Wharves and storehouses were built, and fleets of transports brought up supplies, ammunition, and bountiful stores from the Sanitary and Christian commissions.

For a few days there was active work. The rebels attacked north and south of the James, but were easily repulsed. They fell upon Sheridan—on his return from tearing up railways near Gordonsville, and fighting Wade Hampton's cavalry—but, as usual, found him an ugly customer, and were glad to withdraw after losing five hundred prisoners. They attacked another cavalry general—J. H. Wilson—who had been destroying the Weldon, Southside, and Danville railroads, with better fortune. They captured his artillery and supply wagons, many prisoners, and a large number of negroes who were following him—but not until he had punished them severely, and had so broken their railways that it took two months to re-open them.

An infantry movement by Meade to grasp and hold the Weldon road was repulsed, after hard fighting. The enemy, getting into a gap between two corps of the Union army, captured standards and guns, and twenty-five hundred prisoners, compelling the contraction of our left, and placing us on the defensive there for several weeks.

A lull followed. After two months of terrible work the old troops wanted rest, and the re-enforcements required disciplining. On Grant's right, near Petersburg, he had already begun siege operations, and it was understood about head-quarters that no more general assaults would be made until the strength of the army should be greatly augmented. An officer writes of the early days of July :—

"Captains were sometimes commanding regiments, and majors brigades.

The men, missing the familiar forms and voices that had led them to the charge, would complain that they had not their old officers to follow. More than one leader of a storming party was forced to say, as he came back from an unsuccessful attempt against the outworks of Petersburg, "My men do not charge as they did thirty days ago."

The enemy meant to fight in future only behind strong intrenchments, and Grant said:—"To take such is a work of time, or else involves terrible destruction of human life." He reminded Northern friends that nearly all the rebel forces were now in two grand armies, both besieged, and neither daring to risk a battle outside of their fortifications; that the enemy had put his last man in the field—that every day his troops were deserting, dying of disease and of wounds, and being captured, and that their loss could never be replaced. He added:—

"If the rebellion is not perfectly and thoroughly crushed, it will be the fault and through the weakness of the people of the North. Be of good cheer, and rest assured that all will come right."

The veteran Winfield Scott, who still held the brevet rank of lieutenant-general, knew from experience in his younger days the embarrassments of an officer in the field, and would not be used to increase them. In July he wrote from West Point to Washburne:—

"I heard, a short time ago, that some one had informed Lieutenant-General Grant that I had spoken slightly of him as an officer. As it is probable that your frank may enable this letter to reach him, I beg leave to say through you, that I have never uttered an unkind word about him.

"The inquiry has frequently been addressed to me, 'Do you know General Grant?' I have answered that he made the campaign of Mexico with me, and was considered by me, and I suppose by all his brothers in commission, a good officer, and one who attained special distinction at Molino del Rey. Of his more recent services, I have uniformly spoken in terms of the highest admiration, and added that, in my opinion, he had richly earned his present rank. I hope he may speedily put down the rebellion."

Lee always had an itching to invade the North. In desperate straits hitherto, he had forced the Army of the Potomac to fall back and cover Washington whenever he threatened it. Longstreet states that he frequently spoke of

"swapping queens" with Grant—capturing the national capital and uncovering Richmond to his adversary; but that Jefferson Davis would never permit it.

Now he improved the lull by detaching Early, who, passing down the Shenandoah Valley, entered Maryland, cutting railways; capturing trains between Baltimore and Philadelphia; compelling Hagerstown to pay tribute to him; and defeating a Union force on the Monocacy nine thousand strong. He threatened Baltimore; burned houses five miles from Washington, and even had a skirmish at the outer fortifications of the capital. Had he dashed in promptly with his whole force, he might have held the seat of Government for a few hours, and secured immense prestige for the rebels with foreign nations.

The panic he caused brought a strong pressure upon Grant to induce him to move his army at once to Washington. But Lee was dealing with a new man. The Lieutenant-General detached one of Meade's corps, and ordered another which had just reached Fortress Monroe from New Orleans, to the defense of the capital, but he did not budge from City Point. A correspondent visiting head-quarters, found him strolling among the tents, his thumbs in the arm-holes of his waistcoat, and his face serene as ever.

AN AIDE.—"They are having a little scare in the North. It will do them good."

JOURNALIST.—"How large a force have the rebels in Maryland?"

AIDE.—"Twenty-five to thirty thousand—raked and scraped from all their troops outside of Richmond. They will not affect operations here. Lee expected to send Grant post-haste to Washington, but this siege will go on."

Early, finding himself in danger, and unable to move the obstinate Lieutenant-General, returned to Virginia with an immense train of horses, cattle, hogs, sheep, and wagons loaded with grain, groceries, and clothing. He also carried away two hundred thousand dollars—a forced contribution from the people of Fredericksburg, Maryland, to save their town from the torch. But our troops fell upon his rear at

Winchester, and after a sharp fight, captured four pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners.

Sir Charles Napier once wrote, on the eve of battle :—"If I survive I shall soon be with those I love; if I fall, I shall be with those I have loved." A prized and trusted lieutenant of the General now joined those he *had* loved. McPherson was always upon the front when battle raged; again and again his large form and his splendid black charger had made him the mark of sharp-shooters. On the twenty-third of July, fighting under Sherman near Atlanta, Georgia, while riding alone in the woods he suddenly came upon a party of rebels. Turning his steed and striking in the spurs, he smiling touched his hat to the enemy. A dozen rifles replied, one minie-ball passing through him near the heart. He hardly spoke afterward, and in less than an hour he was dead. Sherman burst into tears at the sight of his lifeless form. Grant, learning of his death, exclaimed :—

"The country has lost one of its best soldiers, and" (his voice breaking and his eyes filling) "I have lost my best friend."

McPherson, only thirty-five, had won the hearty love of the army and the country. He was a member of the Methodist church, and brought no discredit upon his profession. He was the most courteous and gentle of men, never profane, never countenancing plunder or lawlessness. Three months before his death, he was to have married a young lady in Baltimore, but duty had kept him in the field.

The General received a touching letter, written from Clyde, Ohio, on the third of August :—

"I hope you will pardon me for troubling you with the perusal of these few lines from the trembling hand of the aged grandmother of our beloved General James B. McPherson, who fell in battle. When it was announced at his funeral, from the public prints, that when General Grant heard of his death he went into his tent and wept like a child, my heart went out in thanks to you for the interest you manifested in him while he was with you.

"I have watched his progress from infancy up. In childhood he was obedient and kind; in manhood interesting, noble, and persevering, looking to the wants of others. Since he entered the war, others can appreciate his worth better than I can.

"When it was announced to us by telegraph that our loved one had fallen, our hearts were almost rent asunder; but when we heard the commander-in-chief could weep with us too, we felt, sir, that you have been as a father to him; and this whole nation is mourning his early death. I wish to inform you that his remains were conducted by a kind guard to the very parlor where he spent a cheerful evening in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers, only sister, and his aged grandma', who is now trying to write. In the morning he took his leave at six o'clock, little dreaming he should fall by a ball from the enemy.

"His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather fruit, and his remains are resting in the silent grave, scarce half a mile from the place of his birth. His grave is on an eminence but a few rods from where the funeral services were attended, and near the grave of his father. The grave, no doubt, will be marked, so that passers-by will often pause to drop a tear over the dear departed.

"And now, dear friend, a few lines from you would be gratefully received by the afflicted friends. I pray that the God of battles may be with you, and go forth with your armies till the rebellion shall cease, the Union be restored, and the old flag wave over our entire land.

"With much respect, I remain your friend,

"LYDIA SLOCUM,

"Aged eighty-seven years and four months."

He replied, on the tenth of August:—

"DEAR MADAM:—Your very welcome letter of the third instant has reached me. I am glad to know the relatives of the lamented Major-General McPherson are aware of the more than friendship existing between him and myself. A nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the nation had more to expect from him than from almost any one living. I join in this selfish grief, and add the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed for some time one of my military family. I knew him well, and to know him was but to love him.

"It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequaled ability, his amiability, and all the manly virtues that can adorn a commander. Your bereavement is great, but can not exceed mine."

The summer days wore on. Our men rested in their intrenched camps, or in bivouac among stretches of cool greensward, and shaded Virginia farm-houses. There was quiet at head-quarters. At night the General, always the last man to go to bed, entertained callers as long as they would stay, and then sauntering along the snowy tents to the quarters of

Bowers and Rawlins, greeted them :—"Ah, at work still ?" Then he would often chat until three in the morning, upon all sorts of subjects, army matters usually being the last.

In one of his daily strolls about the camps and defenses, he approached a commissary warehouse, guarded by negroes. He was suddenly stopped by one of the sable guardians :—

Sentry.—"You must throw away that cigar, sir."

Grant.—"Why ?"

Sentry.—"My instructions are, not to let any man pass my beat, who is smoking. If you want to go by you must throw away that cigar."

The amused General obeyed and continued his walk.

Upon another afternoon a long, gaunt civilian wearing garments of rusty black, and a stove-pipe hat, walking up in the rear of head-quarters, was accosted by a hostler.

Hostler (gruffly).—"Keep out of here."

Visitor.—"Isn't this General Grant's tent ?"

Hostler.—"Yes."

Visitor (striding forward).—"Well, I reckon he will let me inside."

Hostler.—"You will —— soon find out !"

The agents of the Sanitary and Christian commissions, though of incalculable service in relieving the sufferings of soldiers, were unpopular at all head-quarters, perhaps, because they found fault with every real or fancied abuse. As the stranger neared the tent, a guard mistook him for one of these grumblers :—

Guard.—"No Sanitary folks allowed inside !"

Visitor.—"I guess General Grant will see me."

Guard.—"I can't let you pass, but I'll send him your name. What is it ?"

Visitor.—"Abraham Lincoln.

The veteran almost dropping his musket in surprise, gave the military salute, and with wide-staring eyes motioned the Commander-in-Chief to pass on. The President —visiting the army with his son "Tad" and a party of friends,—was warmly received within, where he related with keen enjoyment his unexpected adventure, and the "little stories" of which it reminded him.

"YOU MUST THROW AWAY THAT CIGAR, SIR!" Page 422.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Grant's great object in going south of the James had been to cut his adversary's communications, and isolate the rebel capital from the rest of the confederacy. The movement uncovered Washington; but the Union army was so near Richmond that the enemy's forces were kept busy at home.

There was little rest for Lee. Sheridan, with a large force, cut the railways north of Richmond, and so alarmed him for the safety of Early, in the Shenandoah valley, that he detached many troops to look after the troublesome general of cavalry, and so weakened his Petersburg front.

This was exactly what Grant wanted. A month earlier, he had begun a mine, suggested by Colonel Pleasance, of a Pennsylvania mining-region regiment. He pushed it forward from a ravine in front of Burnside's corps for five hundred feet, until it was under a formidable rebel fort upon "Cemetery Ridge," which proved to be a singularly appropriate name. The tunnel—four and a half feet high, four feet wide at the bottom and narrowing toward the top—was twenty feet under ground when it reached the enemy's work. Wings were cut to the right and left, forming chambers, which were charged with four tons of gunpowder, heavily tamped with wood and sand-bags.

Meade, whose lines here were only a hundred and fifty yards from Lee's, prepared to open a cannonade with every gun on our front, the moment the mine should be fired, and also to throw a storming party through the gap to carry a strong crest in the rear of the fort, commanding Petersburg.

At half-past three, on the morning of July thirtieth, the fuse was lighted, and the fire disappeared, hissing in the

earth. But the entrance was long and damp, and the army waited in vain. Finally, two brave soldiers went a hundred feet into the gallery and relit the fuse, which had gone out at a splicing.

Still the fire crept forward but slowly. Five o'clock, however, brought a tremendous thud, like the rumbling of an earthquake, repeated again and again, as successive chambers exploded. Instantaneously the air was darkened with human bodies, guns, caissons, and timbers, which rose mountain-high like an enormous inverted cone; seemed poised in the heavens for a moment; and then fell all around, like the spray of a vast infernal fountain. Portions of several South Carolina regiments guarding the fort, were blown to atoms.

Our guns opened, and, during the heaviest artillery thunder ever heard on the continent, a Union column rushed into the crater, which was six hundred feet long, sixty wide, and thirty deep. But the division charged with this important duty—unfortunately selected by lot—proved the very worst in Burnside's entire corps. It captured two hundred living prisoners; but, by some terrible mistake, halted in the pit instead of rushing forward upon the ridge.

The rebels, rallying almost instantly, poured a terrible fire into the crater. A second (negro) division, ordered out to support the first, had reached it, and our troops were huddled together, among their dead and dying foes. A third division, also, was flung into the imminent deadly breach, and a vain attempt made to carry the crest. But a cross-fire from works upon both flanks, raked the intervening ground, and also the strip of land in the rear, between the blown-up fort and our intrenchments.

The crater proved a slaughter-pen for both sides. Half-buried rebels cried out to the negroes, "Help! for God's sake, help!" Hundreds of wounded begged piteously for water, and many were torn in pieces by confederate and Union guns.

About noon a retreat was ordered, and those who were fortunate enough to outlive the storm of flying missiles, got back to our line. The wounded lay exposed for thirty-

six hours, while Burnside's request for a cessation of hostilities to relieve them was referred to Richmond. The rebels, meanwhile, had recaptured the fort; and before receiving an answer they permitted our officers to give a drink of brandy and water to each sufferer, in the blazing sun between the lines. They refused to let our men approach the crater, lest they should see exactly what damage had been done, and administered themselves to the wounded, white and black, who were lying there.

The next day a truce of four hours was granted. But few survivors remained to be succored. The negroes had behaved with conspicuous gallantry, and lost four times as many as the whites. Ten minutes after the last dead were buried the firing re-opened.

The General and the Government were deeply grieved at this bloody failure of the most promising attempt of the year. An investigating board of officers, reported as the chief causes: that the assaulting columns were not properly selected, nor all properly led; that there was no competent directing head on the spot; and that the advance halted in the crater, when it should have hurried forward to carry the crest.

Again there was trouble from the Shenandoah. Again, Early marching down the valley crossed the Potomac. His cavalry occupied the undefended town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and demanded a ransom of half a million of dollars. The people were unwilling or unable to pay, and the place was burned, in retaliation for alleged outrages in Virginia, by Union troops.

As telegraphic communication between City Point and Washington was frequently broken, it became of vital importance to place an able general in charge of all the troops guarding the capital, and the great southern highway to the Potomac. By this time Sheridan had left little rebel cavalry worthy of the name, and his fighting and raiding had won wide-spread fame. Grant sent him to command the forces watching Early. During August, and the early days of September, he remained near Winchester, across the path of the enterprising rebel. By biding his time for

weeks, until the opportunity came for a telling blow, he proved his discretion as he had already proved his valor.

The General's old regiment, the Fourth regular infantry, which had been terribly cut up during the Wilderness campaign, was now detailed as his body-guard. It did not contain a single man who had belonged to it in the days when he was lieutenant and captain, but all were zealous in serving him, and plumed themselves not a little that he began his career as a soldier in the "Old Fourth."

In August, as an ordnance boat at the City Point wharves was discharging ammunition, one case fell to the ground and the whole cargo exploded, killing many men, and destroying several steamers, and two millions of dollars' worth of property.

The thundering reports shook the earth for miles, and planks, fragments of human bodies, and clouds of other missiles dropped about head-quarters like rain. Terror-stricken officers and men ran wildly to and fro, wondering if the general destruction of the universe had come. Grant only stepped out of his tent, took his cigar from his mouth, glanced calmly around, and seeing that he could do no good, returned quietly to his camp chair.

A few days later he wrote to Washburne:—

"We are progressing here slowly. The weather has been intolerably warm, so much so that marching troops is nearly death. I state to all citizens who visit me, that all we want now to insure an early restoration of the Union, is a determined unity of sentiment North. The rebels have now in their ranks their last man. The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, and railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for intrenched positions.

"*A man lost by them can not be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force. Besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing from desertions and other causes, at least one regiment per day.*

"With this drain upon them, the end is visible, if we be but true to ourselves. Their only hope now is in a divided North. This might give them re-enforcements from Tennessee, Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, while it would weaken us. With the draft quietly enforced the enemy would become despondent, and would make but little resistance.

"I have no doubt the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election. They have many hopes from its effects.

COOLNESS OF GRANT AT THE CITY POINT EXPLOSION. Page 426.

They hope for a counter-revolution; they hope for the election of the peace candidate; in fact, like Micawber, they hope for something to turn up.

"Our peace friends if they expect peace from separation, are much mistaken. It would be but the beginning of war, with thousands of Northern men joining the South, because of our disgrace in allowing separation. To have 'peace on any terms,' the South would demand a restoration of their slaves already freed. They would demand indemnity for losses sustained, and they would demand a treaty which would make the North slave-hunters for the South. They would demand pay or the restoration of every slave escaping to the North."

There were still fears that Lee had sent Early troops enough to endanger Sheridan and the capital, but the General announced his determination not to be seduced away from the front of Petersburg. The President replied:—*

"I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bull-dog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

Grant did, however, send a force north of the James, which, though it failed to break the rebel lines, captured several hundred prisoners, and kept Lee from forwarding any more troops to Early. The heavy force, too, which Lee was compelled to throw out to meet it weakened his line, and made another opportunity on the south side. He could not be dislodged while holding his railway communications south of Petersburg, so on the eighteenth Grant sent Warren's corps to get possession of the Weldon road. Warren seized it, and the enemy made desperate but fruitless attempts to drive him away. On the twenty-fifth Hancock reached the railway at Reams Station, still farther south, but the vigilant enemy taking him in the flank, and capturing many prisoners compelled him to withdraw. Our entire losses reached four thousand.

Still Grant obtained a firm grip on the road, forcing the rebels back until they were only three miles from Petersburg, and advancing his own lines within half a mile of them. The advantage had cost heavily, but it was of great value. From this time to the end of the war, the most

* August seventeenth.

desperate fighting was over Lee's communications. Where tides of peaceful travel now flow, the railways were fringed with graves.

In August a democratic national convention at Chicago resolved that the war was a failure, and as a logical sequence nominated George B. McClellan for the Presidency. The North was a good deal discouraged. Leading republicans, even, who had been very sanguine at the outset, half feared that the war *was* a failure.

But the skies began to brighten. The first ray came all the way from Georgia. Sherman starting in May simultaneously with Grant, had fought several brilliant battles, in one of which the rebel bishop-general, Leonidas Polk, was killed. Sherman drove Johnston to the defenses of Atlanta, and on the first of September captured that city—next to Richmond the most important in the South. His army at the beginning was a hundred thousand strong. His losses during the campaign reached about thirty thousand.

News of the fall of Atlanta excited universal joy in the North. The President in a public order tendered the thanks of a grateful nation to Sherman and his soldiers. By Grant's order, at midnight in front of Petersburg, thirty-six shotted guns from each battery did the double duty of a salute and a bombardment, while the bands in the rear played "Hail Columbia," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "The Red, White, and Blue,"—all to the great wonder of the enemy.

A draft was going on to fill up our reduced armies. Grant wrote * to Stanton:—

"We ought to have the whole number of men called for by the President in the shortest possible time. Prompt action in filling our armies will have more effect upon the enemy than a victory over them. *They profess to believe, and make their men believe, there is such a party North in favor of recognizing Southern independence that the draft can not be enforced.* Let them be undeceived. Deserters come into our lines daily, who tell us that the men are nearly universally tired of war, and that desertions would be much more frequent, *but that they believe peace will be negotiated after the fall elections.* The enforcement of the draft, and the prompt filling up of our armies, will save the shedding of blood to an immense degree."

* September thirteenth.

Three days later the rebel cavalry getting into Meade's rear, at Reams' Station, captured and drove back into their lines twenty-five hundred beeves, which grazed waiting for the butchers. It was a grand haul of supplies for the confederates, and many Northerners relished the joke.

Early's raids from the Shenandoah still obstructed the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and threatened Maryland and Pennsylvania. Grant knowing Sheridan's fondness for battle feared to order an attack without further knowledge. So he visited Sheridan,* and examined the ground for himself.

The General's final report says:—

"I met him at Charleston, and he pointed out so distinctly how each army lay; what he could do the moment he was authorized; and expressed such confidence of success, that I saw there were but two words of instruction necessary—'Go in!'"

This was as laconic as Wellington's "Sail or sell" to an officer who begged leave of absence on being ordered to India, or Napier's "*Peccavi*"—"I have *Scinde*."

Sheridan did go in, and attacked vigorously.† Early, concentrating upon his center, attempted to cut his army in twain, and capture a ridge in his rear. Sheridan let him break the line, but it proved a deadly ambush. Early penetrated almost to the ridge, when waiting brigades suddenly fell upon his flanks, capturing whole regiments, and the rebel army was soon flying. A soldier on the ground pictures the cavalry general:—

"A mounted officer, followed by a single orderly, galloped up to us. As he reined in his horse, a rebel shell—one of the many which were now tearing through the right—burst within a few feet of him, actually seeming to crown his head with its deadly halo of smoke and burning fragments. 'That's all right, boys,' he said, with a careless laugh; 'no matter, we can lick them.' The men laughed; a whisper ran along the ranks that it was Sheridan, and they burst into a spontaneous cheer. 'What regiment is that?' he asked, and dashed off toward the firing."

He wrote as vehemently as he fought, telegraphing from the field to Washington:—

* September sixteenth.

* September nineteenth.

"*We have just sent the enemy whirling through Winchester, and are after them to-morrow.* This army behaved splendidly. We captured two thousand five hundred to three thousand prisoners, five pieces of artillery, nine battle-flags, and all the rebel dead and wounded. Their wounded in Winchester amount to some three thousand."

Night only had saved the enemy from annihilation. The next day our pursuing army overtook Early, captured many of his men, and drove him through the gaps of the Blue Ridge.

The Shenandoah Valley seemed to be clear again, so most of Sheridan's troops returned to the Army of the Potomac. Several of his staff had been killed by guerrillas. His cavalry, which rather enjoyed the rebel epithet of "Sheridan's robbers," destroyed thousands of barns filled with wheat, hay, and farming implements, burned mills, drove out all the cattle and sheep they could find, and made the rich valley no longer capable of sustaining rebel armies lying in wait to spring upon the capital.

As the general was falling back toward the Potomac, however, a detachment of rebel horse harassed his rear. He halted for a single day, and, in his own language,* "drove it back on a jump" for twenty-six miles.

The War Department formally thanked him; the President made him a brigadier in the regular army; Grant fired a salute of one hundred guns in his honor; and under enthusiasm inspired by this victory, the Union party conducted its campaign with new confidence and vigor.

Grant heartily approved of the laws conferring the right of suffrage upon soldiers, but determined to keep the army free from a heated political canvass. He wrote to Stanton on the twenty-seventh of September:—

"The exercise of the right of suffrage by the officers and soldiers of armies in the field, is a novel thing; it has, I believe, generally been considered dangerous to constitutional liberty and subversive of military discipline. But our circumstances are novel and exceptional. A very large proportion of the legal voters of the United States are now either under arms in the

* Sheridan had as little patience as Grant with high-sounding military phrases. To a compliment upon his "superb strategy," he replied:—"Oh, all a man wants to do, is to know his ground and fight his men."

field, or in hospitals, or otherwise engaged in the military service of the United States. Most of these men are not regular soldiers in the strict sense of that term; still less are they mercenaries, who give their services to the Government simply for its pay, having little understanding of political questions, and feeling little or no interest in them. On the contrary, they are American citizens, having still their homes and social and political ties binding them to the States and districts from which they came, and to which they expect to return. They have left their homes temporarily, to sustain the cause of their country in the hour of its trial. In performing this sacred duty, they should not be deprived of a most precious privilege. They have as much right to demand that their votes shall be counted in the choice of their rulers, as those citizens who remain at home. Nay more, for they have sacrificed more for their country.

"I state these reasons in full, for the unusual thing of allowing armies in the field to vote, that I may urge on the other hand, that nothing more than the fullest exercise of this right should be allowed; for any thing not absolutely necessary to this exercise, can not but be dangerous to the liberties of the country. The officers and soldiers have every means of understanding the questions before the country. The newspapers are freely circulated, and so, I believe, are the documents prepared by both parties to set forth the merits and claims of their candidates.

"Beyond this, nothing whatever should be allowed. No political meetings, no harangues, from soldier or citizen, and no canvassing of camps or regiments for votes.

"I see not why a single individual, not belonging to the armies, should be admitted into their lines to deliver tickets. In my opinion, the tickets should be furnished by the chief provost-marshal of each army; by them to the provost-marshal (or some other appointed officer) of each brigade or regiment, who shall, on the day of the election, deliver tickets, irrespective of party, to whoever may call for them. If, however, it shall be deemed expedient to admit citizens to deliver tickets, then it should be most positively prohibited that such citizens should electioneer, harangue, or canvass the regiments in any way. Their business should be, and only be, to distribute on a certain fixed day, tickets to whoever may call for them.

"In the case of those States whose soldiers vote by proxy, proper State authority could be given to officers belonging to regiments so voting to receive and forward votes.

"As it is intended that all soldiers entitled to vote shall exercise that privilege according to their own convictions of right, unmolested and unrestricted, there will be no objection to each party sending to armies, easy of access, a number of respectable gentlemen to see that these views are fully carried out. To the army at Atlanta, and those armies on the sea-coast from Newbern to New Orleans, not to exceed three citizens of each party should be admitted."

In September, a railway was completed from City Point

to Grant's front, giving him admirable facilities for supplying the army during the rainy season. It ran over a route of nature's grading, crossing deep ravines and ascending sharp hills.

His lines were twenty miles long. He was continually feeling the enemy. Late in September, on his right, Butler threatened Richmond from the north, while on his left Ord attacked the works south of Petersburg. Ord's negro soldiers charged with great gallantry through the ditch and up into a fort, climbing over each other's shoulders. From the strong positions captured by both these advances, Lee desperately but vainly attempted to dislodge our troops. He retaliated* upon Grant's extreme right, driving back Kautz's cavalry, capturing artillery and prisoners; but the infantry stopped him like a wall.

Artillery firing was kept up along the entire line, though hottest in front of Petersburg, at Fort Sedgwick, which some soldiers named the "Sore Point," and others "Fort Hell." Various expeditions were sent out, which kept the enemy anxious and harassed.

The Shenandoah Valley witnessed more important operations. For the last time, Early moved forward to a new position at Fisher's Hill, and Longstreet went to re-enforce him. In obedience to a telegram from the War Department, Sheridan started to Washington for a consultation. On the way, he received a dispatch from Wright, whom he had left in command, announcing that our officers had read this message going from Longstreet to Early on rebel signal flags:—

"Be ready to move as soon as my force joins you, and we will crush Sheridan."

Sheridan, though still incredulous, ordered back his cavalry—on the way to the Army of the Potomac—and instructed Wright to be very vigilant. He spent only six hours in Washington, and then started back.

Early on the foggy morning of October nineteenth, the

* October seventh.

rebels, who had crept up and spent the night within six hundred yards of Wright's unguarded front, charged, yelling, forward with impetuous vigor. These were not Early's demoralized men, but Longstreet's splendid soldiers. They doubled up the Union line, swarmed into the trenches, captured the camps, with twenty-four pieces of artillery, and sent the Union troops flying down the valley for five miles.

A re-enforcement was coming—a re-enforcement of one man! Sheridan, who had slept at Winchester, twenty miles from his camp, breakfasted early, mounted his showy horse, and started leisurely for the front. Half a mile out he began to meet frightened stragglers. Telling the twenty troopers who escorted him to keep up if they could, he dashed the spurs into his coal-black steed, and flew over the ground.

Larger and larger grew the sickening crowd. Without a word of anger or profanity, and without checking his charger, he swung his hat, exclaiming:—

"Face the other way, boys; face the other way. We're going back to our camps; we're going to lick them out of their boots!"

They turned back, with child-like confidence in the general, and when his foaming horse dashed into the new line which Wright had established, the troops, with one accord, gave him roaring cheers of welcome. He galloped along the front, rectifying the formation, and assuring the men:—

"We're going back to our camps; we're going to get a twist on them—the tightest twist you ever saw. We must have all those camps and guns back again."

Just as the line was adjusted the pursuing enemy came up again, but was met and instantly checked by a solid line of infantry.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Sheridan. "We'll get a tight twist on them pretty soon—the tightest twist they ever saw."

This was at 3 P. M. An hour later our army moved forward. Early enveloped its right to strike its flank. Sheridan instantly ordered a charge against the open angle, which dashed right through the enemy's line, cutting off and

capturing the flanking force, while a general advance swept back the whole rebel army, not only regaining our lost guns, but taking Early's camps, caissons, artillery, ambulances, and thousands of prisoners.

The country was stirred to the heart. Grant telegraphed to the Secretary of War :—

"I had a salute of one hundred guns fired from each of the armies here. * * * * Turning what bid fair to be a disaster into a glorious victory, stamps Sheridan, what I have always thought him, *one of the ablest of generals.*"

Lincoln promptly promoted him to a major-generalship in the regular army, made vacant by McClellan's resignation, and publicly thanked him for "organizing his routed army, averting a great national disaster, and achieving a brilliant victory, for the third time within thirty days." His forces never exceeded thirty thousand effectives ; but he had captured thirteen thousand prisoners during his most brilliant campaign, with a loss of less than seventeen thousand in killed, wounded, and missing. Early's aggregate losses probably reached twenty-seven thousand men, besides one hundred pieces of artillery, many colors, a great amount of camp equipage, and thousands of small-arms.

From that hour, in any public meeting in the North, Sheridan's name elicited hearty cheers. The victory made Lincoln's re-election a foregone conclusion, and checked the denunciations and slanders which had poured upon him—a torrent never equaled in American history, except by the obloquy which assailed Washington during his second term. Mrs. Grant afterward related, that though she knew Mr. Grant to be "a very firm man," and likely to fight the war through successfully, these newspaper charges against the President sorely disturbed her, until she told her husband something of her fears. He replied emphatically :—

"Lincoln is just the man of all others whom the country needs, and his defeat would be a great national calamity."

"After that," said she, "I knew that it must be all right, and that my fears were groundless. I suppose the

trouble was that I had been reading the wrong newspapers!"

Early was used up. Grant was able to draw back nearly all Sheridan's troops to the Army of the Potomac. The cavalry general had become the nation's hero. Buchanan Reid sang his exploit, in a strain, now familiar to every school-boy, which echoes the ring of the charger's hoofs, and rolls forward at the rider's dashing pace:—

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust, the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE rebels had steadily denied our right to arm contrabands, and threatened to kill any who should fall into their clutches. It required less courage to talk about such a two-edged sword than to handle it; but, capturing several of Butler's negro soldiers, who were digging a canal at Dutch Gap to cut off a long stretch of the James River, they refused them the treatment accorded to white prisoners, and set them at work on fortifications under fire of the Union guns.

Butler promptly retaliated by placing a number of captured officers upon his exposed works under rebel fire; and wrote Lee that he should keep them there until the negroes were treated as prisoners of war. As these officers represented the slave interest, the aristocracy, the confederacy itself, this made a sensation in Richmond, and the colored captives were instantly taken from the dangerous position and given the quarters and rations of white prisoners—poor enough at best. Lee* explained in a letter to Grant that they had been employed on the fortifications through a mistake, which was promptly corrected when discovered. He also discoursed at length on slavery and State rights. Grant preferred the sword to the pen, and, while quite willing to fight, declined to argue. He replied:—

"I shall always regret the necessity of retaliating for wrongs done our soldiers, but regard it my duty *to protect all persons received into the army of the United States, regardless of color or nationality.* When acknowledged soldiers by the Government are captured, they must be treated as prisoners of war, or such treatment as they receive will be inflicted upon an equal number of prisoners held by us.

"I have nothing to do with the discussion of the slavery question;

* October nineteenth.

therefore decline answering the arguments adduced to show the right to return to former owners such negroes as are captured from our armies."

A Kentucky cousin of the General, who had entered the confederate service, and was now prisoner of war, near Baltimore, wrote to him asking to be paroled. But the enemy held thirty thousand Northern soldiers and citizens, and our Government was declining to exchange, on the ground that the shortest way to end the war was to keep as many rebel soldiers as possible out of the field. It was a terrible policy; for Union prisoners in the South were dying by thousands for lack of proper food and shelter. But it *was* the policy, and Grant refused to make an exception in favor of his relative.

During the last days of October Meade crossed Hatcher's Run, and penetrated within six miles of the South-side Railway, but Lee's fortifications proved too strong, and compelled him to withdraw. On the return the enemy struck his force in a little gap between two corps causing severe loss. At the same time Butler making an attack on the north, was also repulsed. Thenceforth, until spring, our army did little but extend its lines, and send raids against Lee's communications.

The campaign had taught both South and North something of the General's sleepless energy and determination. He had hammered away, East and West, wherever a blow could be put in, until the rebels were hoping against hope. All their after resistance was a needless sacrifice of life. It had this good effect, however, that when Lee's army was finally overcome peace was instantly established. Had it surrendered earlier, guerrilla warfare might have continued for years in mountain regions.

Says Greeley, in his "American Conflict":—

"Grant's conduct in this campaign was not satisfactory *to the confederate critics*, who gave a decided preference to the strategy of McClellan."

It was equally unsatisfactory to Northern peace men, who, though overwhelmingly beaten at the Presidential election, continued to denounce the commander of our

armies. But the masses looked hopefully forward, and seemed more earnest than ever in their determination to suppress the rebellion at whatever cost.

Will the student of history, a millennium hence, comprehend why hundreds of thousands—ignorant and cultured, rich and poor, adopted and native—with no personal interest at stake, eagerly gave their lives that there might be one, not two governments, and freedom, not slavery, on the American continent? Or will he wonder, as we do, in reading of wars long past, that men should find patriotism, love of adventure, and regard for the predominant feelings of the hour, so much dearer to them than love of life?

In the Army of the Potomac there seemed to be a gay recklessness among the young men, which was peculiarly American, and which I never witnessed elsewhere. More than once* I heard a young lieutenant who messed with me say to his servant:—

"John, fill up the bath-tub to-night, and lay out my finest under-clothing and my nicest shirt. There's likely to be a fight to-morrow, John, and nothing in the world is so shocking as a dirty or an ill-dressed corpse.

Still he was a generous, warm-hearted boy, with reverence enough at bottom for patriotism, integrity, and affection. His broad jesting came only from the surface. A little of the same tone seemed to pervade the entire army. The following story passed from camp to camp with keen relish:—Conundrums and "sells" were so common, that soldiers were always looking out for them. A young private, who supposed himself mortally wounded, was stretched upon the field, when up rushed a chaplain in the plain blouse and slouched hat of an enlisted man, and bearing no sign of his sacred calling.

"My friend," he asked abruptly, "do you know who died for you?"

"Look here, stranger," replied the boy, raising himself up a little upon his elbow and speaking with great earnestness, "this is no time to be asking conundrums!"

* 1863–4.

A London magazine, discussing the sense of humor among different nations, declared that no well-regulated mind could find the least amusement in the anecdote; but our troops laughed long and heartily over it.

Sherman was performing brilliant exploits. Jefferson Davis had removed the able Joseph E. Johnston from the command of the Western confederate army, and substituted J. B. Hood, who got in Sherman's rear to cut his communications—a wonderful piece of strategy, as Sherman was just abandoning them altogether. The rebel President said in a speech at Macon, Georgia:—

"We must march into Tennessee. There we will draw twenty thousand to thirty thousand troops to our standard, and so strengthened we must *push the enemy back to the Ohio.*"

The moment Sherman suspected this plan he declared:—

"If Hood *will* only go north, I will furnish him with rations for the trip."

Grant's final report says of Davis:—

"He exhibited the weakness of supposing that an army that had been been beaten and fearfully decimated in a vain attempt at the defensive could successfully undertake the offensive against the army that had so often defeated it."

And of Hood:—

"He continued his move northward, which seemed to me to be leading to his certain doom. At all events, *had I had the power to command both armies, I should not have changed the orders under which he seemed to be acting.*"

Sherman sent Thomas north to take care of this rebel movement. He had already telegraphed Grant,* asking permission to send back his wounded and worthless, and with his effective army "move through Georgia, smashing things to the sea." Grant replied:—

"If you are satisfied the trip to the sea-coast can be made, holding the line of the Tennessee River firmly, you may make it."

* October eleventh.

Hood left the whole South uncovered; and Grant's lieutenant started* on the most daring and notable movement of the war. Song and story will always delight to tell "how Sherman marched down to the sea," cutting a swath fifty miles wide through the confederacy. Said the London *Times*:—

"Since the great Duke of Marlborough turned his back upon the Dutch, and plunged heroically into Germany to fight the famous battle of Blenheim, military history has recorded no stranger marvel than the mysterious expedition of General Sherman, on an unknown route against an undiscoverable enemy."

Another British paper declared:—

"He has done one of the most brilliant or foolish things ever performed by a military leader. If successful, he will add a new chapter to the theory and practice of modern warfare."

At Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, he halted for several days, sleeping in his blankets on the floor of the executive mansion, from which the governor fled on his approach. As the rebel legislature had followed the governor, our jolly soldiers organized a mock legislature in its deserted hall, passing bills and resolutions; and when a courier announced "The Yankees are coming!" springing up and tumbling over each other in a wild rush for the door.

Sherman's army had a few skirmishes with militia, but encountered no formidable force; and, finally, in splendid condition, and followed by a cloud of negroes who darkened the landscape, it reached the sea-coast, after a march of three hundred miles within the enemy's lines. A few days later its leader telegraphed the President:—

"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with one hundred and fifty guns and plenty of ammunition, and about twenty-five thousand bales of cotton."

On the last day of November, Hood, in pursuance of his mad design to invade the North, fiercely attacked Schofield,

* November fourteenth.

who, with fifteen thousand men, held Thomas's front at Franklin, eighteen miles south of Nashville. Through the afternoon, and for hours after dark, the rebels charged again and again with fruitless gallantry. They lost six thousand men; the Union soldiers, who fought in intrenchments, only twenty-three hundred. But Hood's whole army confronted Schofield's little force, and he fell back during the night.

The national army was intrenched three miles south of Nashville. Hood established his line within two miles of it. Days of skirmishing followed, causing intense excitement in the city. Business was suspended, and citizens shouldered muskets, or went to work with the spade.

It has been truly said of Thomas, that no friend ever had to apologize for any of his official acts. Grant reposed the utmost confidence in him; but after ordering him several times to move upon Hood, grew impatient lest the rebel general should advance into Kentucky. Thomas, by nature a defensive rather than an offensive general, had great difficulties to contend with which could not be comprehended at a distance. Finally, when about to attack, he was stopped by an intensely cold storm, which covered the country with glare ice. All his corps commanders held the opinion that moving before the weather moderated would involve imminent peril of defeat.

After long delays, Grant started for Washington to relieve him and put another general in his place, or go West himself and superintend affairs. At the capital, however,* he found a dispatch, announcing that Thomas had attacked. The battle, lasting two days, ended in the utter destruction of the rebels. Hood had entered Tennessee with a splendid army, fifty thousand strong; he retired southward with only half that number of demoralized troops. Thomas captured thirteen thousand prisoners, and seventy-two pieces of artillery, received two thousand deserters, and followed up his victory by a pursuit of unprecedented vigor. Grant says, in his final report:—

* December fifteenth.

"I was delighted. All my fears and apprehensions were dispelled. I am not yet satisfied but that General Thomas, immediately upon the appearance of Hood before Nashville, and before he had time to fortify, should have moved out with his whole force and given him battle, instead of waiting to remount his cavalry, which delayed him until the inclemency of the weather made it impracticable to attack earlier than he did. *But his final defeat of Hood was so complete, that it will be accepted as a vindication of that distinguished officer's judgment.*"

The magnificent victory did not electrify the North like the dashing movements of Sherman and Sheridan, but it won for the modest Thomas a major-generalship in the regular army, and the steadfast affection of the people. Friends in Cincinnati afterward proposed to present him with a house; but he declined the gift, on the ground that, while only doing his duty, he had been amply paid and generously rewarded by the Government.

Wilmington, North Carolina, was the chief port left to rebel blockade-runners for bringing in munitions and supplies, and taking out cotton. The nature of the ground at the mouth of Cape Fear River rendered it impossible for the navy to close its harbor. On the thirteenth of December, under orders from the Lieutenant-General, Butler sent an expedition against Fort Fisher, which protected it, the navy co-operating under Porter. Grant directed that Weitzel—a professional soldier—should command the infantry, and did not expect Butler, who was in charge of the department, to go in person. He went, however, and his attempt failed. He exploded a powder-boat within four hundred yards of the rebel fort. Of its effects, Grant reports:—

"It would seem, from the notice taken of it in the Southern papers, that the enemy were never enlightened as to the object of the explosion, until they were informed by the Northern press!"

During a bombardment from Porter, Butler landed his troops, but after a reconnoissance declared that it would be butchery to assault, and soon withdrew to the James.

The General was bitterly disappointed, and—obtaining permission from the Government—removed Butler and placed Ord at the head of the department. A few days

later,* a land force under General Terry gallantly assaulted and captured the fort, with a loss of only six hundred men.

On the last night of the eventful year, Grant sat until nearly daylight in the tent of his friend Bowers, talking upon various subjects, but chiefly on the events, campaigns, and prospects for 1865. He was in excellent spirits in those days, and thought the confederates more despondent than ever before. In a private letter,† he had laid great stress upon the fact that they could no more recruit their army without resort to the negro, and added :—

"Him they are afraid of, and they will never use him unless as a last desperate alternative. * * * The immense majority which Mr. Lincoln has received is worth more to us than a victory in the field, both in its effects on the rebels, and in its foreign influence."

Lincoln's overwhelming re-election was, indeed, the deadliest blow the enemy had yet received.

During the winter, the General paid a visit to the North. Congress was in session, and one day he entered the hall of the House. That body immediately took a recess of five minutes, to enable members to pay their rèspects to him. After Speaker Colfax called it to order again, Schenck of Ohio said :—

"In order that the representatives of the people and all loyal persons present may have a better opportunity of making the acquaintance, at least by sight, of the Lieutenant-General, I move that he be invited for a moment to the stand."

The report of the *Congressional Globe* continues :—

"Lieutenant-General Grant was conducted to the speaker's desk, amid general applause, and took the stand on the left of the speaker.

"THE SPEAKER.—Gentlemen of the House of Representatives : I have the honor of introducing to you this day our heroic defender in the field, the Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant. [Great applause on the floor and in the galleries.]

"The Lieutenant-General bowed to the House, and then withdrew."

In the Senate he was received with equal attention. His plain manners and garb were remarked by the grave and reverend seigniors, and one commented :—

* January fifteenth. † November thirteenth.

MRS. GRANT, 1868.

"Why, even a second lieutenant in my part of the country dresses a great deal better, and puts on a great many more airs!"

He spent a few days in New York, which he had not revisited since his return from California, ten years earlier. He was beset with callers, and overwhelmed with attentions. He paid a visit to the veteran of the Mexican war, who received him cordially, and gave him a copy of his autobiography, just issued, first writing upon a fly-leaf:—

"From the oldest to the ablest general in the world.*
"WINFIELD SCOTT."

Citizens of Philadelphia, gratified at Grant's purpose of making his future home among them, presented to him a completely furnished residence on Chestnut Street, between Twentieth and Twenty-first. To their letter he replied:—

"It is with feelings of gratitude and pride that I accept this substantial testimony of esteem from your loyal citizens;—gratitude, because it is an evidence of deep-set determination on the part of a large number of citizens that the war shall go on until the Union is restored; pride, that my humble efforts in so great a cause should attract such a token from a city of strangers to me. I will not predict a day when we shall have peace again with the Union restored. But that this day will come, is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun. I have never doubted this in the darkest day of this dark and terrible rebellion. Until that happy day comes, my family will occupy and enjoy your magnificent present. But until then, I do not expect nor desire to see much of the enjoyments of a home fireside."

Returning, he took with him Mrs. Grant and one of the younger children, who remained at City Point until the final surrender. During his absence his tent had been replaced by a rough log-cabin, which he occupied as headquarters until the end of the conflict, sleeping on a plain camp cot, and eating with his staff at a rough table. The cabin is preserved in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

The new year opened. The confederacy, shorn of its fair proportions, retained less than half its original territory. Our line along the Mississippi cut it in twain, and Sherman

* Two generations before, Frederick the Great had sent a sword to George Washington, inscribed:—"From the oldest general in the world to the greatest."

had plowed a broad furrow from Chattanooga to the sea. Mobile, Charleston, and Wilmington were its only remaining seaports.

Still to a superficial observer it stood imposing and indestructible. The tone of its newspapers was never more confident; but the very vehemence of their daily reiterations that they would never, never, never succumb, tended to excite suspicion. The confederates *had* made a wonderful fight. Of course, they found the money question the most difficult one. Until November, 1861, their currency remained at par; afterward it steadily depreciated. The amounts required to buy one dollar in gold, were:—

December,	1861, ...	$ 1 20
"	1862, ...	3 00
"	1863, ...	19 00
"	1864, ...	50 00
March,	1865, ...	60 00

Jefferson Davis, in many respects an able leader, was also a very obstinate one. He had none of that humility of opinion, that instinctive respect for the popular will which characterized Abraham Lincoln. Always in retaining an inefficient cabinet, and generally in assigning officers to high military commands, he flew in the face of public opinion.

But the party clamoring vaguely for "an honorable peace"— though by no means avowing its readiness to submit to the Union—had grown too large to be longer ignored. So by Davis's appointment, Alexander H. Stephens, vice-president of the confederacy, R. M. T. Hunter, and John A. Campbell, proceeded to Hampton Roads, for a conference with the Government authorities. They were particularly anxious to meet the President in person, and Grant* telegraphed Stanton:—

"I will state confidentially—but not officially, to become a matter of record—that I am convinced by conversing with Messrs. Stephens and Hunter that their intentions are good, and their desires sincere to restore peace to the Union. I have not felt myself at liberty, to express views of my own, or even to account for my reticence. This has placed me in an awkward

* February first.

position. * * * * * I am sorry Mr. Lincoln can not have an interview with the two named in this dispatch, if not all three, within our lines."

Thereupon the President—first instructing Grant not to delay or interrupt hostilities for a moment—joined the Secretary of State, whom he had already sent forward, and on the third of February conversed for four hours with the rebel commissioners.

It proved fruitless. Neither side abated a jot of its original demand, the one insisting upon absolute independence, and the other upon absolute submission. Lincoln declared indispensable: (1.) The restoration of the national authority through all the States; (2.) No receding from the Government's position on slavery; (3.) No cessation of hostilities until the enemy should abandon the war.

To his statement that no conditions could be granted to armed rebels, one of the Southerners reminded him that Charles the First once treated with Irish insurgents while they were yet fighting.

"I don't remember that," replied the President, with one of his happiest repartees, "but I do remember that Charles the First lost his head!"

Lincoln and Seward returned to Washington. The latter wrote an account of the interview to the American minister at London:—

"The conversation, although earnest and full, was calm and courteous, and kind on both sides. * * * * The several points at issue between the Government and the insurgents were distinctly raised, and discussed fully and intelligently and in an amicable spirit. *What the insurgent party seemed chiefly to favor was a postponement of the question of separation, upon which the war is waged, and a mutual direction of the efforts of the Government as well as those of the insurgents, to some extrinsic policy or scheme for a season, during which passions might be expected to subside and all the armies be reduced, and trade and intercourse between the people of both sections be resumed.* It was suggested by them, that through such postponement we might now have made peace with some not very certain prospect of *an ultimate satisfactory adjustment of the political relations between the Government and the States, section, or people now engaged in conflict with it.*"

The Southern commissioners represented to their authorities that the President would make no substantial concessions, and Jefferson Davis forwarded their report to

the confederate congress as evidence that no course remained but to fight to the bitter end.

But the cause of the rebels was dying for want of men. East of the Mississippi, seventy-two thousand deserted from their armies between October, 1864, and February, 1865. There seemed no alternative but to resort to that element about which they had taken up arms, and which proved their fatal weakness. Benjamin, their secretary of war, had long favored arming and freeing all negroes who would fight in their ranks; but the project was so revolutionary, so dangerous, and, above all, so fatal to the end for which they had inaugurated revolution, that the hostility to it was very strong.

Lee was promoted* from the command of the Army of of Northern Virginia to that "of all the military forces of the confederate States." One of his first acts was to issue an address to his troops, which closed:—

"Let us, then, oppose constancy to adversity, fortitude to suffering, and courage to danger, with the firm assurance that He who gave freedom to our fathers will bless the efforts of their children to preserve it."

He was an advocate of the use of negro soldiers, and at last the confederate congress—urged to it by the Virginia legislature—authorized him to employ them. But the resolution came too late. Had it been taken a year earlier it is impossible to tell what the result might have been. It was a problem so complicated that mere theorizing could throw little light upon it.

Ord met Longstreet to adjust perplexing questions about the exchange of prisoners. During the interview, Longstreet suggested that a conference between the two opposing commanders might prevent further effusion of blood. Ord acquiesced, whereupon† Lee addressed a letter to his antagonist:—

"GENERAL:—Lieutenant-General Longstreet has informed me that in a recent conversation between himself and Major-General Ord, as to the possibility of arriving at a satisfactory adjustment of the present unhappy difficulties, by means of military convention, General Ord stated that if I

* February ninth.

† March second.

desired to have an interview with you on the subject, you would not decline, provided I had authority to act. Sincerely desiring to leave nothing untried which may put an end to the calamities of war, I propose to meet you at such convenient time and place as you may designate, with the hope that, upon an interchange of views, it may be found practicable to submit the subjects of controversy between the belligerents to a convention of the kind mentioned.

"In such event, I am authorized to do whatever the result of the proposed interview may render necessary or advisable.

"Should you accede to this proposition, I would suggest that, if agreeable to you, we meet at the place selected by Generals Ord and Longstreet for their interview, at eleven A. M. on Monday next."

Grant, with characteristic subordination, forwarded this to Stanton,* with the following explanation:—

"General Ord met General Longstreet a few days since, at the request of the latter, to arrange for the exchange of citizen prisoners and prisoners of war improperly captured. He had my authority to do so, and to arrange it definitely for such as were confined in his department. Arrangements for all others to be submitted for approval. A general conversation ensued on the subject of the war, and has induced the above letter. I have not returned any reply, but promised to do so at twelve M., to-morrow. *I respectfully request instructions.*"

He had not taken a single step to call out Lee's communication, nor had he made a single suggestion to the Government concerning its subject-matter. But Stanton, with his usual brusqueness, sent a reply,† which could only be considered a rebuke:—

"The President directs me to say to you that he wishes you to have no conference with General Lee, unless it be for the capitulation of Lee's army, or on solely minor and purely military matters.

"He instructs me to say that you are not to decide, discuss, or confer upon any political question. Such questions the President holds in his own hands, and will submit them to no military conferences or conventions. Meantime, you are to press to the utmost your military advantages."

Grant, hurt by the reprimand and the imputation upon his discretion, responded to Stanton the same evening:—

"I can assure you that no act of the enemy will prevent me from pressing all advantages gained to the utmost of my ability; neither will I, under any

* March third. † March fourth.

circumstances, exceed my authority, or in any way embarrass the Government.

"It was *because* I had no right to meet General Lee on the subject proposed by him that I referred the matter for instructions.

"I have written a letter to General Lee, a copy of which will be sent to you by to-morrow's mail."

The following is his letter to Lee, also dated March fourth:—

"In regard to meeting you on the sixth inst., I would state that I have no authority to accede to your proposition for a conference on the subject proposed. Such authority is vested in the President of the United States alone. General Ord could only have meant that I would not refuse an interview on any subject on which I have a right to act, which, of course, would be such as are purely of a military character, and on the subject of exchanges which has been intrusted to me."

A few weeks later, Stanton, angry at Sherman's proposed terms to Johnston's army, ungenerously gave publicity to his own dispatch, without explaining the circumstances which called it out. But Grant, ever ready to pardon seventy times seven injuries from any body who seemed honestly trying to serve the country, showed no resentment.

During the month the Richmond congress "fired the Southern heart" for the last time, vehemently urging the people that yielding now would make them slaves to their Northern enemies, and cause the distribution of their property among their late bondmen. The address concluded:—

"Success gives us a country and a proud position among the nations of the the earth; failure makes us the vassals of an arrogant people, secretly if not openly hated by the most enlightened and elevated portion of mankind. Success records us forever in letters of light upon one of the most glorious pages of history; failure will compel us to drink the cup of humiliation, *even to the bitter dregs of having the history of our struggle written by New England historians.* Success is within our reach."

But the Lieutenant-General regarded the conference at Hampton Roads, and especially Lee's undisguised anxiety for peace, as extremely significant. They were the beginning of the end.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

ATTENTION—MARCH!

SHERMAN'S splendid army, turning north from Savannah, and meeting with little resistance, captured Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, and compelled the evacuation of Charleston.* The North was thrilled with delight when the city where the rebellion began was subdued by the strong arm.

Sherman, still in the heart of the enemy's country, reached North Carolina, and for several days nothing was heard from him. One morning, Senator Stewart of Nevada, found the Lieutenant-General at head-quarters absorbed in serious thought. After a few minutes of silence he rose to leave.

GRANT.—"Don't go."

STEWART.—"You seem to be busy; I won't disturb you."

GRANT.—"I am only thinking. I am troubled about Sherman."

STEWART.—"You don't suppose he is whipped?"

GRANT.—"Oh no; they can't possibly whip *him*. They can't bring force enough to whip Sherman; but [in a voice of great anxiety] I fear that he is out of supplies, and that the boys are suffering."

The "frisky colt," however, after kicking up his heels to his heart's content, reached Fayetteville, on the Cape Fear River, on the twelfth of March. He opened communication with Schofield, who, in co-operation with Admiral Porter, had already† captured Wilmington. Driving his old enemy, Johnston, before him, on the twenty-second of March Sherman reached

* February seventeenth. † February twenty-second.

Goldsboro, where he was within convenient distance of Grant.

The General's first desire for the spring campaign was to cut all Lee's communications. By his orders, Thomas sent Wilson on a cavalry raid through Georgia and Alabama, capturing towns, troops, and stores; and Stoneman on another through East Tennessee and Western North Carolina. Grant also* directed Sheridan to move with his cavalry from the Shenandoah to Lynchburg, and "destroy the railroad and canal in every direction, so as to be of no further use to the rebellion." Then, if circumstances justified it, he was to "strike south" and join Sherman. The dispatch asserted that this raid, with the others just starting East and West, "and Sherman, with a large army, eating out the vitals of South Carolina, is all that will be wanted to leave nothing for the rebellion to stand upon." Five days later, Grant added:—

"If you reach Lynchburg, you *will have to be guided in your after movements by the information you obtain.*"

Sheridan, with ten thousand cavalry and this roving commission, drove the rebel pickets up the valley, crossed a bridge over the Shenandoah before they could destroy it, and, without even stopping to reconnoiter, carried by storm† their intrenched camp at Waynesboro, and sent back to Winchester sixteen hundred prisoners, eleven pieces of artillery, and seventeen battle-flags. Early himself narrowly escaped capture, and "this was his last appearance on any stage during the war."

On went the irrepressible cavalry leader, destroying railways, and the Kanawha and James River Canal, a work which originated with Washington, but was now used to supply the army of Lee. The rebels burned bridges on his front, and the James River was so swollen that his pontoons would not span it. He improved his enforced leisure by tearing up more railways, and completing the utter demolition of the canal. He would not turn back to Winchester; he could not push on to Sherman. Completely

* February twentieth. † March second.

bewildering the enemy about his designs, he crossed the North and South Anna, destroying more railways and bridges, and at last—fortunately for the country, for Grant, and for himself—brought up safely at White House.* "By choosing this course, he voluntarily forsook his large department, and put himself in the field at the head of two cavalry divisions, head-quarters in the saddle, and, applying for a new situation, made no stipulations for himself, and no objection to going into the country." †

Leaving his tired men to rest, he visited the Lieutenant-General, to say with Hotspur:—"Fy upon this quiet life, I want work." At head-quarters he found the President, who had received a dispatch‡ from Grant:—

"Can you not visit City Point for a day or two? I would like very much to see you, and I think the rest will do you good."

Lincoln replied the same evening:—

"Your kind invitation received. Had already thought of going immediately, after the next train. Will go sooner if any reason for it. Mrs. Lincoln and a few others will probably accompany me. Will notify you when we fix a time, once it shall be fixed upon."

The next day he reached the front. He was greatly worn by his load of care, and his tender eyes were sadder than ever. He delighted in strolling alone among camps, hospitals, and fatigue parties. One day, coming upon a squad cutting timber for a cabin, he picked up an ax and chopped off a large log, the men crowding around, and cheering heartily when he completed the feat.

Everywhere from the Atlantic to Texas, the Union columns were ready to strike again. Grant had one hundred thousand men present for duty. Lee's muster-rolls showed even a larger number, but according to Southern writers, heavy desertions and other causes had so reduced it that

* March nineteenth.

† Colonel Newhall's "With Sheridan during the Last Six Weeks of his Campaign,"—one of the most spirited and admirable books called out by the war.

‡ March twentieth.

he had only fifty thousand effectives, and Johnston, who confronted Sherman, about half as many.

On the twenty-fourth, Sheridan moved from White House to join the Army of the Potomac, and Grant issued minute instructions to him, to Meade, and to Ord for a general start on the twenty-ninth. Our lines still faced westward, toward Richmond and Petersburg. Sheridan was to lead the grand movement on our left to seize the long-coveted Southside and Danville railways. Parke would command the portion of the Army of the Potomac remaining in front of Petersburg, and Weitzel that portion of the Army of the James left before Richmond. On the march Meade was to hold our right, with the Army of the Potomac, Ord our left, with the Army of the James, and Sheridan the advance with the cavalry. The letter closed :—

"By these instructions a large part of the armies operating against Richmond is left behind. The enemy, knowing this, may, as an only chance, strip their lines to the merest skeleton, in the hope of advantage not being taken of it, whilst they hurl every thing against the moving column, and return. It can not be impressed too strongly upon commanders of troops left in the trenches not to allow this to occur without taking advantage of it. The very fact of the enemy coming out to attack, if he does so, might be regarded as almost conclusive evidence of such a weakening of his lines. *I would have it particularly enjoined upon corps commanders that, in case of an attack from the enemy, those not attacked are not to wait for orders from the commanding officer of the army to which they belong, but that they will move promptly, and notify the commander of their action. I would also enjoin the same action on the part of division commanders, when other parts of their corps are engaged. In like manner, I would urge the importance of following up a repulse of the enemy.*"

The quick-sighted Lee strove to avert the gathering storm. On the very morning after these orders were issued, as if to show his pitiless adversary that he, too, could "hammer" still, he made a violent assault on Fort Steadman, near Petersburg. His plan was bold. If it succeeded he could cut our army in two, and destroy its supplies at City Point. Even failing in this, he might so cripple it that he could withdraw and join Johnston.

Fort Steadman was a strong redoubt, containing nine

guns and covering about an acre. The rebels, starting from their lines five hundred feet away, made a spirited dash, seizing the guns and turning them upon the adjoining batteries. Their success was but short-lived. Our soldiers, getting on their flank, captured nineteen hundred prisoners, retook and turned the cannons on their assailants, and sent them flying back into their intrenchments. At the same time, taking advantage of their weakness, Meade assaulted vigorously, carrying and holding another part of their line, and compelling them to ask an armistice to bury their dead.

The President, who saw the battle from a ridge in the rear, pronounced it a good deal more satisfactory than a mere review, which had been promised him. But he had the review also, for several divisions, on their way to the field, passing the height where he and the ladies of his party stood, paused to salute the chief of the nation.

It was a splendid beginning for Grant. It cost the enemy five thousand soldiers, and gave Grant twenty-eight hundred prisoners. It was the old story reversed—our troops fighting within strong fortifications against a foe assailing from without. The General said:—

"Lee had not the men to spare. His losses will tell in the next battle. Our new recruits fought like veterans."

It did not change or delay a moment his campaign. On the evening of the twenty-seventh, Sherman arrived at City Point. His great march—the latest sensation—had made him the most popular leader of the hour. By Porter's orders, naval flags and naval salutes gave him welcome. Several general officers met him at the wharf and escorted him to head-quarters, where many more awaited him.

SHERMAN.—"How are you, Grant?"

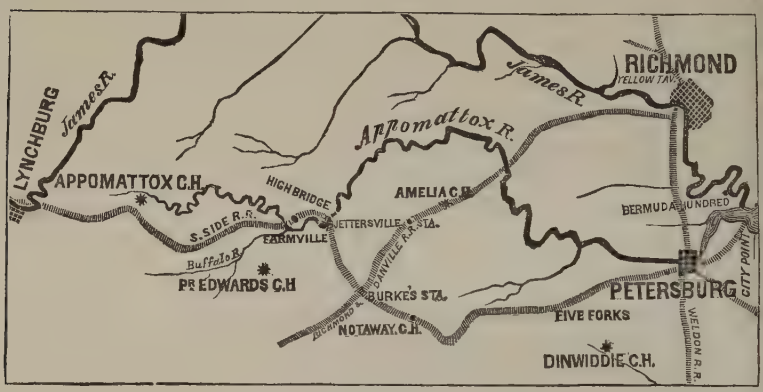
GRANT.—"How are you, Sherman?"

SHERMAN (to the rest).—"I didn't expect to find all you fellows here. You don't travel as fast as we do."

No time was spent in compliments. Sherman sat down in the cabin with the General and staff, and asked for a map. He was given to poring over maps—unlike the chief, whose assistants aver that they never saw him *studying* one, but

that he seems by a mere glance to take in and remember towns, roads, streams, and forests.

A large, minute map being brought, Sherman began eagerly to point out what he proposed to do. His plan—already mentioned in correspondence with the Lieutenant-



THE FINAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST LEE.

General—was to bring his army up to Weldon, where it would be within supporting distance, and could either join Grant, or go west to Burke's Station to intercept Lee. The chief feared to have him come so near, lest it should alarm Lee in time for him to escape. When his lieutenant was through, he quietly said:—

"Well, Sherman, I am going to move up to Dinwiddie on the twenty-ninth, and think that will force Lee out of his lines to give me battle there [pointing to a spot on the map], which will be all I want; or weaken his lines so that I can attack him."

SHERMAN.—"A big banter! a big banter! But, Grant, we *can* make things perfectly sure."

GRANT.—"Well, if we don't succeed here, probably I can keep him from drawing back until you come up."

Sherman remained two days. There was no formal conference, though Ord and Meade were summoned to head-quarters to meet him; but all the generals talked freely with each other, and with the Chief Magistrate. A

journalist pictures several historic men as he saw them walking together on the twenty-eighth :—

"Lincoln, tall, round-shouldered, loose-jointed, large-featured, deep-eyed, with a smile upon his face, is dressed in black, and wears a fashionable silk hat. Grant is at Lincoln's right, shorter, stouter, more compact; wears a military hat with a stiff, broad brim, has his hands in his pantaloons' pockets, and is puffing away at a cigar while listening to Sherman. Sherman, tall, with high, commanding forehead, is almost as loosely built as Lincoln; has sandy whiskers, closely cropped, and sharp, twinkling eyes, long arms and legs, shabby coat, slouched hat, his pantaloons tucked into his boots. He is talking hurriedly, gesticulating now to Lincoln, now to Grant, his eyes wandering everywhere. Meade, also tall, with thin, sharp features, a gray beard, and spectacles, is a little stooping in his gait. Sheridan, the shortest of all, quick and energetic in all his movements, with a face bronzed by sun and wind, is courteous, affable, and a thorough soldier."

Grant's great fear was that Lee might escape and join Johnston. But he was also anxious that the Army of the Potomac, which had suffered so many defeats, should win the final triumph. To every suggestion that he bring troops directly from the West or from Sherman's army, he had replied :—

"No. Some Western men would then taunt these soldiers :—'We had to come and help you before you could end the war!' It is better for all that the Army of the Potomac should finish up the job."

Lincoln, who at first favored the idea of bringing Sherman's army to City Point, said that he had not thought of this view, but was struck with its force, and heartily acquiesced in it.

It was finally determined that Sherman should come to the Roanoke "at Gaston, or thereabouts," whence he could march to the vicinity of Burke's Station and get in Lee's rear, or join Grant, as might be deemed best. If not needed, he was to make Johnston's army his objective point, as Grant made Lee's his, and both were to follow wherever their adversaries might go, and, above all things, to prevent a junction between them. The Lieutenant-General's report says :

"I explained to him the movement I had ordered to commence on the twenty-ninth of March, that if it should not prove as entirely successful as I

hoped, I would cut the cavalry loose to destroy the Danville and Southside railroads, and thus deprive the enemy of further supplies, and also prevent the rapid concentration of Lee's and Johnston's armies.

"*I had spent days of anxiety lest each moment should bring the report that the enemy had retreated the night before. I was firmly convinced that Sherman's crossing the Roanoke would be the signal for Lee to move.* With Johnston and Lee combined, a long, tedious, and expensive campaign, consuming most of the summer, might become necessary."

On the twenty-eighth, Grant gave Meade, Ord, and Sheridan instructions for the next day. To the latter he wrote :—

"Move your cavalry at an early hour as you can, *and without being confined to any particular road or roads.* You may go out by the nearest roads in the rear of the Fifth Corps, pass by its left and, passing near to or *through Dinwiddie, reach the right and rear of the enemy as soon as you can. It is not the intention to attack the enemy in his intrenched position, but to force him out if possible.* Should he come out and attack us, or get himself where he can be attacked, move in with your entire force, *in your own way*, and with the full reliance that the army will engage or follow, as circumstances will dictate. * * * After having accomplished the destruction of the two railroads, *which are now the only avenues of supply to Lee's army*, you may return to this army, selecting your road farther south, or you may go on into North Carolina and join General Sherman."

The sick and sutlers were sent to the rear, and now, positively for the last time, without any postponement on account of the weather, it was to be onward to Richmond.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RICHMOND FALLS.

BEFORE dawn on the twenty-ninth of March, Meade, Ord, and Sheridan had all broken camp, and were pushing forward. After breakfast, Grant and his staff left City Point for the front, eighteen miles distant. The President, anxious and careworn, accompanied them to the train, saying:—

"I wish I could go with you."

As they stepped on board he stood grasping the iron rod at the rear of the car, and shook heartily the hand of each successive officer, with a cheerful adieu. To his eldest son—who had recently graduated at Yale, and was now serving modestly and efficiently on Grant's staff—he said:—

"Robert, good bye. God bless you! Remember to do your duty always."

RAWLINS (who came last).—"I hope we shall have better luck now than we have had."

LINCOLN.—"Well, your luck is my luck, and the country's—the luck of all of us—(reflectively), except the poor fellows who are killed. Success won't do them any good. They are the only ones not to be benefited by it."

Sheridan's cavalry, nine thousand strong, was equal to any emergency, and full of faith in itself and its leader. Its scouts, under Major Young, of Rhode Island, wore confederate gray, mingled freely with rebel troops and people, and when the general was on the march dropped in upon him at the cross-roads, bringing minute, trustworthy information. This was one secret of Sheridan's invariable success.

At five P. M., he reached Dinwiddie Court-House. County towns in the South are "court-houses," whether they contain many or few dwellings. Dinwiddie boasted one hotel and two or three residences. As abounding mud

had kept the train from coming up, the soldiers went supperless to bed on the damp ground, and the general upon the tavern floor. After dark came a note from Grant:—

"Our line is now unbroken from the Appomattox to Dinwiddie. * * * *I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back.* I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push around the enemy, if you can, and get on to his right rear."

The day of raids was about over, and the day of bagging—a game which everybody had threatened, but nobody had played successfully, except the Lieutenant-General—was at hand. But four years of countless mud-marches had made the troops incredulous, and they would have hooted anybody out of camp, who predicted the capture of Lee's army within ten days.

Perseverance was near its reward. At last Grant had found the weak place in the armor of his adversary. Lee, usually so prudent, was to be ruined through much daring—through neglecting to withdraw while he could.

The thirtieth of March opened during torrents of rain, which began the night before and continued for thirty-six hours. It held Meade's and Ord's infantry fast in the mud; but Sheridan advanced his lines toward Five Forks.

Sympathizing heartily in the chief's desire to "end the matter," he rode back to head-quarters, and entered Grant's tent dripping from head to foot. The two had a long conference, the Lieutenant-General explaining his aims with minuteness. Then Sheridan galloped through the mire again to Dinwiddie, and spent the evening at his own quarters, listening to a piano, and to the pleadings of several Richmond ladies, who had sought safe shelter in the village, that he would have no battle in that vicinity. It was a droll request to prefer to *him*.

On the morning of the thirty-first he held Five Forks. But Warren moving forward to co-operate with him was driven back by a heavy infantry force, which then uniting with the cavalry on Sheridan's front, assailed him vigorously. Greatly out-numbered, he fell back slowly for several

miles, and then had a very sharp fight for the Court-House. Hat in hand he galloped along his lines, accompanied by several officers, and an unfortunate correspondent who got a bullet in the shoulder. Once his troops wavered, and disaster seemed imminent, but he rallied them and held his own till dark. The hammering was going on again!

From the house of a poor woman with many children—now filled with wounded—Sheridan dispatched:—

"* * * The men behaved splendidly. This force is too strong for us. I will hold out at Dinwiddie Court-House until I am compelled to leave."

The Lieutenant-General replied, at ten P. M.:—

"You will assume command of the whole force sent to operate with you, and use it to the best of your ability to destroy the force which your command has fought so gallantly to-day."

Grant says, in his final report:—

"Sheridan displayed great generalship. Instead of retreating with his whole command on the main army, to tell the story of superior forces encountered, he deployed his cavalry on foot, leaving only mounted men enough to take charge of the horses. This compelled the enemy to deploy over a vast extent of woods and broken country, and made his progress slow."

Sheridan's command was now increased by Warren's corps to twenty-three thousand men. Before moving, on the first of April, he dispatched to Warren, whom he supposed to be in the enemy's rear:—

"Possibly they may attack here at daylight. If so, attack instantly, and in full force. *Attack at daylight anyhow.* I will make an effort to get the road this side; and if I do, you can capture the whole of them."

But Warren, with natural—perhaps excessive—prudence, had not moved in the darkness through that unknown country, and among unknown enemies.

At earliest dawn Sheridan and staff galloped forward from Dinwiddie. In front of their pickets, through the lifting fog, they could just detect a long line of infantry. Were they rebels, or Warren's men? An aide, insisting that they wore blue, galloped toward an officer who was prancing his horse in front of them. As he approached, a

few words were exchanged; there was a pistol-shot from the unknown, and the reconnoiterer dashed back without the least lingering doubt. Sheridan's plan for the approaching battle is given with great clearness in his official report:—

"I determined that I would drive the enemy with cavalry to Five Forks, press them inside their works, and make a feint to turn their right flank, and meanwhile quietly move up the Fifth (Warren's) Corps, with a view to attacking their left flank, crush the whole force, if possible, and drive westward those who might escape, and thus isolate them from their army at Petersburg.'

After waiting until late in the afternoon for Warren to get in position, he left Merritt in command of the cavalry, and rode until he found Warren sitting upon a log, issuing orders preparatory to battle. Sheridan grew impatient, and fancied that the corps commander threw cold water on the movement. But Warren, if he did lack the fiery impetuosity of the cavalry leader, had often proved himself a good soldier.

At four P. M. his corps advanced, with Sheridan—staff, body-guard, battle-flag, and all—in front of its line of battle. It struck the rebels in a dark wood. Musketry soon grew so hot that the Union line wavered, and two regiments broke and ran. Sheridan dashed in among the faltering men, took the colors in his own hand, and, his famous black steed "Rienzi" pawing and dancing, led them forward again. One bullet pierced the flag; another killed the sergeant who had just surrendered it to the general, and others yet disabled several officers near by. But the confederates were surrounded. The cavalry, under Merritt, held their front and right in a firm grip, and now the infantry was sweeping upon their left and rear. They made a gallant fight, facing both ways, but were driven slowly back until our infantry, "demoralized" by this Indian fighting in the forest against obstinate resistance, hesitated, and finally stopped. Then Warren himself galloped to the front, and bade his men not lead, but follow. Inspired by his example, they went right into the enemy's works. Warren's horse was shot under him, and a devoted Wisconsin officer, springing forward to shield him, was dangerously wounded.

Simultaneously with this success in the rebels' rear, came Merritt's cavalry charge on their front—a charge so sudden and vigorous that Pickett, standing in a battery and overlooking his division, received his first intimation of it from a mule, bounding over the parapet and bearing a Union cavalryman, who yelled in his ears:—"Surrender and be d——d to you!"

The rebels were routed. More than five thousand (one fourth of the whole) threw down their arms. The rest, cut off from Lee's main army, fled westward, abandoning guns, caissons, ambulances, and wagons. Sheridan pursued for six miles, until darkness stopped him.*

The Union forces had lost less than a thousand men all told; the confederates six thousand. Their slender army, already sadly weakened at Fort Steadman, was shedding its life blood, and shedding it in vain. It had fought for Five Forks—not a town, but the intersection of five wagon roads, four miles in the rear of Lee's extreme right. The position was very important, commanding the approaches to the Southside Railway, six miles north of it. The battle won us that railway which—since June, 1864—we had expended so many lives to gain. It secured to Grant the last of Lee's communications, except the Richmond and Danville road, and the rebel chief could not hope to hold that many days longer. Inch by inch, the relentless Union General had almost completed the circle around his foe. Inch by inch the brooding Fate—never resting, always advancing—encroached upon the little clear sky still left in the confederate heavens.

After dark, Sheridan's camp was a scene for a painter. Blazing fires showed the wounded of both armies being borne to the hospitals; huge piles of captured small-arms, cannons, caissons, and wagons; thousands of sad prisoners huddled together, and our own men cooking their suppers, while the air rang with their jubilant shouts. Before one fire the cavalry general lay stretched upon a blanket, with

* Near the close of this battle Warren was relieved, and Griffin placed in charge of his corps.

his head upon his saddle, giving orders, hearing reports, and answering the questions of a *World* correspondent, who, with a cracker-box for a seat and a board for a desk, was recording the history which that day had made.

Grant—back with Meade—was waiting the issue with deep anxiety. Soon the good news reached him, calling out hearty cheers for miles along his lines. He telegraphed it to the President, at City Point; and Lincoln replied:—

"Yours, showing Sheridan's success of to-day, is just received and highly appreciated. Having no great deal to do here, I am still sending the substance of your dispatches to the Secretary of War."

The imminent peril in Lee's rear might induce him to retire from his intrenchments, or detach force enough to overwhelm Sheridan; so at ten P. M., by order of the Lieutenant-General, the batteries from all our investing lines opened in fierce bombardment—the preliminary of a grand assault.

Toward midnight an aide, after floundering through the mud for miles, reached head-quarters, and delivered to Grant—whom he found in bed—a verbal message that Sheridan was ready to attack the enemy's right flank early in the morning, if he desired it.

The chief replied that he approved the plan, and would have suggested it himself had he not been sure that his trusted lieutenant would do whatever was for the best. He added, that he had already sent a division to re-enforce Sheridan, lest Lee should abandon his Petersburg intrenchments during the night and attempt to cut his way westward.

At four A. M., on Sunday, April second, Meade and Ord assaulted, breaking Lee's line south of Petersburg, capturing thousands of prisoners, and cutting off a part of the rebel force, which then retreated westward up the Appomattox. The wall was trembling and cracking! Parke also pierced the main line in front of Petersburg, securing guns and prisoners, but the inner line stopped him.

Grant more than fulfilled his prediction to Sherman that he would compel his adversary to weaken his line and afford opportunity for attack, *or* to come out and fight; he

did both. Lee was in his Petersburg head-quarters, when the warning cannonade came nearer and nearer.

Lee (to A. P. Hill).—"How is this, general? Your men are giving way."

Hill mounted, galloped toward the outer works, and saw the Union forces pouring in. While still, as he supposed, within his own lines, he was greeted:—

"Halt!"

Three Federal soldiers stepped from behind a tree with their pieces leveled. He shouted to them:—

"Throw down your arms!"

Surprised at his audacity, they hesitated a moment, then fired; and one of the ablest of the enemy fell dead.

The day's work cost the Union army many lives; but completed the destruction of Lee's right, upon which it had "hammered" for ten months. Grant telegraphed to Bowers at City Point:—

"The whole captures since the army started out gunning will not amount to less than twelve thousand men, and probably fifty pieces of artillery. * * * If the President will come out on the nine A. M. train to Patrick Station I will send a horse and an escort to meet him. It would afford me much pleasure to meet the President in person at the station, but I know he will excuse me for not doing so, when my services are so liable to be needed at any moment."

Lincoln replied:—

"Allow me to tender to you, and all with you, the nation's grateful thanks for this additional and magnificent success. At your kind suggestion, I think I will meet you to-morrow."

The Sunday morning had dawned peacefully in the rebel capital. On Saturday evening, *The Sentinel*, said:—

"We are very hopeful of the campaign which is opening, and trust that we are to reap a large advantage from the operations evidently near at hand. We have only to resolve *that we never will surrender*, and it will be impossible that we shall ever be taken."

The very next day, at eleven A. M., the devout Jefferson Davis, worshiping at St. Paul's church, received a dispatch from Lee:—

"The enemy has broken my lines in three places. *Richmond must be evacuated to-night.*"

He withdrew from the congregation, walked to his house, and wrote orders for removing the coin from the banks to Danville, and sending away or burning all confederate archives. Discreetly concluding that the Southside Railway was no longer safe, at eight P. M. he rode to the Danville station, and took his horse and carriage on board the train for emergencies. His wife had already gone south, and his only companions were several fugacious doctors of divinity. Their occupation was gone. They had fallen upon evil times. No more were they to expound from the pulpit, in the name of the Christian religion, the duty of white men to drench a continent in fraternal blood, in defense of their inalienable right to hold black men in bondage!

A slave-dealer, surmising that his human property would be at a discount the next morning, was also at the station with fifty handcuffed negroes, begging that he might be allowed to accompany the confederacy on its southern meanderings. But, in gross disregard of the fitness of things, the bayonets of soldiers in gray prevented him from entering the train.

Davis died game. Reaching Danville, he halted his government long enough to issue* his last proclamation :—

"*We have now entered upon a new phase of the struggle.* Relieved from the necessity of guarding particular points, our army will be free to move from point to point, to strike the enemy in detail far from his base. Let us but will it, and we are free. * * * Virginia, with the help of the people, and by the blessing of Providence, shall be held and defended, *and no peace ever be made with the infamous invaders of her territory.* * * * Let us, then, not despond, my countrymen, but, relying on God, meet the foe with fresh defiance, and with unconquered and unconquerable hearts."

But this was three days after that Sunday, never to be forgotten in Richmond. The Virginia legislature embarked on a canal-boat for Lynchburg. Vehicles to take fugitives from the city commanded ten, fifteen, and finally a hundred dollars an hour in greenbacks or gold. Confederate promises to pay, no longer even nominally valuable, obstructed

* April fifth.

the streets and were kindled into bonfires. Depositors were obtaining their specie from the banks; directors hauling their bullion to the railway; and carriages and wagons, and men and women, white and black, pouring westward.

After dark, cords of public documents blazed in the streets, and hundreds of barrels of whisky, belonging to the confederate medical department, were emptied into the gutters. Soldiers, citizens, and even women, drank till they became an uncontrollable mob, pillaging stores, robbing dwellings, and staggering under loads of flour, bacon, and dry-goods, which they threw away whenever they found other articles more attractive. Wealthy citizens stealthily buried plate, money, and jewels in their yards and gardens.

Ewell, commanding the city—which was still nominally under martial rule—ordered the warehouses, stored with confederate government tobacco, to be burned. The mayor, and Breckinridge, the "so-called" secretary of war, in vain protested. Ewell kindled a conflagration which destroyed a thousand houses, covering thirty squares, in the heart of the city. He fired all the shipping in the James River, except the flag-of-truce boat, and the rams were blown up with thundering reports.

So fled Jefferson Davis, whom Richmond had delighted to honor. So ended, in ear-piercing explosions, wide-spread debauchery, and wholesale conflagration, the rule of the confederacy, inaugurated four years earlier with flying flags and pealing fire-bells.

At dawn on Monday, over the roads leading southwest the rebel rear-guards marched away, burning the bridges behind them. Women implored them to stay and fight for their homes, but the grim soldiers replied that fighting was "played out." Behind rode Ewell, upon an iron-gray horse, wearing a faded cloak and slouched hat; and Breckinridge, who bade a long farewell to all his greatness.

The explosions of iron-clads and fortifications had been heard in Weitzel's camp, and at eight A. M. forty Union troopers galloped unresisted into the city, which for four years had baffled and defied twenty millions of people. Negro infantry followed, singing jubilantly:—

"John Brown's body lies a moldering in the grave,
But his soul is marching on."

They reached the State-house; stacked their arms; manned the fire-engines, and did their best to stem the conflagration. Weitzel established his head-quarters in the late presidential mansion.

Lincoln, coming forward from City Point, found Petersburg evacuated. During the day he reached Richmond in a row-boat, accompanied by Farragut and Porter. His haggard face was lighted up with unwonted cheerfulness. Negroes thronged about him by thousands, many with streaming eyes, all with cheer after cheer for their savior and friend. The President removed his hat and bowed in silence—an unprecedented recognition of their race from the acknowledged head of the nation.

He sat for a while in the reception-room, which only two days before had been crowded with visitors to the rebel president. He went through Libby Prison, and found it filled with Southerners. A Northern general writing orders at the desk of Jefferson Davis; negro soldiers thronging the streets; confederate, not Union captives looking out through the barred windows of Libby! Well might the sad eyes grow joyful and the worn face relax into smiles.

Before noon the telegraph had carried the news through the length and breadth of the North. It set the people mad with joy. Even the Gold Exchange of New York—hitherto unsuspected of sentiment or patriotism—suspended business, and the members, many of whom had applauded the execution of the Virginia martyr six years before, joined in singing "John Brown," "Old Hundred," and "The Star-Spangled Banner." There were impromptu meetings and processions, flags went up, church bells rang, strangers congratulated and even embraced each other in the streets.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE HOT CHASE.

AT daylight,* Lee's reduced force was sixteen miles from Petersburg. Strange to tell, his spirits were unusually light. He hoped to join Johnston and continue the war.

"I have got my army," he said, "safe out of its breastworks. In order to follow me the enemy must abandon his lines, and can not draw any further benefit from his railroads or the James River."

The Lieutenant-General went into Petersburg with the troops; took one stroll through the streets; never waited to visit Richmond, but instantly started his army in pursuit.

Lee *had* survived perils which seemed almost as great as this; but they resembled it only in the seeming. Grant, hot on his track with Meade and Ord; Sheridan, eager on his flank, with infantry and cavalry! The Fate was closing its iron hand.

Already the swords were being beaten into plowshares. One division passed a rich field, where the farmer was turning up the soil, though his buildings and fences had been burned in previous campaigns. He said:—

"As soon as I knew Richmond was evacuated I thought it safe to go to plowing."

Sheridan—starting from Five Forks—asked a gray-headed negro, who was swinging his hat in joy:—

"Where are the rebels, uncle?"

"Siftin' souf, sah; siftin' souf!" replied the patriarch.

Lee was marching his troops westward in several columns on both banks of the Appomattox. Meade and Ord, behind and south of him, were moving in the same direction Sheridan, still farther south, and almost neck-and-neck

* Monday, April third.

with him, confident that he was aiming for Danville, North Carolina, turned his course northward, to head him off. The troopers soon had a severe encounter with several rebel detachments. At five P. M. on Tuesday, the fourth, the tired infantry corps reached Jetersville. There Sheridan heard that Lee was at Amelia Court-House, five miles northeast. He had intercepted the enemy!

The rebels were straggling. Young's scouts, in confederate uniform, riding along the road and assuming to be Lee's weary men were acting as decoys. They led the way into a thicket, where twenty Union soldiers, with cocked guns, received their prey, and compelled silence. Almost a regiment were thus conducted into the snare of the fowler.

Now was Lee's last, golden opportunity. Only a single corps of infantry and one division of cavalry blocked his path. He could easily have cut his way through. Sheridan comprehending this, instantly began to intrench, and sent back an urgent request to Meade, sixteen miles in the rear. The messenger found him sick in bed, and his weary troops encamped for the night.

MEADE.—"Do I understand you that General Sheridan believes Lee's army will be destroyed or captured if my troops reach the Danville railroad to-morrow morning?"

AIDE.—"Yes, sir."

Meade's men were hungrily waiting for their supplies to come up. But he issued an order, informing them of "the distinguished General Sheridan's" opinion, and instructing them to march at two A. M. They wished "the distinguished general" somewhere else, but prepared to obey cheerfully.

The rest of his cavalry having come up, Sheridan found a little time to sleep before morning.* He momentarily expected an attempt from Lee to cut his way through. When dawn came without it, he grew suspicious that Lee might be trying to escape by passing north. He sent out a reconnoissance under Davies, which falling upon a rebel train, destroyed a hundred and eighty wagons, capturing a thousand prisoners, several colors, and four pieces of artillery.

* April fifth.

The enemy, unaccustomed to having his trains disturbed, resisted Davies vigorously, and there was hot skirmishing.

Another corps of the Army of the Potomac arrived, but Meade, still sick, was compelled to return to his bed, and leave the cavalry general in command. In the afternoon a negro brought Sheridan a note which a confederate officer at Amelia had written to his mother. It said :—

"Our army is ruined, I fear. We are all safe as yet. * * * General Robert Lee is in the field near us. My trust is still in the justice of our cause."

This so confirmed Sheridan's surmises of Lee's desperate condition, that he immediately forwarded it to Grant, with an account of his day's work, adding :—

"I wish you were here yourself. I feel confident of capturing the Army of Northern Virginia if we exert ourselves. I see no escape for General Lee."

The Lieutenant-General thought so too. The day before he had telegraphed to Washington :—

"The army is pushing forward *in the hope of overtaking or dispersing the remainder of Lee's army.* * * * Houses through the country are nearly all used as hospitals for wounded. In every direction I hear of rebel soldiers pushing for home, some in large, some in small squads, and generally without arms. The cavalry have pursued so closely that the enemy have been forced to destroy probably the greater part of their transportation, caissons, and munitions of war. The number of prisoners captured yesterday will exceed two thousand."

Grant was with Ord, on our extreme left, moving along the Southside road, watching all the parts of his scattered command with unceasing vigilance, and minutely directing its movements, to make assurance doubly sure. Just as Ord's tired troops halted for the night, he received Sheridan's dispatch, stating that he was square on Lee's front, and had captured a train and many prisoners. It was sent out to the men, with an order to resume their march at once. They obeyed with roaring cheers, which passed like a swift wind from regiment to regiment.

On the road, just at dusk, the General received a second dispatch from Sheridan, reiterating his desire for the presence

of the chief, and his opinion that the time had come for compelling Lee to surrender.

GRANT (to his chief of staff). — "What do you think of it?"

RAWLINS.—"It looks well, but you know Sheridan is always a little sanguine."

GRANT.—"Well, let us go. Here, orderly, take my saddle off the Jeff Davis pony and put it on Cincinnatus."*

Rawlins, worn out and in poor health, also changed his saddle, and the party, dinnerless and supperless, started across the country, accompanied only by a dozen orderlies. An hour before midnight they reached Sheridan's head-quarters, a little frame dwelling near Jetersville.

Sheridan, who was up-stairs asleep, soon came down, rubbing his eyes and smiling. Ordering supper for his guests, he plunged into business. Scratching a rude diagram in pencil, on the back of a letter, he pointed out the whereabouts of Lee's columns and his own troop

"We will have them," he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with eagerness, "every man of them. That is, if you can *only* get Meade's army up. I want him to take this position, so I can swing around there. Then we'll have every mother's son of them!"

GRANT (after asking several questions).—"Lee *is* in a bad fix. It will be difficult for him to get away."

SHERIDAN.—"D—n him, he *can't* get away. We'll have his whole army; we'll have every — — — — of them!"

GRANT.—"That's a little too much to expect. I think if I were Lee I could escape at least with some of my men."

The chief was as confident at heart as his lieutenant, but wished to avoid raising expectation too high

Turn we to Lee. He reached Amelia Court-House on the morning of the fourth, expecting to meet supplies from Danville for his almost famished men. The food had arrived on the second, but the officer in charge of the train received a telegraphic order to bring the cars to Richmond for helping to remove the property of the confederate government. He

* A favorite horse, sent to the General from Cincinnati.

stupidly carried forward not only the train but its contents also. Lee, appalled to find no rations, had to wait almost two days, while his men foraged upon the country. If there was hope before, this sealed his doom.

On the morning of the sixth, Meade and Sheridan, starting from Jetersville toward Amelia Court-House, to give Lee battle, found he was slipping past north of them. But Ord, who, through Grant's skillful dispositions, had reached Burke's Station at midnight, pushed toward Farmville to intercept him, sending in advance General Theodore Read, of Wisconsin, with two regiments of infantry and a squadron of cavalry to destroy the bridges. Read had just begun upon the Farmville bridge, when the head of Lee's columns struck him in force. The ground, however, was extremely favorable, and he spread his men in a long line well covered by the woods. This imposing display delayed the confederates; but moving forward at last, they easily brushed away the little force, disabling or capturing every man. Read was mortally wounded, but his gallant stand held Lee's advance until Ord got up, when the rebels halted and intrenched.

While Read skirmished on their front, a part of Sheridan's cavalry struck their flank, capturing four hundred wagons and sixteen field-pieces. Sheridan himself, a little in the rear with one brigade and a battery, waiting for the Sixth Corps to come up, employed his leisure by practicing on the enemy's wagons, with solid shot and shell, stampeding mules and terrifying the negro drivers. The smoke to the westward soon gave him some idea of what his troopers were about. He sat down upon a stump, and, on a leaf of his note-book, wrote a dispatch to Grant, and almost before the orderly bearing it was out of sight, a second, stating that the enemy's retreat was rapidly becoming a rout, and suggesting that every thing "be hurried forward with the utmost speed."

Then, to avoid monotony, Sheridan charged with his little cavalry brigade. It left wounded men and many dead horses on the field, but it cut the rebel column near Sailor's Creek, a little stream entering the Appomattox from the south, a few miles above High Bridge.

At that opportune moment the Sixth Corps came up. As Sheridan was leading it in, one of Custer's troopers, who had dashed right through the enemy's line, arrived, and informed him that his cavalry divisions two miles ahead, after burning the train, had planted themselves square across the road. The rebels thus taken in front and rear, fought gallantly, but with infantry closing in upon one side and cavalry on the other, fighting was fruitless. They threw down their arms. The day's work had given us over seven thousand prisoners. One captured wagon bore the humorous inscription :—"We uns have found the last ditch."

At night, before a roaring camp-fire, Sheridan wrote a third dispatch to Grant, concluding with the one thought that never left his mind :—

"Up to the present time we have captured Generals Ewell, Kershaw, Barton, Corse, Defoe, and Custis Lee; several thousand prisoners, fourteen pieces of artillery and caissons, and a large number of wagons. *If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender.*"

Then he flung himself upon his back on the ground, with his feet to the fire, and was asleep in a moment. He and his staff had shared supper and blankets with the captured confederate generals, who now reclined about the fire, weary and sad. Ewell sat upon the ground, with his arms clasped around his knees and his face bowed down between them. He said little, beyond begging Sheridan to demand Lee's surrender, as longer struggle was hopeless.

Upon the bank of the Appomattox, that night, the leading rebel generals met in council, Lee staying away, from motives of delicacy. The draft animals were dying for want of forage. The men had suffered terribly, some subsisting upon parched corn, and some upon bark and roots. They still fought obediently, and often gallantly, but without hope. The generals unanimously reported to Lee that, in their opinion, nothing remained except surrender; but he insisted that there was yet some hope of escape.

At the same time, Lincoln, anxious to neglect no possible means by which the downfall of the confederacy could be hastened, wrote a very important letter from City Point to the Lieutenant-General, at Burke's Station :—

"Secretary Seward was thrown from his carriage yesterday, and seriously injured. This, with other matters, will take me to Washington soon. I was at Richmond yesterday and the day before, when and where Judge Campbell (who was with Messrs. Hunter and Stephens in February) called on me, and made such representations as induced me to put in his hands an informal paper, repeating the propositions in my letter of instructions to Mr. Seward (which you remember), and adding that, if the war be now further persisted in by the rebels, confiscated property shall, at the least, bear the additional cost; and that confiscations shall be remitted to the people of any State which will now promptly, and in good faith, withdraw its troops and other support from resistance to the Government. Judge Campbell thought it not impossible that the rebel legislature of Virginia would do the latter, if permitted; and accordingly I addressed a private letter to General Weitzel (with permission for Judge Campbell to see it), telling him (General Weitzel) that if they attempted this, to permit and protect them, unless they attempt something hostile to the United States; in which case to give them notice and time to leave, and to arrest any remaining after such time.

"I do not think it very probable that any thing will come of this; but I have thought best to notify you, so that, if you should see signs, you may understand them. From your recent dispatches it seems that *you* are pretty effectually withdrawing the Virginia troops from opposition to the Government. Nothing I have done, or probably shall do, is to delay, hinder, or interfere with you in your work."

During the day Grant had dispatched to Sherman:—

"We have Lee's army pressed hard, his men scattering and going to their homes by the thousands. He is endeavoring to reach Danville, where Davis and his cabinet have gone. *I shall press the pursuit to the end. Push Johnston at the same time, and let us finish up this job all at once.*"

At dawn, on the seventh, all the rebels were on the north side of the Appomattox. At High Bridge they fired both bridges, but our troops, close on their heels, saved the one on the wagon road, and nearly all the railway structure. In the pursuit Meade had some sharp skirmishing with the rebel rear. The enemy finally halted and intrenched, in a strong position five miles from Farmville.

But Sheridan, ahead again, did not know this, and still continued to "press things." He galloped through the rain to Prince Edward's Court-House. Finding no enemy there, he pushed on toward Prospect Station.*

Dismounting at a farm-house, he tied his horse, and

* On the railway, eleven miles west of Farmville.

strolled up the walk. Upon the piazza sat a middle-aged typical Southron—with long, straight hair combed behind his ears and covering his neck—a swallow-tailed coat, buff waistcoat, nankeen pantaloons, and morocco slippers. A gorgeous shirt frill adorned his bosom, and from the embrasure of his wall-like collar he shot defiant glances. He bowed stiffly to the general, who, nodding carelessly, sat down on a step, and pored over his maps. Soon he looked up.

SHERIDAN.—"Have you seen any of Lee's troops about here to-day?"

PLANTER.—"Sir, as I can truly say that none have been seen by me, I will say so; but if I had seen any, I should feel it my duty to refuse to reply to your question. I can not give you any information which might work to the disadvantage of General Lee."

The general, with a little whistle of surprise, puffed away at his cigar, and continued to study his map. In a few minutes he looked up again.

SHERIDAN.—"How far is it to Buffalo River?"

PLANTER.—"Sir, I don't know."

SHERIDAN.—"The devil you don't! How long have you lived here?"

PLANTER.—"All my life."

SHERIDAN.—"Very well, sir, it's time you did know! Captain! put this gentleman in charge of a guard, and walk him down to Buffalo River to show it to him."

The Virginian of the Old School enjoyed the pleasure of tramping through five miles of mud, to look at a river with which he was perfectly familiar.*

During the day (April seventh) Grant wrote the following letter from Farmville to Lee:—

"GENERAL:—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate States army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

* Copied from "With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign."

He sent it by General Seth Williams, of the staff of the Army of the Potomac, who had known Lee intimately before the war. As Williams approached the enemy's picket line, a confederate, not observing his white flag, blazed away, but he fortunately escaped with a slight wound.

Meanwhile, an aide of Sheridan's, cautiously approaching Farmville, was gratified to find it full of blue coats instead of gray. Among wagons, caissons, and ambulances, he wended his way to the hotel and informed the Lieutenant-General—smoking serenely upon the piazza—that Sheridan was striking for Prospect, fancying that Lee was now trying to reach Lynchburg.

Grant.—"Tell General Sheridan that I think well of his movement in that direction. I will push on from here rapidly. I have written a note to General Lee, and think he will surrender soon."

The chief slept at the tavern—occupied only by the landlord and his family. The Union troops had gone forward; a few stragglers alone remained in Farmville. Grant posted no guards, and strolled about the village taking no sort of precaution against a dash from the enemy.

A few confederate wounded were lying in one house, and a rebel surgeon in charge of them, and wearing his uniform, passed in and out the hotel until an aide demanded who he was. He hinted that that was none of the aide's business, but being told sharply that he was in Grant's head-quarters, explained that he was a friend of the family, and was endeavoring to soothe their natural anxiety. The staff officer ordered him to keep within his hospital. Late at night, seeing him stealthily enter the tavern again, and fearing some plot for abduction or assassination, the aides arrested him. Then he confessed that he was betrothed to the landlord's daughter. Mars was lenient to Venus and the offender escaped punishment, but was kept under guard during the General's stay.

Several hours before daylight on the eighth, Williams returned with Lee's reply, written the day before:—

"General:—I have received your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on

the part of the Army of Northern Virginia, I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, and, therefore, before considering your proposition, ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender."

After breakfast, Grant sent Williams back with a letter, and a message that he might be found near Meade's headquarters, should Lee wish to communicate further:—

"GENERAL:—Your note of last evening, in reply to mine of same date, asking the conditions on which I will accept the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, is just received. In reply, I would say, that *peace* being my great desire, there is but one condition I would insist upon—namely, That the men and officers surrendered shall be disqualified for taking up arms again against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged. I will meet you, or will designate officers to meet any officers you may name for the same purpose, at any point agreeable to you, for the purpose of arranging definitely the terms upon which the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia will be received."

The enemy was pushing toward Appomattox Station, Meade's army pursuing closely and harassing its rear-guard, but unable to bring on a general engagement.

Sheridan, leaving Prospect on the morning of the eighth, was delighted to learn from his scouts, that several trains of supplies were waiting Lee's arrival at Appomattox Station—twenty-five miles ahead, and four miles south of Appomattox Court-House.

His tired troopers pushed zealously forward, for once out of the mud and in a region never plowed by the furrows of war, where woods, fences, and farm-houses stood undisturbed. Before sunset, Custer, on the advance, came in sight of Appomattox Station, and in a twinkling threw his division forward, enveloping four trains of cars before the engineers had time to beat a retreat. As he did so, a tremendous banging began from the forest beyond.

With great promptness he summoned engineers and brakesmen from his ranks. They leaped from their horses, and started the trains toward Farmville. Then Custer dashed into the woods, on the front of the rebel batteries, which were peppering him, just as another force sent by Sheridan took them in the rear. Twenty-five guns and a thousand prisoners were captured; the rest of the rebels escaped toward Appomattox Court-House.

April 7th 1865

Gen'l

I have rec'd your note of this date. Though not entertaining the opinion you express of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of N. Va — I reciprocate your desire to avoid useless effusion of blood, & therefore before considering your proposition ask the terms you will offer on condition of its surrender.

Very resp'y your ob't serv't

R E Lee
Gen'l

Lt Gen'l U. S. Grant
Comm'd'g Armies of the U. States

St. Mary's COLLEGE LIBRARY CALIFORNIA

After dark, Sheridan established head-quarters at a dwelling near the station, and stretching himself on a bench before a bright fire, dispatched to his chief, by no means omitting the opinion he was ready to die for:—

"Custer is still pushing on. If General Gibbon and the Fifth Corps can get up to-night, *we will, perhaps, finish the job in the morning.* I do not think Lee means to surrender until compelled to do so."

Grant—directing the whole as carefully as Sheridan watched the advance—was likewise so confident that the "job" was nearly finished, that he would fain have left the rear, where his eye was no longer needed, and gone forward. But, expecting a communication from Lee, he remained near Meade's head-quarters through the afternoon, and spent the night at the Clifton House, seven miles from Prospect Station, the aides rolling themselves in blankets on the floor—the General and Rawlins enjoying the unwonted luxury of a bed up stairs.

CHAPTER XL.

THE LAST DITCH.

BEFORE he was out of bed, on the memorable ninth of April, 1865, Grant received a letter, written on the eighth by Lee, whose anxiety "to be frank" seemed to move him to a disingenuousness foreign to his nature:—

"GENERAL:—I received, at a late hour, your note of to-day. In mine of yesterday I did not intend to propose the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, but to ask the terms of your proposition. To be frank, I do not think the emergency has arisen to call for the surrender of this army; but as the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all, I desired to know whether your proposals would lead to that end. I can not, therefore, meet you with a view to surrender the Army of Northern Virginia; but as far as your proposal may affect the Confederate States forces under my command, and tend to the restoration of peace, I should be pleased to meet you at ten A. M. to-morrow, on the old stage-road to Richmond, between the picket-lines of the two armies.'

The Lieutenant-General's sympathies were excited for Lee, and his first impulse was to accede. But a little reflection showed that it would place him in a false position, besides being of no use, as his treating power—confined to the army directly on his front—could not be stretched to cover "the restoration of peace." He replied:—

"GENERAL:—Your note of yesterday is received. I have no authority to treat on the subject of peace; the meeting proposed for ten A. M. to-day could lead to no good. I will state, however, General, that I am equally anxious for peace with yourself, and the whole North entertains the same feeling. The terms upon which peace can be had are well understood. By the South laying down their arms they will hasten that most desirable event, save thousands of human lives, and hundreds of millions of property not yet destroyed. Seriously hoping that all our difficulties may be settled without the loss of another life, I subscribe myself, etc."

Then he started to join Sheridan. Two hours afterward

an answer was brought to Meade, who promptly sent it forward. As Grant was halting in the edge of an open field, an orderly dashed up—his black steed covered with foam—saluted, and handed the dispatch to the chief. The staff looked on with intense interest. Grant leisurely tore off the end of the envelope and read the paper, his face as impassive as ever. But there was the faintest suggestion of a smile around his lips as he passed it to his friend.

GRANT.—"Here, General Rawlins."

The chief-of-staff worn and pale, read, with flashing eyes:—

"9th April, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I received your note of this morning on the picket-line, whither I had come to meet you, and ascertain definitely what terms were embraced in your proposal of yesterday with reference to the surrender of this army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in your letter of yesterday, for that purpose.

"R. E. LEE, General.

"LIEUTENANT-GENERAL U. S. GRANT."

GRANT.—"Well, how do you think that will do?"

RAWLINS.—"I think *that* will do."

The two, sitting upon a log, conversed a few minutes and then the General sent this answer by two aides:—

"GENERAL:—Yours of this date is but this moment (fifty minutes past eleven) received, in consequence of my having passed from the Richmond and Lynchburg to the Farmville and Richmond road. Am at this writing about four miles west of Wallace Church, and will push forward to the front for the purpose of meeting you. Notice sent to me on this road where you wish the interview to take place will meet me here."

Meanwhile, on the front, Sheridan, fancying that at daylight the enemy would attempt to break through, had induced Ord to move up the Army of the James. Ord, being senior, took command of the infantry, while Sheridan, now at ease because his cavalry, planted square across Lee's path, was well supported, went forward to look after it.

He found his men dismounted, and fighting gallantly. The enemy was making a fierce onset, for it was neck or nothing. Lee had ordered his advance, under Gordon, to

cut its way through. Gordon's shattered troops, though worn by days of hunger, toilsome marching, and ceaseless attacks, showed something of their ancient fire, and were still a foe worthy of Sheridan's steel.

The morning was damp and foggy. Lee, at his headquarters, clad in a new uniform, and his face serene as ever, was consulting with Mahone and Longstreet. The latter, with one arm in a sling from his old wound, "sat on the trunk of a felled tree, gravely smoking a cigar." Both subordinates agreed that unless Gordon succeeded, there was no further hope of escape. Lee said that Grant's terms had been extremely generous, but he was not certain they would still be proffered now that two days had intervened.

News soon came that Gordon's attempt was fruitless. Lee mounted his horse, and started for the rear, saying :—

"General Longstreet, I leave you in charge. I am going to hold a conference with General Grant."

Gordon's men, charging impetuously, had driven the first line of Sheridan. But Sheridan held them until Ord could form, and then fell back for a dash on Gordon's left flank. The rebels cheered heartily when the cavalry drew off, but grew silent as death as it uncovered long lines of infantry waiting to receive them. Their last hope was gone!

Sheridan was giving the order for one of his irresistible charges, when a rider, bearing a white flag, galloped forward from the confederate ranks, asking a suspension of hostilities, as Lee was seeking Grant to effect a surrender. Sheridan, a little in the rear, received the news through the ringing cheers of the men. He notified Ord; and the whole army was halted on a crest overlooking Appomattox Court-House; and, in the valley beyond, Lee's remaining cavalry, infantry, and artillery mingled in confusion.

Sheridan and staff galloped straight toward the enemy's lines, supposing that hostilities were ended. But a rebel battery suddenly opening on them, shells shrieked all about their ears. They fortunately escaped harm, and fancying it a mistake, still advanced, waving their caps and white handkerchiefs. The battery, however, replied with another discharge, and they turned into a ravine.

The confederate officer who had brought the flag-of-truce, deeply mortified at this firing, galloped to the rebel flank and demanded the cause. He was informed by a general from the Palmetto State that South Carolinians never surrendered. But Custer had already dashed around with his division to look after these fire-eaters.

Sheridan wended his way to Appomattox Court-House between the picket lines, where he found the rebel generals, Gordon and Wilcox. At that moment the firing was renewed, and Gordon ordered an aide to ride over and stop it.

Sheridan.—"Never mind, never mind. I know what it is; let them fight it out!"

Custer made short work of the South Carolina brigadier who never surrendered. Union officers were soon greeting heartily old friends on the other side, whom they found jaded and despondent, and quite ready for reconstruction from their pocket flasks.

Sheridan feared that the delay was a ruse to gain time; but both confederate generals reassured him on their personal good faith. So the armies quietly confronted each other, our tired men stretching themselves upon the ground, and showing no excitement after their first cheers.

Appomattox Court-House boasted five dwellings. The largest—a square building of brick, with a yard smiling with roses, violets, and daffodils—belonged to one Wilmer McLean. Sheridan and Ord stood at the end of the one broad, grassy street, when Grant rode up covered with mud.

Grant.—"How are you, Sheridan?"

Sheridan (his eyes twinkling and a smile all over his face).—"First rate, thank you; how are you?"

Grant.—"Is General Lee up there?"

Sheridan.—"Yes."

Grant.—"Well then, we will go up."

The Lieutenant-General, accompanied by Ord, Sheridan, and their staffs, walked to the house of McLean, who was moving wildly about, nearly driven out of his senses by the great events of the day. Lee's blooded iron-gray horse—wearing a one-line bridle, and a plain Grimsley saddle with the owner's initials upon a corner

—was nibbling at the grass, in charge of a confederate orderly. Grant and two aides entering the house, while the rest sat down on the porch, found within the rebel leader and Colonel Marshall, his chief of staff. Lee stood beside a table, wearing this bright, bluish-gray uniform, a military hat with a gold cord, buckskin gauntlets, high riding-boots, and a beautiful sword. His hair and beard were long and gray. He was tall and soldierly, though much larger and heavier than the Union officers had supposed.

Grant—with his slouched hat, dark-blue frock-coat, unbuttoned, and covered with mud, gray pantaloons tucked in his soiled boots, and a dark waistcoat—wore no sword, and no indication of his rank except the double row of buttons on the breast of his coat and the three silver stars.

The two shook hands, placed their hats upon the table, sat down, and talked of business. In three or four minutes details were agreed upon, Lee asking no modification of Grant's terms. Sheridan, Ord, and the rest were invited in and introduced. Lee said but little, and bore himself with dignity and modesty. After some general conversation, he and Grant conferred apart. Then, both leaders making occasional suggestions, Marshall on behalf of Lee, and Bowers and Parker on behalf of Grant, reduced the terms to writing, and made two fair copies:—

"APPOMATTOX COURT-HOUSE, VIRGINIA, April 9, 1865.

"GENERAL:—In accordance with the substance of my letter to you of the 8th instant, I propose to receive the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia on the following terms—to wit: Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer to be designated by me, the other to be retained by such officer or officers as you may designate. The officers to give their individual paroles not to take up arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged; and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their commands. The arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them. This will not embrace the side-arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage. This done, each officer and man will be allowed to return to his home, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their paroles and the laws in force where they may reside.

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General.

"General R. E. LEE."

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, April 9, 1865.

"GENERAL:—I received your letter of this date containing the terms of the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia as proposed by you. As they are substantially the same as those expressed in your letter of the eighth instant, they are accepted. I will proceed to designate the proper officers to carry the stipulations into effect.

"R. E. LEE, General.

"Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT."

After the signatures were attached, Lee said that he had forgotten one thing. Many cavalry and artillery horses in his army belonged to the men in charge of them; but, of course, it was too late to speak of that now.

GRANT (interrupting).—"I will instruct my paroling officers that all the enlisted men of your cavalry and artillery who own horses are to retain them, just as the officers do theirs. They will need them for their spring plowing and other farm work."

LEE (with great earnestness).—"General, there is nothing you could have done to accomplish more good, either for them or for the Government."

Lee further requested that each of his soldiers might be furnished with a parole, to protect him from confederate conscription officers, and Grant acquiesced.*

Lee went out, and the aides of Sheridan, Ord, and

* Henry C. Deming publishes Grant's oral account of this interview, given at a dinner party:—

"I felt some embarrassment in the prospect of meeting General Lee. I had not seen him since he was General Scott's chief-of-staff in Mexico. And, in addition to the respect I entertained for him, the duty which I had to perform was a disagreeable one, and I wished to get through it as soon as possible.

"When I reached Appomattox Court-House, I had ridden that morning thirty-seven miles. I was in my campaign clothes, covered with dust and mud. I had no sword. I was not even well-mounted. * * * I found General Lee in a fresh suit of confederate gray, with all the insignia of his rank, and at his side the splendid dress-sword which had been given to him by the State of Virginia.

* * * "When I disclaimed any desire to have any parade, but said I should be contented with the delivery of arms to my officers and with the proper signature and authentication of paroles, he seemed to be greatly pleased. When I yielded the other point, that the officers should retain their side-arms and private baggage and horses, his emotions of satisfaction were plainly visible. * * * We parted with the same courtesies with which we had met. It seemed to me that General Lee evinced a feeling of satisfaction and relief when the business was finished."

Grant rose respectfully as he passed down the steps of the piazza. He did not appear to notice them, but looking over into the green valley, upon his shattered army, "smote his hands together again and again in an absent and despairing way," until his orderly led up his horse. As he took the bridle, Grant walked by, touching his hat, and Lee replied with a similar salute. Then he returned to his lines.

The Union commander rode to his head-quarters and sent a modest dispatch to Washington, which set the whole North ablaze, and the church-bells a ringing as they never rang before.* Through the evening, general officers crowded his little room, and nothing was heard but jubilant congratulations. The Army of the Potomac had forgotten all its fierce jealousies, and was transformed into a mutual admiration society. But the Army of the Potomac was also very sleepy, and went early to bed.

Lee was received in his camp with the wildest cheers he had heard for many a long month. Southern journals afterward insisted that they only expressed the sympathy of the rebel soldiers for their chief and for the Lost Cause. Doubtless this feeling was strong, but the knowledge that no more lives were to be sacrificed, and that Grant's terms were so unexpectedly moderate, was the chief motive. They beset their general in a dense mass, struggling forward to shake his hand. Lee — as little given to showing emotion as Grant — was affected to tears, and only said, in broken voice:—

"Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you."

McLean's house witnessed a wild scramble for relics.

* WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.,
April 9, 1865—10 P.M.

Ordered, that a salute of two hundred guns be fired at the head-quarters of every army and department, and at every post and arsenal in the United States, and at the military academy at West Point, on the day of the receipt of this order, in commemoration of the surrender of General R. E. Lee, and the Army of Northern Virginia, to Lieutenant-General Grant, and the army under his command.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

Soldiers scuffled over the furniture; Ord paid fifty dollars for the marble-topped center-table upon which the agreement was signed, and Custer marched down the steps, bearing aloft the little side-table upon which it was copied. The men shouted at the top of their lungs, "Sheridan's robbers! Sheridan's robbers!" but Sheridan himself had paid twenty gold dollars for the relic, and was sending it with his compliments to Mrs. Custer.

After the room was stripped of chairs and other "portable property"—the purchasers flinging down greenbacks in return, though McLean insisted that he did *not* wish to sell—those who had drawn nothing in that lottery of muscle, stripped the garden of flowers, to send to their wives and sweethearts.

That night, twenty thousand Union rations afforded the hungry confederates such a "feed" as they had not enjoyed for months. Meade's little head-quarters' printing-press clattered through the hours of darkness, striking off their paroles.

The next morning the Lieutenant-General received a card, bearing the name of a West Virginia cousin, whom he had not seen since boyhood. The captured rebel was brought in.

Grant.—"Are you one of Aunt Rachel's sons?"

Prisoner.—"Yes—Charley."

Grant.—"What are you doing here?"

Prisoner.—"I have been fighting in Lee's army."

Grant.—"Bad business, Charley. What do you want to do now?"

Prisoner.—"*I want to go home!*"

Grant (laughing).—"Have you got a horse?"

Prisoner.—"No, mine was killed under me, day before yesterday."

Grant.—"Have you got any money?"

Prisoner.—"No."

The reconstructed cousin was furnished with fifty dollars, a horse, and a pass, and sent on his winding way. Gibbon, left in charge of the paroling, was instructed by the Lieutenant-General:—

"On completion of the duties assigned you at this place, you will proceed * * * to Lynchburg, Va. It is desirable that there shall be as little destruction of private property as possible. * * * On reaching the vicinity of Lynchburg, send a summons for the city to surrender. If it does so, respect all private property, and parole officers and men garrisoning the place, same as has been done here. If resistance is made, you will be governed by your own judgment about the best course to pursue. If the city is surrendered, as it will in all probability be, take possession of all public stores. Such as may be of use to your command, appropriate to their use. *The balance distribute among the poor of the city.* Save all the rolling stock of the railroads, and if you find it practicable to do so, bring it to Farmville and destroy a bridge to the rear of it. Destroy no other portion of the road. All the warlike material you find, destroy or carry away with you."

The morning was very rainy, but at nine o'clock Grant rode to the Court-House to meet Lee by appointment. When he and his staff reached the crest overlooking the little creek between the two armies, Lee emerged from his tent on the other side, mounted and rode up. The two generals saluted, and sitting upon their horses, twenty paces from the rest of the party, conversed for an hour about minor details of the surrender. Lee expressed his desire that hostilities might everywhere cease. Saluting again, he rode slowly back to lines.

Grant (to his staff).—"I believe we are all ready for our final return."

His military family now embraced many able and faithful soldiers; but of "the old, familiar faces," only one was left. Some were dead, some disabled, some in other fields. Rawlins alone—and his health greatly impaired in the service—had remained with his chief from the first gun at Belmont to the last at Appomattox. It was four years almost to a day since his ringing words at the Galena meeting:—"We will stand by the flag of our country, and appeal to the God of battles!"

They started, reaching Prospect Station late at night. The head-quarters' train soon came up, and tents were pitched in an open field. As the party sat upon logs on the muddy ground, around a roaring fire, Washburne arrived from the North. They conversed for an hour or two, then stretched themselves upon boards in their tents, to keep

them out of the water, and slept through their last night in camp.

Next day they took the cars at Burke's Station, and at daybreak on the twelfth reached City Point, thoroughly worn out, and looking as if they thought sleep worth all the victories in the world, and had found the last ditch very muddy indeed.

At Appomattox Court-House, three days after the surrender, the confederates formed for the last time, and in columns thick with banners but thin with men—they had been more lavish of lives than colors—delivered up their arms, which our troops, who had so often felt their valor, received in sympathetic silence. General Chamberlain, of the Union army, relates that the rebels dressed lines; fixed bayonets; stacked their muskets; flung their cartridge-boxes on the pile; and slowly furled their flags and laid them down, many with tears streaming from their eyes, and some stooping tenderly to kiss the faded, shot-torn colors.

Through the entire day this continued, the disarmed men streaming to the provost-marshal's office for their paroles, and then starting for home. Nearly all were penniless. One officer said:—"You astonish us with your generosity;" another:—"I loved the cause, but we are thoroughly beaten; now the Stars and Stripes are my flag, and I will be as true to it as you." Gordon remarked:—"This is bitterly humiliating to me; but I console myself by thinking that the whole country rejoices at this day's work." The redoubtable Henry A. Wise said:—"We won't be forgiven; we hate you, and that is the whole of it! We have no homes; you have destroyed them." "Well," replied Chamberlain, "you should not have challenged us. We expected somebody would get hurt when we came down here."

Farewell the pluméd troop, the spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife! All was quiet along the Potomac. "Hammering continuously" had reduced the granite wall to a mass of powder.

"THE LOST CAUSE." Page

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ASSASSINATION.

THE respective strength of Grant and Lee, at the beginning of the campaign of 1864, has already been given (pages 411–12). On the thirtieth of June, 1864, at the close of two months of terrible fighting, Grant, after detaching the Sixth Corps and two divisions of Sheridan's cavalry to meet Early, had left confronting Lee, "present for duty equipped" :—

Army of the Potomac	54,712 men
Army of the James	30,583 "
Total	85,295

Lee having sent away his Second (Early's, late Ewell's) Army Corps, had remaining on Grant's front, according to his field return of June thirtieth, 1864 :—

Present for duty	54,751 men

This was exclusive of Dearing's brigade of Fitz Hugh Lee's division of cavalry on duty near Petersburg, but omitted from the return. It shows Lee's force to have been much larger than he has generally been credited with.

On the twentieth of March, 1865, Grant's entire forces before Richmond, "present for duty equipped" numbered :—

Army of James	35,411
Army of Potomac	84,778
Total	120,189

I find no official statement of Lee's strength on that day; but the prisoners captured from and surrendered by him between then and the close of the campaign afford valuable data for estimating it. These, derived from official sources foot up as follows :—

March 25.—Assault on Fort Steadman	2,783
" 29 to April 9, inclusive	18,979
April 9.—Final surrender	27,416
Total	49,178

Two brigades of his cavalry escaped before the surrender. No one familiar with armies in the field will need to be told that the number of stragglers on such a campaign must have been very large. Ten thousand men seems to be a moderate estimate for the stragglers and the two brigades. Fifty-nine thousand of Lee's effectives are thus accounted for. His disabled only remain to be estimated. Weitzel found five thousand wounded in Richmond alone; and Lee's casualties during the entire campaign, beginning with his heavy loss at Fort Steadman, were indisputably very large. He had called in all his detachments from the Shenandoah and elsewhere; and it would seem that his effective force on the twentieth of March, 1865, must have been fully seventy thousand men.

Grossly exaggerated reports of Grant's losses during both campaigns have obtained currency. One, claiming to be official, is frequently cited by writers on both sides. It gives the Union killed, wounded, and missing, during the fighting in the Wilderness, at twenty-nine thousand four hundred and ten; and the aggregate losses of the Army of the Potomac alone, from May to November, 1864, at eighty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty-seven.

Its figures were compiled from "field returns." These, collected immediately after a battle, always include among the missing and wounded, and frequently among the killed, many whose injuries, though so slight as not to disable them, are noted by the surgeons; and hosts of stragglers, who play "old soldier" as long as the guns pound or the bullets ping. When the fighting ends, however, the "old soldiers" come back to draw their rations. Hence, regimental returns alone give the losses of an army with accuracy. In every conflict of the war, they reduced enormously the casualties of the field returns.

The report alluded to above was found glaringly inaccurate by the military committee of Congress. The Adjutant-General, therefore, had carefully compiled for the Volunteer Register of the Armies of the United States, a statement made up from the regimental returns on file in his office and verified by the muster and pay rolls, as far as access

could be had to them. This statement is complete, and trustworthy. It gives, in tabular form, the losses of each brigade in the armies during every engagement, with a "grand recapitulation" of the whole. An official copy has been furnished me, but its great length forbids giving it in full, as it would fill many of these pages. The following, however, is the recapitulation, authenticated by the First Assistant Adjutant-General:—

"*Grand recapitulation of the losses sustained by the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the James, from May* 5, 1864, *to April* 9, 1865.

NAME OF BATTLE, ETC.	KILLED.		WOUNDED.		MISSING.		Aggregate
	Officers ..	Enlisted men ...	Officers ..	Enlisted men ...	Officers ..	Enlisted men ...	
Wilderness, May 5 to 7, 1864	117	2,144	372	8,413	99	2,803	13,948
Swift Creek and Chester Station, May 6 to 10, '64	4	80	10	434	—	61	589
Spottsylvania, May 8 to 21, 1864	119	2,152	378	8,982	31	1,939	13,601
Drury's Bluff, May 12 to 16, 1864	17	373	67	1,654	40	1,350	3,501
North Anna, May 23 to 27, 1864	11	175	28	764	5	160	1,143
Tolopotomey, May 28 to 31, 1864	5	94	14	344	—	52	509
Cold Harbor and Bethesda Church, May 31 to June 12, 1864	106	1,663	279	6,473	33	1,504	10,058
Deep Bottom, July 25 to 28, 1864	—	45	17	185	—	19	266
Deep Bottom, August 14 to 18, 1864	12	247	62	1,177	14	501	2,013
Weldon Railroad, August 18 to 21, 1864	11	186	61	764	16	898	1,936
Ream's Station, August 25, 1864	15	77	41	344	61	1,615	2,153
Chapin's Farm, Sept. 29 and 30, 1864	18	376	96	1,458	10	314	2,273
Poplar Spring Church, Sept. 30 and Oct. 1 and 2	11	140	26	484	34	1,314	2,009
Darbytown Road, Oct. 7, 1864	1	88	14	249	9	249	610
Darbytown Road, Oct. 13, 1864	1	15	4	163	—	17	200
Hatcher's Run and Boydton Road, Oct. 27 and 28, 1864	10	133	45	608	5	483	1,284
Fair Oaks, Oct. 27 and 28, 1864	8	74	26	408	17	570	1,103
Hatcher's Run, Feb. 5, 6, and 7, 1865	6	107	24	512	4	77	730
Dinwiddie Court-House, March 30, 1865	1	2	—	2	—	3	8
Five Forks, April 1, 1865	4	92	25	267	—	6	394
Amelia Springs and Court-House, April 5, 1865	—	1	—	4	2	16	23
Sailor's Creek and Rice's Station, April 6, 1865	10	134	34	461	1	7	647
Farmville and High Bridge, April 7, 1865	7	51	20	105	—	9	192
Appomattox Court-House, April 9, 1865	—	14	2	74	4	64	158
Siege and assaults at Petersburg, from June 16, 1864, to April 2, 1865	140	3,079	550	11,794	121	3,751	19,435
Cavalry Corps, from May 9, '64, to April 8, '65	25	270	70	763	59	1,622	2,809
Miscellaneous—minor engagements	16	155	30	349	15	507	1,072
General and general staff officers	21	—	29	—	7	—	57
Total	696	11,967	2,324	47,235	587	19,911	82,720

"The above statement is made up from regimental records, except in the cases of general and general staff officers."

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, May 19, 1868.

Brevet Major-General JOHN A. RAWLINS, Chief-of-Staff, Armies of the United States:

GENERAL:—In compliance with your request of the 22d ult., I have to

transmit herewith statement from the regimental records on file in this office, showing the losses sustained by the Army of the Potomac, in killed, wounded, and missing, from May 5th, 1864, to April 9th, 1865; also statement from the regimental records on file, showing the losses sustained by the Army of the James, in killed, wounded, and missing, from May 5th, 1864, to April 9th, 1865, together with the recapitulation, showing a total of losses sustained by both armies during the period above named.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley being also a part of the same operations, I append an official statement of his losses, as shown by his field returns. The regimental returns would reduce it materially, but were not applied for in season to have a table compiled.

"*Losses sustained by the United States forces, commanded by Major-General P. H. Sheridan—Campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, Va.*, 1864.

COMMAND.	BATTLE.	DATE.	Killed	Wounded..	Missing ...	Aggregate.
Sixth Army Corps.....	Opequan	September 19....	213	1,424	48	1,685
	Fisher's Hill.....	" 22...	24	210	3	237
	Cedar Creek.....	October 19.....	255	1,666	294	2,215
	Reconnoissances and minor engagements.....		86	665	11	762
Nineteenth Army Corps	Opequan.....	September 19....	275	1,228	453	1,956
	Fisher's Hill.....	" 22...	11	47	2	60
	Cedar Creek.....	October 19.....	243	1,352	893	2,488
	Reconnoissances and minor engagements.....		57	446	13	516
Army of West Virginia.	Opequan and Fisher's Hill...	Sept. 19 and 22..	105	840	8	953
	Cedar Creek.....	October 19.....	46	268	533	847
	Reconnoissances and minor engagements.....		150	839	96	1,085
Provisional Division...	Cedar Creek.....	October 19.....	19	91	121	231
Cavalry.....	Opequan.....	September 19. ..	65	267	109	441
	Tims Creek.....	October 9.....	9	48	—	57
	Cedar Creek.....	" 19.....	25	139	50	214
	Twenty-six other engagements.....		355	2,363	487	3,205
Total.....	.....	.....	1,938	11,893	3,121	16,952

[Official.] T. W. C. MOORE,

Assistant Adjutant-General."

Sheridan's raid from Winchester to Petersburg, February twenty-seventh to March twenty-sixth, 1865, is not

included in the above statements. His official report says, "My losses all told did not exceed one hundred."

SUMMARY OF CASUALTIES IN GRANT'S ARMIES—1864-5.

Army of the Potomac and James	82,720
Sheridan in Shenandoah Valley	16,952
Sheridan's Raid, Winchester to Petersburg	100
Grand Total	99,772

Exclusive of the slight loss during Sheridan's raid, these were divided as follows :—

Killed	14,601
Wounded	61,452
Missing	23,619

Lee's forces were dispersed so suddenly at last that the aggregate of their killed and wounded can only be reached by estimate. In 1864, Grant's casualties in Eastern Virginia were much the greater; but in the Shenandoah Valley Sheridan's were far less than Early's. In 1865, Lee's killed and wounded, beginning with his disastrous assault upon Fort Steadman, were very largely in excess of Grant's.

The complete official statements given below on another branch of the subject, are indispensable to any just judgment upon the comparative generalship of Grant and Lee :—

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE, WASHINGTON, *May* 5, 1868.

Brevet Major-General JOHN A. RAWLINS, Chief of Staff, Armies of the United States.

GENERAL :—In reply to your inquiry of April 25, 1868, I have to inform you that the records of Rebel Prisoners of War, on file in this office, show that the number of prisoners captured by the Armies of the Potomac and the James, from May 1, 1864, to April 9, 1865, amounts to sixty-six thousand five hundred and twelve (66,512).*

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. D. TOWNSEND, Asst. Adjt.-Gen.

HEAD-QUARTERS, MILITARY DIVISION OF THE GULF, OFFICE OF THE CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER, NEW ORLEANS, LA., *November* 18, 1865.

Major-General P. H. SHERIDAN, U. S. Army.

GENERAL :—I have the honor to report that the number of confederate prisoners received by the forces under your command, from August 1, 1864, to March 1, 1865, was about thirteen thousand (13,000). The names of

* This includes captures by Sheridan's cavalry while operating with the armies.

nearly that number are recorded on the books recently used in the office of the provost-marshal-general, Middle Military Division.

Respectfully submitted,

E. B. PARSONS,

Late Provost-Marshal-General Middle Military Division.

Official.

T. W. C. MOORE,

Asst.-Adjt.-Gen'l.

SUMMARY OF CAPTURES BY GRANT'S ARMIES—1864–5.

Captured by Sheridan in Shenandoah Valley, 1864	13,000
Sheridan's raid, Winchester to Petersburg, ending March 26, 1865	1,600
Armies of Potomac and James, May 1, 1864, to April 9, 1865	39,096
Lee's surrender, April 9, 1865	27,416
Grand Total	81,112

Grant's captures alone, after he assumed the chief command, exceed eighty per cent. on the aggregate of his killed, wounded, and missing. Any reasonable estimate of the rebel killed and wounded swells Lee's losses enormously above his.

Grant's military advantages lay chiefly in large superiority of resources in men and supplies. Lee's, in his acting on the defensive; interior lines; familiarity with the country; and armies fighting upon their own soil.

The military student will always admire Lee's effective use of his slender means, his vigilance in divining the plans of his adversary, and his promptness and skill in throwing forces to the right spot and at the right moment, to baffle them. He will also admire Grant's indomitable energy, steadfast persistency, and unfaltering courage. But these will not obscure his higher qualities: the wonderful penetration which discovered in a modest young acting quartermaster—an unassuming lieutenant-colonel of engineers—and a brigadier-general of volunteers reputed crazy, three of the world's great captains; the unerring sagacity which intrusted to Sheridan all the cavalry in Sixty-four, and the perilous honor of the advance in Sixty-five; the comprehensive judgment which directed every part of the masterly final campaign; the quick perception which found the vulnerable heel the moment it was exposed, and turned Lee's one mistake—his remaining a little too long at Peters-

burg—into his irretrievable ruin. It was simply a higher exhibition of the self-same generalship which took advantage of the more flagrant blunders of Pillow at Donelson, of Pemberton at Vicksburg, of Bragg at Chattanooga.

The conflict ended, Grant was thoroughly satisfied, magnanimous, and hopeful. The conclusion of his admirable final report was an index of his feeling and his character :—

"It has been my fortune to see the armies of both the West and the East fight battles, and from what I have seen I know there is no difference in their fighting qualities. All that it was possible for men to do in battle they have done. The Western armies commenced their battles in the Mississippi Valley, and received the final surrender of the remnant of the principal army opposed to them in North Carolina. The armies of the East commenced their battles on the river from which the Army of the Potomac derived its name, and received the final surrender of their old antagonist at Appomattox Court-House, Virginia. The splendid achievements of each have nationalized our victories, removed all sectional jealousies (of which we have, unfortunately, experienced too much), and the cause of crimination and recrimination that might have followed had either section failed in its duty.

"All have a proud record, and all sections can well congratulate themselves and each other for having done their full share in restoring the supremacy of law over every foot of territory belonging to the United States. *Let them hope for perpetual peace and harmony with that enemy, whose manhood, however mistaken the cause, drew forth such herculean deeds of valor.*"

President Lincoln, arriving at Washington after Lee's surrender, was serenaded on the eleventh of April, by an immense gathering. He responded in a conversational speech, favoring the early restoration of the rebel States to their political rights, on the bases of general amnesty, and impartial suffrage to black and white. Of a movement already begun to reorganize Louisiana, he said :—

"Concede that the new government there is only to what it should be as the egg is to the fowl—*we shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it.*"

Grant reached the capital on the morning of the thirteenth. He was extremely busy, and before night an order had been issued from the War Department directing Government agents to stop all drafting and recruiting, and all purchasing of ammunition, arms, and provisions.

Evening brought an illumination of the public buildings

never equaled in Washington. The enthusiasm knew no bounds. It was the popular ratification of Lee's surrender. At various points there were impromptu public meetings and speeches. At the President's request, the General drove out with Mrs. Lincoln to look at the display. As soon as the people saw him, they gave him nine cheers, followed by nine more for Lincoln. This was repeated everywhere.

The next day—the fourth anniversary of the capture of Fort Sumter by the rebels—was to be forever memorable in American history. The President, in unusually good spirits, breakfasted with his son Robert, listening to an account of Lee's surrender. Hearing that Schuyler Colfax was in the house, he hurried from the table to join him in the reception-room, and talked with him for an hour on his future policy. He also gave Colfax—just starting on an overland journey to the Pacific—a written message to the miners. Then remarking that he was going to Ford's Theater that night, to see "Our American Cousin," he asked:—

"What sort of a play is that?"

Colfax replied that it was good to drive dull care away.

At eleven o'clock there was the most cheerful cabinet meeting which had been held for many years. Grant was present by special invitation. All felt that the administration had proved a great success, and talked over plans for the early restoration of the South. Stanton made an elaborate argument to show that ample powers of reconstruction vested in the Executive, without the aid of Congress.

LINCOLN.—"Have you heard from Sherman?"

GRANT.—"No, but I am expecting hourly a dispatch announcing Johnston's surrender."

LINCOLN.—"I am sure you will get important news soon."

To the General's look of inquiry the President explained that usually before any exciting occurrence—as Bull Run, Antietam, and Gettysburg—he had the same curious dream. "I had it again last night," he continued, "and, (turning to the Secretary of the Navy) it is in your line, too. I see a ship sailing very rapidly, and it always precedes some important event."

After the meeting broke up, Grant returned to his office and to hard work. He hoped to leave that night, *via* Philadelphia, for Burlington, New Jersey, where his children were at school. Mrs. Lincoln had urged him and Mrs. Grant to accompany the President and herself and Secretary and Mrs. Stanton to the theater. During the day, however, Mrs. Grant packed their trunks at the hotel; and, completing his labors just in season, the General sent a verbal message of excuse to Mrs. Lincoln, and drove with his wife to the station. It was afterward remembered that Wilkes Booth galloped beside the carriage for a few yards, looking in to see who the inmates were.

Evening found the President weary, and longing to stay at home; but it had been publicly announced that he and Grant would be present; and, always unwilling to disappoint any one, he went to the theater.

There, at half-past ten, while he was leaning over the front of his private box, with his chin resting on his elbow and his eyes fixed upon the stage, John Wilkes Booth—one of the family of eminent actors—entered the box, shut the door behind him, and fired a revolver, with the muzzle pressed to the back of the President's head. The ball penetrated the brain, and lodged just behind the right eye. Abraham Lincoln's head fell forward, his eyes closed, and he did not speak again. Though he lived for nine hours, he seemed to suffer no pain, and probably never knew in this world of the violence which hastened his passage to the next.

The assassin struck with his dagger Major Rathbone, who attempted to restrain him; and, shouting "*Sic semper tyrannis*," jumped from the box to the stage. His foot caught in the star-spangled banner which draped the front, and he fell, so spraining his ankle that ultimately his flight was crippled. The flag he hated proved the cause of his final doom.

But now, springing up, he brandished his dagger, and exclaimed, "The South is avenged!" Then, running out through the back door of the theater, he mounted his horse, which had been left with a boy, and galloped away toward

Maryland, before the paralyzed spectators could comprehend the great tragedy they had witnessed.

At the same moment, Secretary Seward, recently thrown from his carriage, was lying in bed, with his lower jaw fractured and his right arm broken. Another assassin, known as Payne, entered his house, and, professing to be a messenger from the physician, found his way to the Secretary's bedside. He twice snapped a pistol at the invalid's son, and finally flung him to the floor, fracturing his skull. He aimed three stabs at Seward's throat, cutting his face and neck terribly, but at the third blow the Secretary of State rolled out of bed on the farther side. Payne wounded an attendant who seized him, and then escaped, stabbing two more men who attempted to stop him.

Arrangements had been perfected for murdering Grant also, but his unexpected departure frustrated them. He and Mrs. Grant, reaching Philadelphia at midnight, drove across the city in a carriage, and were taking luncheon in a little restaurant near the railway ferry, when a dispatch came from Stanton announcing the tragedy. The General went on to Burlington with his wife, and then returned to Washington by special train.

The next morning, when all the journals appeared with their columns in mourning, everywhere from ocean to ocean, business was suspended, and not only women and children, but strong men were moved to tears. Abraham Lincoln had won the hearts of the people, especially of the humble people. No crowded city tenement was so squalid, no prairie log-cabin so rude that its inmates did not put on badge or ribbon in mark of their profound sorrow.

The saddest mourners were of the race he had done so much to redeem. On a West Indian island, a few months afterward, negroes just from Africa were found wearing on their bosoms photographs of Lincoln, and cherishing in their hearts a simple faith that he would yet return to enfranchise *them*. From governments and peoples in every quarter of the globe came tributes to the memory of the great and good President, and words of sympathy to the bereaved nation.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

BEFORE Lincoln's death, a large portion of the North—the hot blood of war doubly inflamed by the slow starvation of thousands of Union soldiers in Southern prisons—had been impatient at his mildness and lenity to the rebels. His murder brought frantic demands for severity and retaliation; and the people congratulated themselves that Vice-President Andrew Johnson, promoted to his vacant place by the assassin's bullet, had always breathed out threatenings and slaughter against rebels, and would be bloody, bold, and resolute.

Grant had given his very liberal terms at Appomattox, partly from policy. He knew that if Lee declined them his troops could not be kept together after learning their nature; and that if he accepted, Johnston's army also, learning their generosity, would grow clamorous for peace.

He had given them partly from feeling. Like all our soldiers, he realized how fearfully the South had been punished; and if the rebels were now willing to lay down their arms, obey the laws, and not oppress Union white men or Union black men at the South, he thought it unworthy of a great people to degrade or humiliate them. He wanted no more bloodshed, no vengeance, no requiring that men who had staked all should be glad that they had lost all, or manifest any sudden affection for their conquerors. The national authority restored; those who had helped to restore it fully protected from their late foes; and he was willing to leave the rest to the softening influences of time. But the demand of the moment that some at least of the rebel leaders be hanged "as an example to posterity," subjected him to considerable criticism.

Sherman, advancing in North Carolina, received* a note from Joseph E. Johnston, looking toward a surrender. He granted an armistice, and—mindful only of President Lincoln's general lenity, and his recent permission to the Virginia rebel legislature to convene†—agreed to articles of capitulation based upon the disbanding of the confederate armies, and submitting to the national authority on the one hand, and general amnesty and recognition of existing State governments in the insurgent districts on the other. These governments were Union in the States we already held—rebel in the rest.

Sherman's treaty stated upon its face that it would be null and void, unless approved by the Government. But he was confident that it would be satisfactory, and dispatched a staff-officer to Washington with a copy.

The North—stirred to the heart by Lincoln's assassination; a little dissatisfied with Grant's terms to Lee, and now in a condition to exact far severer ones—disapproved it utterly. President Johnson rejected it, and Stanton set forth the reasons in a public order, in terms needlessly offensive, and seemingly intended to disgrace—for one mistake—the gallant and patriotic soldier who had added new luster to his country's fame, and done splendid service in her darkest hours.

Grant, sent forward by the Government, reached Sherman's head-quarters on the twenty-fourth of April, to inform him that the terms were countermanded, and order him to resume hostilities under his own immediate supervision. Though disapproving Sherman's conditional treaty, the Lieutenant-General had stood up manfully for him at Washington, and he now made this ungracious mission as agreeable as he could.

Sherman, promptly acquiescing, demanded the surrender of Johnston's army on the same terms which had been accorded to Lee. The demand was acceded to. Grant interfered in no details, and Johnston first learned of his presence from the indorsement on the treaty:—"Approved. U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant-General."

* April fourteenth.

† Page 475.

Grant established his head-quarters in Washington. On the sixth day of May he wrote to Halleck:—

"Although it would meet with opposition in the North to allow Lee the benefit of amnesty, I think it would have the best possible effect toward restoring good feeling and peace in the South to have him come in. All the people, except a few political leaders in the South, will accept whatever he does as right, and will be guided to a great extent by his example."

Lee, being afterward indicted for treason by a Virginia grand jury, the General* earnestly recommended that his application for amnesty and pardon be granted, and all similar indictments quashed. He urged:—

"In my opinion, the officers and men paroled at Appomattox Court-House, and since, upon the same terms given to Lee, can not be tried for treason so long as they observe the terms of their parole. This is my understanding. Good faith, as well as true policy, dictates that we should observe the conditions of that convention. Bad faith on the part of the Government, or a construction of that convention subjecting the officers to trial for treason, would produce a feeling of insecurity in the minds of all the paroled officers and men. If so disposed, they might even regard such an infraction of terms by the Government as an entire release from all obligations on their part."

The confederacy died hard. Sheridan, sent to knock it off its last legs in Texas, departed without a word of farewell to his cavalry. Indeed, he never issued congratulatory orders, and was as little given to "the show business" as his chief. Before he reached the Southwest, however, the rebels had dispersed to their homes.

The last gun in the war of the rebellion was fired in a skirmish near the Rio Grande on the thirteenth of May. On the sixteenth, the Government paroled and liberated all prisoners of war—sixty-three thousand. Those who surrendered with the various rebel commands numbered on paper one hundred and seventy-five thousand—actually about one hundred thousand. The rolls of our armies showed one million of men, of whom six hundred thousand were bearing muskets. Four months afterward, nearly five-sixths had been mustered out, and the country saw the wonderful spectacle of the quiet return of all these soldiers

* June sixteenth.

to their farms and firesides, and to perfect subordination to the civil law.

But first, Grant's and Sherman's armies were reviewed in Washington* by the Lieutenant-General, the President, and other high officials. It was the grandest military display ever witnessed in America—perhaps in the world. Thousands of lookers-on showered the tattered colors with flowers, and thousands of school children sang to the endless processions of blue, "When Johnny comes Marching Home," and other airs of welcome and congratulation.

Banners were hung out from nearly all buildings, and the garlanded mottoes displayed: "Honor to the Brave!" "Welcome Soldiers!" and hundreds more. At the White House, the stand occupied by Johnson, Grant, and Sherman, was festooned with starry flags, inscribed "Atlanta," "Wilderness," "Shiloh," "Vicksburg," and the rest. At the other end of the city, the bold, white wall of the capitol bore the inscription: "*The only national debt we can never pay, is the debt we owe to the victorious Union soldiers!*"

On the second of June the Lieutenant-General issued this final order to the late defenders of the republic:—

"SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES:—By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery, and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws, and of the proclamations forever abolishing slavery (the cause and pretext of the rebellion), and opened the way to the rightful authorities to restore order, and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

"Your marches, sieges, and battles, in distance, duration, resolution, and brilliancy of results, dim the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defense of liberty and right in all time to come.

"In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families and volunteered in its defense. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duty of American citizens.

* May twenty-second—twenty-third.

"To achieve the glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your fellow-countrymen, and posterity the blessings of free institutions, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their lives. The graves of these, a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memories, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families."

During the same month, returning from a visit to West Point, Grant was the victim of a reception at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York. The throng was brilliant, and the long parlors decorated with tuberoses, jessamines, heliotropes, and camellias in the form of an American flag, and inclosing the letters, "U. S. G." A writer who "assisted," pictures the scene :—

"After one got safely away from the hat and badge rooms, and endured for an hour and a half the pressure of the crowd, he found himself at the door of the reception-room, on the very threshold of his desire.

"Instantly he is caught by a committee-man, passed on to another, seized by a third, squeezed by a fourth, who asks his name. 'Wiggins,' *he* says; 'Mr. Nichols,' says the committee-man. Guest bows to the General, but finds himself pushed in front of Mrs. Grant, who smiles, partly at his awkwardness, partly to reassure him. Before he fairly knows who he is, where he is, or what he is about, he is passed on by a deputation of excited committee-men—'Come now, my dear sir, hurry up, pass on; this is no time for little speeches'—and, embarrassed, perplexed, discomfited, and in every way miserable, on he goes.

"In front of the flowers stood General Grant, with committees about him like bees about a lump of sugar. In front stretched the multitude, shouting, jostling, hot, tired, cross, and excited, bothered and badgered, pushed and pulled by the infelicitous committee. Some pious people offered prayers for the General as they passed. Others took the opportunity to make little speeches, such as, 'I'm so glad to see you. God bless and preserve you many years. This is my eldest son, William Mason—Willie, tell General Grant the little prayer you say for him every night.' Willie attempts, but is passed on by the relentless officials."

Grant had been tried thus far in leading troops personally in the field; in having the sole direction of a million of soldiers in a dozen different armies between the Atlantic and the Rocky Mountains; and in counseling the Government—only when asked—upon its military and civil policy. Circumstances now brought out, in unmistakable form, his views upon our foreign relations.

Through the Pacific States a war to expel the troops of Louis Napoleon, who had invaded Mexico to establish an imperial government, would have been universally popular. The whole nation, keenly felt that its traditional policy would never have been thus defied, that no foreign power would have ventured to interfere in affairs on this continent, but for our weakness during the rebellion.

Several leading spirits of the late confederacy now migrated to Mexico, and attempted to take many followers. Sheridan had voluminous correspondence with his chief on the subject:—

New Orleans, June fourth—Sheridan to Grant—Telegram.

"There has been a great deal of discussion on the subject of going to Mexico, and there is an undoubted intention on the part of many to go. Some are for the imperial side and some for the liberals, and there is a very bad element in Texas. In view of the foregoing, which is unfavorable to quiet, peaceful pursuits, and to the fact that I have always believed that Maximilian's advent into Mexico was a part of the rebellion, I will advise that a strong force be put into Texas, and will order the Fourth Corps there as soon as sea transportation can be prepared. Steele is off with his command to the Rio Grande, and Granger will get off as soon as transports ordered by the quartermaster-general get to Mobile. * * * This may seem like employment of a large force, to you, but it is always best to go strong-handed. The imperial lists are strengthening at Matamoras now, and, according to reports, the confederate property at Brownsville, including fourteen pieces of artillery, has been taken across the river to that place."

On the thirteenth Sheridan reported that without the Fourth Corps he should soon have in Texas thirty-two thousand soldiers, and added:—

"To support a larger number of men in Texas will be very expensive, and I think, on due reflection, that the order for the Fourth Corps had better be countermanded, unless our affairs are liable to become complicated with the imperial government of Mexico. I do not know whether this may occur or not. *My own opinion is, and has been, that Maximilian should leave that country, and that his establishment there was a part of the rebellion.* My doubt as to the intention of the Government leads me to ask of the Lieutenant-General the decision as to whether the Fourth Corps will be sent or not."

Washington, June fifteenth—Rawlins to Sheridan—Telegram.

"The Fourth Corps is under orders for Texas, and *the orders will not be revoked.*"

June fifteenth—Grant to Sheridan—Telegram.

"Demand of the commander of French forces at Matamoras the delivery to an officer of the Government of the United States, the return of all arms and other munitions of war taken to Matamoras by the rebels, or obtained from them since the date of the surrender of Kirby Smith. You need not proceed to hostilities to obtain them, but report the reply received for further instructions."

June nineteenth—Grant to Stanton.

"Inclosed I send you a letter addressed to the President, on the subject of Mexican affairs, which I respectfully request to be laid before him.

"The statement that French troops have fired upon our troops, in aid of the rebellion, is taken from a published letter from a member of an Indiana regiment. The statement of the sale of arms to French troops is from General Steele's dispatch of the tenth of June.

"My time is so occupied that I have not been able to draw up the inclosed letter with the care and pains to get at the exact facts, that I would like. The object, however, is to get this matter before the President and Cabinet in such a manner as to induce them to give the matter that study and attention its importance requires. This done, I shall feel confident that a course will be pursued, creditable to the country and people, to secure our rights on this continent."

The following is the Lieutenant-General's entire letter to the President—a striking example of his compact, forcible, luminous style:—

"The great interest which I feel in securing an honorable and permanent peace, whilst we still have in service a force sufficient to insure it, and the danger and disgrace which, in my judgment, threaten us, unless positive and early measures are taken to avert it, induces me to lay my views before you in an official form.

"In the first place, I regard the act of attempting to establish a monarchical government on this continent in Mexico, by foreign bayonets, as an act of hostility against the Government of the United States. If allowed to go on until such a government is established, I see nothing before us but a long, expensive, and bloody war; one in which the enemies of this country will be joined by tens of thousands of disciplined soldiers, embittered against their government by the experience of the last four years.

"As a justification for open resistance to the establishment of Maximilian's government in Mexico, I would give the following reasons:—

"*First.*—The act of attempting to establish a monarchy on this continent was an act of known hostility to the Government of the United States; was protested against at the time, and would not have been undertaken but for the great war which was raging, and which it was supposed by all the great

powers of Europe, except, possibly, Russia, would result in the dismemberment of the country, and the overthrow of republican institutions.

"*Second.*—Every act of the empire of Maximilian has been hostile to the Government of the United States. Matamoras, and the whole Rio Grande, under his control, has been an open port to those in rebellion against this Government. It is notorious that every article held by the rebels for export was permitted to cross the Rio Grande, and from there go unmolested to all parts of the world, and they in return to receive in pay all articles, arms, munitions of war, &c., they desired. Rebels in arms have been allowed to take refuge on Mexican soil, protected by French bayonets. French soldiers have fired on our men from the south side of the river, in aid of the rebellion. Officers, acting under the authority of the would-be empire, have received arms, munitions, and other public property from the rebels, after the same had become the property of the United States. It is now reported, and I think there is no doubt of the truth of the report, that large organized and armed bodies of rebels have gone to Mexico to join the imperialists. It is further reported, and too late we will find the report confirmed, that a contract or agreement has been entered into with Dr. Gwinn, a traitor to his country, to invite into Mexico armed immigrants, for the purpose of wrenching from the rightful government of that country, States never controlled by the imperialists. It will not do to remain quiet, and theorize that by showing a strict neutrality all foreign force will be compelled to leave Mexican soil. Rebel immigrants to Mexico will go with arms in their hands. They will not be a burden upon the States, but, on the contrary, will become producers, always ready, when emergency arises, to take up their arms in defense of the cause they espouse. That their leaders will espouse the cause of the empire, purely out of hostility to this Government, I feel there is no doubt. There is a hope that the rank and file may take the opposite side, if any influence is allowed to work upon their reason. But if a neutrality is to be observed which allows armed rebels to go to Mexico, and which keeps out all other immigrants, and which also denies to the liberals of Mexico belligerent rights, the right to buy arms and munitions in foreign markets and to transport them through friendly territory to their homes, I see no chance for such influence to be brought to bear.

"What I would propose would be a solemn protest against the establishment of a monarchical government in Mexico by the aid of foreign bayonets. If the French have a just claim against Mexico, I would regard them as having triumphed, and would guarantee them suitable award for their grievances. Mexico would no doubt admit their claim, if it did not affect their territory or rights as a free people.

"The United States could take such pledges as would secure her against loss. How all this could be done without bringing on an armed conflict, others who have studied such matters could tell better than I.

"If this course can not be agreed upon, then I would recognize equal belligerent rights to both parties. I would interpose no obstacle to the

passage into Mexico of emigrants to that country. I would allow either party to buy arms, or any thing we have to sell, and interpose no obstacle to their transit.

"These views have been hastily drawn up, and contain but little of what might be said on the subject treated of. If, however, they serve to bring the matter under discussion, they will have accomplished all that is desired."

Sheridan's subsequent dispatches from New Orleans show his healthy state of mind on this question, and also how narrowly the country escaped a foreign war. On the twenty-ninth of June, writing the chief-of-staff at Washington that he had collected "two of the handsomest columns of cavalry that have been organized during the war," he concluded:—

"I have had many difficulties and delays in getting these cavalry columns together and in their magnificent trim, but I am now out of the woods, and only hope that I may have the pleasure of crossing the Rio Grande with them, with our faces turned toward the city of Mexico.

"There is no use to beat around the bush in this Mexican matter. We should give a permanent government to that republic; our work in crushing the rebellion will not be done until this takes place. The advent of Maximilian was a portion of the rebellion, and his fall should belong to its history. * * * * Most of the Mexican soldiers of Maximilian's army would throw down their arms the moment we crossed the Rio Grande.

"The French influence has governed by their impudence."

July first.—Sheridan to Grant.—Telegram.

"General Steele has been directed to make a demand for the steamer *Lucy Given* on the French authorities, and, if not given up, to get her the best way he can. As soon as Generals Merritt and Custer get to the Rio Grande the other public property will be taken wherever found. The rascality of the Rio Grande frontier is beyond solution, on intermediate grounds, where there is no government and a questionable protectorate. It is due to the history of our country that this portion of the late rebellion should be crushed out in a manly way, and with the power of a great nation—as a contrast to this French subterfuge to assist in the attempt to ruin our country."

July fourteenth.—Sheridan to Grant.—Telegram.

"General Steele notified me yesterday evening that Maximilian has directed Mejia to give up the battery of artillery, ammunition, wagons, animals, and ammunition, and that it would be turned over on the ninth of this month.

"There is a stampede on the part of the Franco-Mexicans. Camargo has been evacuated. The garrison marched down to Matamoras with large cotton trains. This cotton is United States cotton, stolen under the auspices of the French commandant. General Steele notifies me that the command of General Shelby which escorted the cotton agent of Texas, Governors Murrah, Clark, and Allen, Generals Smith, Magruder, and others, had with it three pieces of artillery, forty wagon-loads of Enfield rifles, and a large wagon train. He has some doubt of the correctness of this report, but I do not doubt it but very little myself. Cortinas has made application for his artillery, which is at Brownsville (three pieces), and I have directed it to be quietly turned over to him. This was the understanding when it was left at Brownsville. General Steele also notifies me that they are nearly starved out in Matamoras."

Galena, Illinois, September first.—Grant to the President.

"Seven weeks' absence from Washington, and free intercourse with all parties and classes of people, has convinced me that there is but one opinion as to the duty of the United States toward Mexico, or rather the usurpers in that country. All agree, that besides a yielding of the long-proclaimed Monroe doctrine, non-intervention in Mexican affairs will lead to an expensive and bloody war hereafter or a yielding of territory now possessed by us. To let the empire of Maximilian be established on our frontier, is to permit an enemy to establish himself who will require a large standing army to watch. Military stations will be at points remote from supplies, and therefore expensive to keep. The trade of an empire will be lost to our commerce, and Americans, instead of being the most favored people of the world throughout the length and breadth of this continent, will be scoffed and laughed at by their adjoining neighbors, both north and south—the people of the British provinces and of Mexico.

"Previous communications have given my views on our duty in the matter here spoken of, so that it is not necessary that I should treat the subject at any length now. Conversations with you have convinced me that you think about it as I do; otherwise I should never have taken the liberty of writing in this manner. I have had the opportunity of mingling more intimately with all classes of community than the Executive can possibly have, and my object is to give you the benefit of what I have heard expressed.

"I would have no hesitation in recommending that notice be given the French that foreign troops must be withdrawn from the continent, and the people left free to govern themselves in their own way. I would openly sell on credit to the government of Mexico, all the ammunition and clothing they want, and aid them with officers to command troops. In fine, I would take such measures as would secure the supremacy of republican government in Mexico.

"I hope you will excuse me for the free manner in which I address you. I but speak my honest convictions, and then with the full belief that a terrible strife in this country is to be averted by prompt action in this matter with Mexico."

CHAPTER XLIII.

LAURELED.

IN June a grand fair began in Chicago for the benefit of of disabled soldiers and their families. During the previous February Mesdames Livermore and Hoge, leaders in the movement, begged President Lincoln to be present, that he might help kindle enthusiasm, let his old Illinois friends see him, and get a little rest.

"Rest!" he replied with a smile; "go to a fair to rest! I did that once at Philadelphia. Crowds were at every station all expecting a speech, and then cheering until we were out of hearing. I could not refuse to speak to the people, they were so loyal, and I knew it was because I represented the country for which they had suffered so much and so willingly that they wished to see and to hear me. When we got to the fair, our promised haven of rest, it was worse than ever. And oh, oh! the shaking of hands! I came home pleased and gratified, but worn out worse than before I went."

The ladies answered that he would find even greater enthusiasm in Chicago, but added:—

"We will put you on a steamer upon the border of the lake, where the people can look at you but can't touch you. Your hands shall be protected, and then we will send you *to a quiet place of rest where none can follow you.* You shall go to Mackinaw, that invigorating and lovely island, and none shall be permitted to trouble you."

LINCOLN (rubbing his hands and laughing like a child).—"That's capital; that will do!"

Long before the fair began he was borne through Chicago, where the people "could look at him, but could not touch him," to that quiet place where none can follow.

A promise to be present for a day or two had been

extorted from Grant. Mrs. Sherman asking him to contribute something, he placed at her disposal "Old Jack," the cream-colored horse which he rode from the beginning of the war until after Chattanooga. Old Jack was a hero at the fair, and finally fell into the hands of a Chicago patriot, being raffled off for a thousand dollars. His fate was better than that of Washington's favorite white charger, sold by his master whom he had carried safely through the war for independence. The proceeds from Old Jack went to the widows and orphans of the soldiers; the pay for the Revolutionary charger into the private pocket of his master.

Reaching Chicago, Grant found a countless multitude waiting at the station, with Old Jack ready saddled and bridled. The people insisted that the General should ride him through the streets. He had no spurs, and the hardened steed was impervious to the whip, but he jogged along, the throng rending the heavens with their cheers, while a hundred guns gave thundering welcome.

At Union Hall, as Grant entered, the shouts of ten thousand people drowned the "Red, White, and Blue" from the band. When he stepped upon the platform they were renewed; and among the booths through all that vast space, ladies were waving their handkerchiefs and men swinging and flinging up their hats. Hooker presided, and introduced the General, who said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: As I never made a speech myself, I will ask Governor Yates to return the thanks which I should fail to express."

Yates did so, in fervid, ringing words. Sherman, next called for, merely replied:—

"I am here to-day to listen. I am not going to make any speech whatever. Always ready, always willing, always proud to do any thing the Lieutenant-General asked me to do, I know he never asked me to make a speech." (Cheers and laughter.)

GRANT.—"No, I never asked a soldier to do any thing I could not do myself." (Great applause.)

After the cheers subsided, the immense audience sang "Rally round the Flag, boys," and then called for Mrs.

Grant and Mrs. Sherman, who stepped forward on the platform and received the same hearty welcome.

The fair excited great interest throughout the Northwest. Its proceeds exceeded a quarter of a million of dollars. One of its curiosities was the revolver which Jefferson Davis had in his hand when captured—a relic that the soldiers regarded with grim smiles. Another was the historic eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, which, having survived the perils of the war, is maintained at the public expense in the State-House yard at Madison. Fifteen thousand dollars' worth of his photographs were sold. A third was a characteristic letter from Abraham Lincoln to a St. Louis lady, in reply to a request for his autograph. It ran :—

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if it should be God's will that it should continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited labor shall be sunk, and every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago so still it must be said, 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'"

Grant returned to Washington. In July he went to Saratoga, and from there to Boston, which he had not seen for thirteen years. He passed a quiet Sunday, attending worship at the Old South Church of Revolutionary memory. On Monday a grand reception was given him at Faneuil Hall. He visited Harvard University, which, as in duty bound, had already conferred upon him the honorary degree of doctor of laws. At Lowell he spent several hours in the largest factory in America, which employs two thousand workmen and workwomen. He was much interested in the large library; the pleasantness of the long, well-ventilated rooms; the tasteful dress and cheerful looks of the girls; and, above all, the curious, intricate machinery, particularly that for cutting dies and that for printing calico.

He tarried a few days in Maine, and then making a tour through Canada, started for his old home on the upper Mississippi. Everywhere crowds gathered to meet him, and as he neared Galena the enthusiasm was unbounded. When the train arrived there, cannons were booming, bands

playing, flags flying, and thousands of human throats lustily cheering. Among other stanch friends who greeted him, was H. H. Houghton, of the *Galena Gazette*, the oldest editor in Illinois, the first to commend Grant at the outset of the war, and the truest through all his days of trial.

An arch spanned one street bearing the inscription wreathed with flowers, "General, *the sidewalk is built.*" The people had presented to him a completely furnished house,—costing sixteen thousand dollars—first building a new sidewalk half a mile to the station.

At the De Soto House, from which streamed two hundred flags, a triumphal arch overspread the main street. One side was inscribed:—

"WELCOME TO OUR CITIZEN.

Weldon Railroad,	Fair Oaks,
Wilderness,	Petersburg,
Richmond,	Five Forks."

The other bore the words:—

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF WHO IN TRIUMPH ADVANCES.

Belmont,	Lookout Mountain,
Donelson,	Chattanooga,
Shiloh,	Vicksburg,
Corinth,	Appomattox Court-House."

Through the surging crowd Grant was escorted past the old leather store, and under the arch, from which thirty-six young girls, each bearing the national colors and representing a State of the Union, showered him with bouquets. From a platform near it, a speech of welcome was fitly made by Washburne. The Reverend J. H. Vincent replied for the Lieutenant-General, thanking his old neighbors, and saying that the duties of his official position compelled him, as long as he held it, to remain in Washington; but that he regarded Galena as his home, and, please God, should be there as much and as often as possible.

The formal welcome over, he and his family were driven to the new home. Our views of it and the other houses upon the same page are all from photographs. In front of the Washington residence (purchased by the General), the photographer caught his carriage horses also. The picture

RETURNING TO GALENA, 1865.

of the Galena reception is likewise from a photograph, and minutely accurate.

After remaining in Galena until September, and visiting St. Louis, he went to his native State. Ohio was justly proud of her glorious war record, and her long list of illustrious sons. She had furnished the Government three hundred and ten thousand soldiers—on several calls, more than were asked of her. She had supplied more than all other States combined, of our leading generals—Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, McPherson, Rosecrans, Buell, McDowell, O. M. Mitchel, Schenck, Garfield, Custer, Gilmore, Granger, Stanley, the three McCooks, and a host of lesser lights—beside Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, and Stanton, Secretary of War.

Grant visited the scenes of his boyhood in Batavia, Bethel, Georgetown, and Ripley, strolling about the old tan-yard, looking at the house where his father and mother were married, and receiving the public and private attentions of his old neighbors with the modesty and simplicity of his early years. He reached Washington again about the first of October.

Though keeping fourteen horses, he had not lost his native susceptibility to equine attractions. One day, riding from his office to dinner, he noticed a homely little white steed in a cart, pacing so fast that it was quickly out of sight. All he observed was, that it was driven by a boy without a coat. The diminutive animal so captivated him, that he talked of it continually, until some friends ascertained that it was the property of a butcher, who had bought it for seventy-five dollars. The man of blood, learning who wanted it, resisted all pecuniary blandishments until they reached three hundred dollars. The General purchased the white pacer, named it "Butcher-boy," and may still be seen any morning whirling along behind it on the way to his office.

A citizen of Connecticut visiting Washington, wrote home this account of an accidental interview:—

"Wanting to know where my father was buried, I went to the site of the old Stanton Hospital and found it torn down. Crossing the street to a large brick block of three houses, I stepped up to a plain-looking man, and asked:

—'Who lives in that end of the block?' 'Mrs. Wallace.' 'Who lives in the middle house?' 'It is an orphan asylum.' 'Who lives in this?' 'General Grant.' 'Whew! whew! I wonder if I could get a chance to see him.' '*I* am General Grant.' We shook hands, and he talked with me a few minutes, very pleasantly and familiarly. He was in citizen's clothes, with his hands in his pockets; his face was open and bright.'

On the twenty-seventh of November the General started through the South, *via* Raleigh, Charleston, Savannah, and Augusta, scrutinizing the military forces, and the Freedmen's Bureau, and mingling freely with all classes of citizens. After his return, at the President's request, he made a report:—

"I am satisfied that the mass of thinking men of the South accept the present situation of affairs in good faith. The questions which have hitherto divided the sentiments of the people of the two sections—slavery and State rights, or the right of a State to secede from the Union—they regard as having been settled forever by the highest tribunal—arms—that man can resort to. I was pleased to learn from the leading men whom I met, that they not only accepted the decision arrived at as final, but, now that the smoke of battle has cleared away, and time has been given for reflection, that this decision has been a fortunate one for the whole country, they receiving the like benefits from it with those who opposed them in the field and in the council.

* * * "I did not meet any one—either those holding places under the Government or citizens of Southern States—who thought it practicable to withdraw the military from the South at present. The white and black mutually require the protection of the General Government.

"There is such universal acquiescence in the authority of the General Government throughout the portions of the country visited by me, that the mere presence of a military force, without regard to numbers, is sufficient to maintain order. The good of the country requires that a force be kept in the interior, where there are many freedmen. Elsewhere in the Southern States than at ports upon the seacoast, no force is necessary.

"The soldiers should all be white troops. The reasons for this are obvious. Without mentioning many of them, the presence of black troops, lately slaves, demoralizes labor, both by their advice and furnishing in their camps a resort for the freedmen for long distances around. White troops generally excite no opposition, and, therefore, a smaller number of them can maintain order in a given district.

"Colored troops must be kept in bodies sufficient to defend themselves. It is not the thinking man who would do violence toward any class of troops sent among them by the General Government, but the ignorant in some places might; and the late slave, too, who might be imbued with the idea that the property of his late master should by right belong to him, at least should have no protection from the colored soldier.

* * * "My observations lead me to the conclusion that the citizens

of the Southern States are anxious to return to self-government within the Union as soon as possible; that while reconstructing they want and require protection from the Government; that they are in earnest in wishing to do what they think is required by the Government, not humiliating to them as citizens, and that if such a course was pointed out they would pursue it in good faith. It is to be regretted that there can not be a greater commingling at this time between the citizens of the two sections, and particularly with those intrusted with the law-making power.

"I did not give the operation of the Freedmen's Bureau that attention I would have done if more time had been at my disposal. Conversations, however, on the subject, with officers connected with the bureau, led me to think that in some of the States its affairs have not been conducted with good judgment or economy, and that the belief, widely spread among the freedmen of the Southern States, that the lands of their former owners will, at least in part, be divided among them, has come from agents of the bureau. * * * In some form the Freedmen's Bureau is an absolute necessity until the civil law is established and enforced, securing to freedmen their rights and full protection. * * * Everywhere General Howard, the able head of the bureau, has made friends by the just and fair instructions and advice he gave. * * * The effect of the belief in the distribution of the lands is idleness and accumulation in camps, towns, and cities."

The report concluded by recommending that the bureau should no longer be independent of the military establishment of the country; but that, to secure economy, obedience to General Howard's instructions, and uniformity of action, every officer on duty in the Southern States should be regarded as its agent, and all orders from its head be sent through department commanders.

Those Northerners who were inclined to believe affairs going on as badly as possible in the South, were not pleased with the report; and Senator Sumner said of the Executive communication which embraced it and was based upon it:—"We have a message from the President, which is like the whitewashing message of Franklin Pierce with regard to the enormities in Kansas." The truth was, that the late rebels were then tractable, and quite ready to accept whatever terms the Government might offer. Afterward, encouraged by the defection of Andrew Johnson from the republican party which elected him, they adopted a haughtier tone.

The Mexican question assumed more interest than ever.

The emigration movement was revived, its design being to throw in a heavy force to sustain and ultimately to control the imperial (Maximilian) government. Counteracting schemes were also formed to throw in Northern emigrants in the interest of the liberal (Juarez) party. Owing to the distance and expense, however, few emigrants went. Most of those starting from the South were stopped by Sheridan, whose feeling was so intense, that if the old order, "Go in," had been repeated, he would have obeyed with quite as much alacrity as he did at Winchester.

November fifth.—Sheridan to Grant.

* * * * "What I have written in reference to the feeling in Mexico against Maximilian is correct; nine and one half tenths of the people are against him. He can not collect taxes; and what money he gets in Mexico is from forced contributions on the merchants of the towns he happens to hold, and these towns may be considered in a state of siege, all communication with them being interrupted or entirely cut off by the Liberals. Substantially he has no government and no party to support him.

* * * * * * *

"I sometimes think there is still an understanding between the rebellious of the Southern States and Louis Napoleon. That such understanding did exist before the surrender of Lee there is no doubt.

"The contest in this country for the last four years was the old contest between Absolutism and Liberalism, and Louis Napoleon saw it and acted on it, but waited too long. Had he anticipated the rapidity with which the bottom fell out of the rebellion, we would have had much work on our hands; therefore, let us not imitate his example, and wait too long in this Mexican affair, lest we make a mistake."

December fifteenth.—Sheridan to Grant.—Telegram.

"Brigadier-General W. T. Clarke, accompanied by Colonel Mejia, of the liberal army, has just arrived from the Rio Grande. They report as follows:—General Mejia made a proposition to General Weitzel to turn over Matamoras for the sum of two hundred thousand dollars, and a guaranty of protection to the city when occupied by the Liberal forces. This money was about to be raised, and the city turned over to Colonel Mejia, of the Liberal army, but it appears that General H. Clay Crawford arrived, and, learning the condition of things, offered General Mejia a greater sum, and broke off the whole affair, and has put things in a regular muss. He then started for General Escobedo's camp, but couriers from Colonel Mejia at Brownsville preceded him to warn General Escobedo to have nothing to do with him. I think that General Mejia will give up Matamoras if the thing is

well managed, and General Clarke and Colonel Mejia say that General Mejia is only waiting their return from New Orleans.

"The presence of Crawford, and his assertions that he is acting under the authority of President Johnson, embarrasses me much. Can you give me any instructions? I think it best to make a short trip over to the Rio Grande, if you do not object. Two hundred and eighty Austrians have arrived at Matamoras; that is all. Please answer quickly."

December sixteenth.—Grant to Sheridan.—Telegram.

"I will see the President, and give you a full answer to your dispatch relating to affairs on the Rio Grande as soon as I can."

December nineteenth.—Grant to Sheridan.

"DEAR GENERAL:—After my dispatch to you of the sixteenth instant, I saw the President, and showed him yours to which mine was an answer. I can say this after consultation: The President, as well as the whole country, is interested in the liberal cause in Mexico. It can not, the way relations now stand, be given as a direct order that commanders shall take part either in battles, or in agreements between belligerents, as to what protection or guaranty the Government will give to either in any case. But there is no extradition treaties existing between the United States and any other government which requires the giving up of belligerents to their enemies.

"Officers of the army on the Rio Grande should, officially, be neutral in the same sense that belligerents on the other side of the river have been when we were in trouble. Their sympathies are their own, and they alone are responsible for them.

"Many rebels are supposed to have crossed the Rio Grande to join their fortunes with those of the empire. It can not be expected of us that we will keep up a police force on that river to prevent persons, who may possibly take up the opposite side, from crossing.

"I think a visit from you to the Rio Grande at this time will do good. If you go, let me hear from you, on your return, the situation.

"It is not improbable that Congress will, before the end of the session, take decided measures on our affairs in Mexico, and demand the withdrawal of all foreign troops from her soil. I hope so, at least."

December twenty-eighth.—Sheridan to Rawlins, Chief-of-Staff.

"On the twenty-sixth of November I telegraphed to the Lieutenant-General about the emigration scheme of Louis Napoleon in Mexico, at the head of which was Captain Maury, Sterling Price, and General John B. Magruder; that I had the commissioner for the State of Louisiana, and that I would forward his commission, which was then *en route* to him.

"I have since received said commission, and respectfully forward it with accompanying papers for the information of the Government.

"I have notified Mr. Dennis, the commissioner, that I will not permit him to act under this commission, and respectfully request an approval or disapproval of this action, as I feel convinced that I may at any time be subjected to the test of practically preventing emigrants from going to the valley of Mexico in the interests of a power not friendly to our country."

January tenth, 1866.—*Bowers to Sheridan.*

"I am directed by Lieutenant-General Grant to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of date December twenty-eighth, 1865, in relation to the Franco-Mexican Emigration scheme, and to say to you in reply that your orders in this matter meet his approval, and that you are authorized and directed to execute your suggestions respecting emigrants by force of arms if necessary."

February seventh.—Sheridan to Grant.

"As I had anticipated in my communication of December twenty-eighth to you, on the subject of emigration to the Valley of Mexico, I am now called upon to practically put a stop to it. I find throughout most of the Southern States an intention on the part of a large class, to go to the valley of Mexico. Some have already arrived at New Orleans, and I hear of a great deal of excitement throughout the South on the subject.

"Under your letter of January tenth I have stopped those who have already arrived here. They are all very bitter against the Government, and say that they will not live under our flag, &c. Unless the Government is firm in this question, there will be a large party to back Maximilian in Mexico in the course of a year from this time, and if the scheme is not broken up, every act of our Government which is distasteful to these people, will cause a fresh éxodus to Mexico.

"This rebel emigration scheme looks to me as if it was conceived by Louis Napoleon.

"Only at few days ago I received a letter from the city of Mexico, stating the hostility of all classes to Maximilian, and their sympathy with the people from the United States."

CHAPTER XLIV.

"MY POLICY."

THE *Richmond Examiner*, one of the ablest and bitterest journals in the South, published a number of editorials utterly inadmissible in a region under military rule. It was accordingly suppressed, and under the Lieutenant-General's directions this order was issued* to department military commanders in the South :—

"You will please send to these head-quarters (as soon as practicable, and from time to time thereafter) such copies of newspapers published in your department as contain sentiments of disloyalty and hostility to the Government in any of its branches, and state whether such paper is habitual in its utterances of such sentiments. The persistent publication of articles calculated to keep up hostility of feeling between the people of different sections of the country can not be tolerated. This information is called for with a view to their suppression, which will be done from these head-quarters only."

The editor of the *Examiner* asked that the disability might be removed from his paper. Grant indorsed the petition :—

"The course of the *Examiner*, in every number which I have seen, has been such as to foster and increase the ill-feeling toward the Government of the United States by the discontented portion of the Southern people. I believe it to be for the best interests of the whole people, North and South, to suppress such utterances whenever the power exists to do so. The power certainly does exist when martial law prevails, and will be exercised. Reluctant as I was to pursue this course, I have felt it my duty to pursue it in this instance; and, as much as I dislike to interfere with the interests of individuals, I would deem it improper and mischievous in tendency to revoke the order for the suppression of the *Richmond Examiner* at this time."

But the editor induced President Johnson to annul it, upon the promise that the paper should "support the Union,

* February seventeenth.

the Constitution and laws, *and the policy of your administration.*" Of the Lieutenant-General he wrote:—

"He said to me expressly that, if he had the authority, he would that day suppress the New York *News*, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, and the Chicago *Times*, adding that the 'Copperhead papers of the North,' as he designated them, were doing quite as much harm as the papers in the South. Deriving no satisfaction from him, I was forced to appeal to the President, giving him the pledge contained in the letter above. It was written during my last interview with the President, and in his own office."

The military supervision of newspapers in the late insurgent districts, however, proving impracticable, Grant soon revoked the order requiring it.

After taking up his residence in Washington, he one day handed to young Bowers, of his staff, the key of a tastefully furnished room, saying:—

"Joe, I want you to consider this yours. Don't feel obliged to become one of the family unless you choose; but the room will always be kept for you, and there will always be a plate for you at the table."

The aide, greatly touched by this kindness, lived at the house from that time. Early in March the General, solicitous for the health of Bowers, who was working very hard, took him on a visit to West Point. As they started home, Bowers, attempting to spring upon the train after it was in motion, fell between two cars and was killed. His modesty, efficiency, and worth had won greatly upon his chief, who was deeply afflicted by his loss.

The House of Representatives reported a bill reviving the grade of "General of the Army of the United States"—never held by any American except Washington, and now intended, not as a permanent rank, but only for Grant, its terms providing:—

"Whenever any general shall have been appointed and commissioned under the provisions of this act, if thereafter the office shall become vacant, *this act shall thereupon expire and remain no longer in force.*"

It called out a good deal of rambling discussion. Henry C. Deming, of the military committee, elaborately advocated the measure. He explained that under it the whole yearly

pay of the appointee would amount to seventeen thousand six hundred and forty dollars. The proper command of a brigadier-general was a brigade; of a major-general a division; of a lieutenant-general a corps; and of a general an army. Almost every civilized nation had a marshal or a general at the head of its military organization. Prussia, had thirty-four generals, and two field marshals; Austria, forty-two generals and three field marshals; England, sixty-eight generals and five field marshals; and France, eleven field marshals.

In his stroll down the broad aisle of history, Deming paused to glance at Sesostris, Rameses, the Pharaohs, Miltiades, Themistocles, Aristides, Epaminondas, Cæsar, Hannibal, and Charlemagne.* England, he said, gave to Marlborough five hundred thousand pounds, a stately palace and a dukedom; and to Wellington over nine hundred thousand pounds exclusive of his salaries. On the evening of receiving the news of Waterloo, parliament voted him one hundred thousand pounds and an annuity of two thousand. The orator pronounced Grant's labors in the bayous, creeks, rivers, and canals about Vicksburg:—

"Without parallel in resistance to natural obstacles, unless the parallel is found in the memorable expedition of Xerxes into the Peloponnesus, which channeled Mount Athos and bridged the Hellespont. * * * Did he not push his transports through an iron hail compared with which the full blast of Gibraltar or Cherbourg would be comparatively harmless?"

All the substance of the speech was good sense and propriety; through all its language, the national "eloquence" rioted in illustrious exuberance. It closed:—

"Time, it is said, devours the proudest human memorial. The impress we have made as a nation may be obliterated; our grandest achievements, even those which we now fondly deem eternal, those which embellish the walls of that historic rotunda, may all drop from the memory of man; our civilization, liberty, arts, agriculture, though sculptured in the pediments of this capitol, may all be ingulfed in Lethe's dark waters; this massive structure, with its solid foundations, expanded wings, towering columns, and bubbling dome may all be buried with our Constitution, Government, laws, and polity, in a common grave. Yet we shall not all perish. *You may*

* Couplet, page 303.

rest assured that three American names will survive oblivion, and soar together immortal: the name of him who founded, the name of him who disenthralled, with the name of him who saved the republic."

After tributes to the General, from members of both parties, and one vehement protest against our emulating "the effete monarchies of Europe" in hero-worship, the bill passed, one hundred and sixteen to eleven.

In the Senate the chief eulogist was Ex-Governor Yates, of Illinois, who had signed Grant's commission as colonel. Yates said :—

"Lincoln wisely read the nation's will in committing to him the command of all our armies, and particularly of the unlucky but heroic Army of the Potomac, which, baffled but not beaten, had stood for long years like a wall of fire against the assaults of treason. And here, again, victory followed the invincible Grant, and in a series of battles more bloody than Waterloo, more brilliant than Austerlitz, he displayed the sterling qualities of the great commander. * * * It was the two-handed sword of Cœur de Lion against the flashing cimeter of the Paladin; it was the ax of the Norseman, thundering on the light shield of the Saxon, or the Celt."

The Senate concurred nearly unanimously. Grant was appointed General, and Sherman promoted to the lieutenant-generalship, thus made vacant.

Wonderfully had the chief been educated by the great school, to which his mind is so peculiarly adapted — the school of experience. Could the Grant of Fort Donelson have won Vicksburg, or Chattanooga? Could the Grant who crossed the Rapidan on the fourth of May, 1864, have conducted the crowning campaign which ended at Appomattox Court-House, and which will stand forever a monument of military genius?

After he became Lieutenant-General, the Government never took any important steps even in civil matters, without first invoking his counsel. Men whose lives had been devoted to practical political science, were astonished to see how readily his quick intuitions, clear sense, and sagacious judgment of men, adapted themselves to civil affairs. He did not attempt to master the contents of books, but read carefully all the great New York journals. A friend asked :—

"How can you? *I* only find time to glance at the summary of news, to see that I have missed nothing important."

GRANT.—"I read the papers through, and *then* the summary to make sure that I have overlooked nothing."

He added, that at his time of life he could not begin to devote himself much to books; hence his anxiety to read all sides of every living question. Few men, indeed, are so minutely informed upon every current event.

On the twenty-first of July, Sheridan, in a dispatch to the chief-of-staff, intimated his delight that the invaders of Mexico were coming to grief:—

"I find it necessary to go over the Rio Grande frontier for six days. Since the surrender of Matamoras, there is the *diable* to pay over in Mexico. The empress is on her way to Vera Cruz to leave the country, and there are general indications of a break-up or a stampede of the most alarming character. Fears are entertained of the ability of the French troops to get out of the country."

Meanwhile, most serious troubles arose in Sheridan's department. The late rebels, encouraged by the recreancy of President Johnson, wreaked terrible revenges upon loyal men. A Union State Convention reassembled in New Orleans* to change the Louisiana Constitution. Being certain to inaugurate negro suffrage, it was extremely obnoxious to the rebel element. John T. Munroe, mayor of the city, under a thin disguise encouraged violence. During the first morning of the convention, the march of a negro procession to its hall was made the pretext for an outbreak, in which the police and the citizens committed wholesale murders. A hundred persons were killed or wounded. Sheridan, on returning from Texas, dispatched† to Grant:—

"* * * It was no riot. It was an absolute massacre by the police, which was not excelled in murderous cruelty by that of Fort Pillow. It was murder, which the mayor and police of the city perpetrated without the shadow of necessity. Furthermore, I believe it was premeditated, and every indication points to this."

The General replied the next day:—

"Continue to enforce martial law so far as may be necessary to preserve

* July thirtieth. † August second.

the peace, and do not allow any of the civil authorities to act if you deem such action dangerous to the public safety. Lose no time in investigating and reporting the causes that led to the riot and the facts which occurred."

The North flamed with wrath. Hitherto republicans had regretted Andrew Johnson's hostility to the reconstruction policy of Congress, but remembering his fidelity to the Union during the rebellion, regarded him with personal kindness. Now, his intemperate language, his intrusting of power to unrepentant rebels, and the insubordination he had fanned into this massacre, excited sternest indignation.

Being invited to assist at the dedication of a monument to the memory of Stephen A. Douglas, near Chicago, Johnson seemed to believe that by making the journey and defending his course orally to the people, he could regain his lost popularity.

Grant, thus far, had given no public intimation whether his sympathies were with Congress or the President. Both sides claimed him; both were impatient at his silence. But, wisely comprehending that he would set the worst possible example to military subordinates by mingling in the passionate struggle of the hour, he refused to speak until speaking became an absolute duty.

The army had just been reorganized. Officers, from colonels down to second lieutenants, were to be appointed for twenty-six regiments. The President, wishing to avail himself of the General's popularity, had already asked him to join in the tour to Chicago. When Grant and Stanton selected the new list of officers, Johnson, though desiring to indicate several himself, graciously said:—

"I have no objection to any of these men, but here are two appointments which I *must* make. Strike out any two names and insert these, and you shall have all the rest."

The naming of the entire list rested with him, and this was far more liberal than Lincoln or any other President had ever been. Then taking Grant aside, he repeated the request for his company. Though fully aware of the design to claim that his political sympathies were with the Executive, the General would not refuse after this marked

kindness · but participated in "swinging 'round the circle."*

Johnson, Grant, Farragut, Seward, Welles, Randall, Romero, minister from the Mexican Republic, Rawlins, and two senators left Washington on the twenty-eighth of August, and were received by immense throngs along their route. New York gave them a formal reception in the City Hall and a grand banquet at Delmonico's, which cost the city one hundred dollars per plate. Johnson made long speeches defending "My policy"; Grant and Farragut only bowed to the crowds which shouted for them.

When the party visited the Central Park, the General asked his driver to let him take the reins, and then bantered the President for a race. Johnson accepted by proxy, leaving the ribbons with his Jehu, and the two teams ran for a mile, to the wonder of the spectators on the grounds. Grant finally left his competitor behind, and Johnson rose in his carriage and lifted his hat in recognition. The lively scene was peculiarly American.

Stopping at West Point and Albany, the party reached Auburn, the home of Seward, on the evening of the thirty-first. In the throng at the station a little boy elbowed his way to shake hands with Grant, but afterward fell under a wheel, which shattered his leg. The chief's sympathies were so kindled that he drove with the Surgeon-General to the lad's home; saw that he was properly cared for, and bade him write to him after recovering, as perhaps he might be of service.

At each stopping place, Johnson, in stentorian voice and rounded periods, begged his hearers to pity the sorrows of a poor old man whose trembling political limbs had borne him to their door; and rehearsed his sacrifices and perils for the Union, always closing in substance or in language :—

"Take the flag, take the Constitution, take the Union into your hands. In *your* hands they are safe."

Soon after they passed Buffalo, Grant, thoroughly dis-

* This expression, used by Johnson in one of his popular harangues, tickled the public ear, and for the next two years was a favorite bit of slang in American newspapers and conversation.

gusted at his gross vituperations of Congress and leading republicans, said to a friend :—

"The President has no business to be talking in this way. I wouldn't have started if I had expected any thing of the kind."

Seward, seeking to identify the General with Johnson's opinions, said in one speech: "You see that Grant is with us." Grant was extremely indignant at this, and declared that no man had any right to define his political views. At Cleveland, Johnson denounced Wendell Philips, Thaddeus Stevens, and Charles Sumner by name as "traitors." The crowd hissed, hooted, and shouted, some applauding and the rest bandying epithets with the Chief Magistrate of the nation—a most humiliating exhibition.

Between Detroit and Chicago, one local dignitary in his speech of welcome, converted Señor Romero into "Senator Romeo," and General Rousseau into "Rosbrero." The President, in *his* address, declared that he should do his duty in spite of all "the vile whelps of sin."

If Johnson emulated the noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool, Grant and Farragut had all the spirits of the playful children just let loose from school. At Michigan City, while the speaking was going on, a number of blooming girls wandered up and down beside the train, in pursuit of the chief. He had taken refuge in the rear car, but Farragut shouted from a window :—

"Here's General Grant. I know what you want; you want to see him and to kiss him."

The maidens made a rush, and each, lifted up to the window by her young man, gave the General that affectionate salute with which lovely woman has been wont to greet American heroes since the days of Harry Clay. The moment his mouth was unobstructed, Grant exclaimed :—

"There's another man you want to see, one who deserves kissing a great deal more than I do—that's Admiral Farragut."

Thereupon the old salt was subjected to the same gentle discipline, and seemed to relish it almost as well as he enjoyed the peppering he got from the enemy when, lashed in

his maintop, he silenced the rebel forts below New Orleans. Reaching Chicago, Johnson attempted to speak, but the crowd drowned his voice in shouts of "Bread and butter," and "Hurrah for Moses!"—an intimation that the loaves and fishes of office animated his adherents, and a reminder of his whilom promise to the negroes that he would be their Moses to lead them out of bondage.

The corner stone of the monument was laid with due ceremony, and the party continued its journey to St. Louis. John Hogan, a garrulous Missouri democrat, of convivial proclivities, had taken the President in charge. One morning the reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* wrote:—"Hogan was sober, it being very early in the day."

For this mild imitation of Scripture,* Hogan actually brought suit against the paper for libel, but his damages were never visible save to the eye of faith. At Bloomington, Illinois, thousands of citizens cried down the President with:—"We don't want to hear traitors so near the home of Lincoln." At Springfield, the party visited the tomb of the nation's martyr, in silence with uncovered heads.

At St. Louis Johnson was even more violent than usual. He received an invitation to visit Memphis and New Orleans, but the General refused to go, and he declined it.

On the return, at Paris, Illinois, where the first company of Grant's regiment had been raised, the procession bore banners with the inscription:—

"Welcome to U. S. Grant, Colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Volunteer Infantry."

Though everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm he seemed indifferent to it, and impatient of so much display. When crowds would not be refused he simply stepped upon the platform, took off his hat, nodded, and then went straight back to his seat and resumed his cigar. At one Indiana town Hogan declared in introducing Johnson:

"The President is a democrat—just such a regular old-fashioned democrat as your citizen, Judge ——, who has just spoken."

* "These are not drunken as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day."—*Acts*, ii. 15.

Grant, hearing it, said indignantly:—

"This is a little *too* much. He was one of the worst 'copperheads' during the war. I won't countenance, even by silence, the praise of any man who opposed us then."

At Indianapolis a riot occurred. One citizen was killed, and six wounded. The General, exceedingly troubled, went on to Cincinnati, leaving the party to rejoin him at its pleasure. At Jeffersonville, Indiana, the President repelled the charge of treachery:—

"Was he a traitor? Then what was Thad. Stevens? Was he, as he had been charged, a Judas Iscariot? There was no Judas without a Saviour. Was Thad. Stevens his Saviour?"

At Cincinnati, the "Boys in Blue"—a political organization—waited upon Grant, who was spending an evening at the theater. Their object being to reflect upon Johnson, he refused to see them, but said to their captain:—

"I am no politician. The President of the United States is my superior officer, and I am under his command. I beg you, if you have any regard for me, to march your company away, as I do not wish to be thus annoyed. I consider this merely a political demonstration for a selfish and political object, and all such I disapprove of."

At Pittsburg, Johnson found banners inscribed with his old phrases, "Traitors must take back seats in the work of reconstruction;" "We must make treason odious;" and the like. He tried to speak, but the people—almost riotous—refused to hear a word from him, though giving deafening cheers for Grant and Farragut.

The tour soon ended. Johnson was not intoxicated by liquor, as many supposed, but only by his own passions. Grant wrote to a friend that he was "prodigiously glad to get home," and that while declining to mingle in politics, he freely told everybody that it was an insult to ask any Northern man who had helped suppress the rebellion, to support for office any candidate who was not loyal in 1861, and "whose anxiety that the flag should have thirty-six, and not twenty stars, did not come to him until after Lee's surrender."

GEN. GRANT'S RESIDENCES SINCE THE WAR.

CHAPTER XLV.

RECONSTRUCTION.

SEWARD had always believed that the withdrawal of the French from Mexico could be secured by diplomacy, without resort to arms. Grant never did; and on learning that our minister at Paris had been officially notified that Louis Napoleon—in violation of repeated promises—would not call home his troops until the spring of 1867, wrote to Sheridan an emphatic letter:—

October ninth—Grant to Sheridan.

"My opinion is that the interest of the United States, and duty, is to see that foreign interference with the affairs of this continent is put an end to.

"* * * It is probable that you may have an opportunity of judging the designs of Santa Anna, should he attempt to send a force to the Rio Grande. Should his designs be inimical to the Government of Mexico, with which we are at peace, the same duty, in obedience to our own neutrality laws, compels us to prevent the fitting out of expeditions hostile to that Government, that existed in the case of the Fenian movement against our northern neighbor.

"There is but one party, one government in Mexico, whose wishes have claim to respect from us. No policy has been adopted by our Government which authorizes us to interfere on Mexican soil with that country, but there is nothing, that I know of, to prevent the free passage of people or material going through our territory to the aid of the recognized Government.

"Our neutrality should prevent our allowing the same thing when the effect is to make war upon that Government, so long as we are at peace with it."

October twenty-second.—Sheridan to Grant.

"I am in receipt of your letter of the ninth instant, and cordially coincide with all your views. I have sent a staff officer to the Rio Grande to definitely announce that I will support the Juarez Government in Mexico against all factions, and to notify the adherents of Ortega and Santa Anna to get out of the way; that no protection or security would be given to such parties on our side of the river. I also sent word to Canales that his conduct had been disgraceful and unfaithful.

"I have been obliged to neglect affairs over there for some time past, on

account of being anchored here, but will give more attention to them from this time out.

"Maximilian has gone over to the church party, without doubt, or at least has made the offer, and, if accepted, it will give him the backing of Catholicism* in Europe, and perhaps in all the Southern States; but the church party in Mexico has lost its wealth, to a great extent, and is not so powerful as formerly. The calculation of the adherents of Maximilian, in Mexico and out of it, is an expected disturbance of peace of our country, and they are calculating largely upon it.

"I think myself that the foreign merchants of Matamoras have been the principal instigators of the conduct of Canales, and I learned recently that they have sent a petition to Maximilian to reoccupy the place. I do not believe this, but doubtless some have sought to give publicity to this impression.

"* * * The trade which would flow through the channels of Monterey, Matamoras, Brownsville, and Brazos Santiago, will amount to nearly twelve millions of dollars per year, as soon as there is a settlement of Mexican difficulties, in the establishment of a Government there friendly to the United States, and that can give security to trade.

"I will tolerate no violations of neutrality on the part of factions opposed to the Juarez Government."

October twenty-third.—Sheridan to Sedgwick, commanding United States forces on the Rio Grande.

"I am satisfied that there is only one way in which the state of affairs on the Rio Grande can be bettered, and that is by giving the heartiest support to the only Government in Mexico recognized by our own, and the only one which is really friendly to us.

You will, therefore, warn all adherents of any party or pretended government, in Mexico or in the State of Tamaulipas, that they will not be permitted to violate the neutrality laws between the Liberal Government of Mexico and the United States; and also, that they will not be permitted to remain in our territory and receive the protection of our flag, in order to complete their machinations for the violation of our neutrality laws.

"*These instructions will be enforced against the adherents of the imperial buccaneer, representing the so-called Imperial Government of Mexico,*† and also against the Ortega, Santa Anna, and other factions."

In Maryland a legislature was to be elected which would

* Sheridan himself was scrupulously reared in the Catholic faith, and though perhaps not so devout as the rest of the family, still adheres to it.—*Whitelaw Reid's "Ohio in the War."*—A marvel of industry and comprehensiveness—not altogether just, I think, in its judgments of several leading generals, but incomparably the most complete and creditable record, thus far, of the history made by any State during our great conflict.

† These italics are not Sheridan's.

choose a United States Senator. The Union republican party had denounced Andrew Johnson's recent policy as identical with that of Jefferson Davis. Desiring the conservatives to triumph, the President professed to apprehend violence, and suggested preparations to suppress it with United States troops. Grant, instructed by him to investigate the alleged difficulties, reported on the twenty-fourth of October, in these wise and moderate terms:—

"The conviction is forced on my mind that no reason now exists for giving or promising the military aid of the Government to support the laws of Maryland. The tendency of giving such aid or promise would be to produce the very result intended to be averted. So far there seems to be merely a very bitter contest for political ascendency in the State.

"Military interference would be interpreted as giving aid to one of the factions, no matter how pure the intentions or how guarded and just the instructions. It is a contingency I hope never to see arise in this country, while I occupy the position of General-in-Chief of the army, to have to send troops into a State, *in full relations with the General Government*, on the eve of an election, to preserve the peace. If insurrection does come, the law provides the method of calling out forces to suppress it. No such condition seems to exist now."

Obviously he could not be used. The President, aware of this, had already requested the Secretary of War to have Grant accompany our new minister to Mexico—about to be evacuated by the French—"to give him the aid of his advice," and "as evidence of the earnest desire felt by the United States for the proper adjustment of the questions involved." Grant had replied to Stanton in a letter marked "private," and dated October twenty-first:—

"* * * It is a diplomatic service for which I am not fitted either by education or taste. It has necessarily to be conducted under the State Department, with which my duties do not connect me. Again, then, I most respectfully but urgently repeat my request to be excused from the performance of a duty entirely out of my sphere, and one, too, which can be so much better performed by others."

On the twenty-sixth the President reiterated his request. The General answered on the twenty-seventh:—

"I now again beg most respectfully to decline the proposed mission for the following additional reasons, to wit:—

St. Mary's COLLEGE

"Now, whilst the army is being reorganized and troops distributed as fast as organized, my duties require me to keep within telegraphic communication of all the department commanders, and of this city, from which orders must emanate. Almost the entire frontier between the United States and Mexico is embraced in the departments commanded by Generals Sheridan and Hancock, the command of the latter being embraced in the military division under Lieutenant-General Sherman, three officers in whom the entire country has unbounded confidence.

"Either of these general officers can be instructed to accompany the American minister to the Mexican frontier, or the one through whose command the minister may propose to pass in reaching his destination.

"If it is desirable that our minister should communicate with me he can do so through the officer who may accompany him, with but very little delay beyond what would be experienced if I were to accompany him myself. I might add that I would not dare counsel the minister in any matter beyond stationing of troops on the United States soil, without the concurrence of the administration. That concurrence could be more speedily had with me here than if I were upon the frontier. The stationing of troops would be as fully within the control of the accompanying officer as it would of mine."

The General was determined not to go. He feared that in his absence Government troops might be used improperly in Maryland. Sherman, who would be left in charge, was popularly believed to be more in sympathy with the President. But, as usual, he proved true as steel. He told Grant to remain by all means, and said to Johnson:—

"He ought not to go—he is needed here—but I can go as well as not. My trunk is always packed."

The Executive accepting "Hobson's choice" sent Sherman, and the election passed off without disturbance. Congress then forbade by law the removal of army head-quarters from Washington without the consent of the General-in-Chief.

Grant had become out-spoken on the issues of the day. To an old acquaintance, the ex-rebel General "Dick Taylor," a son of President Taylor, he wrote, November twenty-fifth:—

"The day after you left here the President sent for me, as I expected he would, after conversation with his attorney-general. I told him my views candidly about the course I thought he should take, in view of the verdict of the late elections. It elicited nothing satisfactory from him, but did not bring out the strong opposition he sometimes shows to views not agreeing

with his own. I was followed by General Sickles, who expressed about the same opinions I did.

"Since that I have talked with several members of Congress who are classed with the radicals—Schenck and Boutwell for instance. They express the most generous views as to what would be done, if the constitutional amendments proposed by Congress were adopted by the Southern States. What was done in the case of Tennessee was an earnest of what would be done in all cases.

"Even the disqualification to hold office imposed on certain classes by one article of the amendment would, no doubt, be removed at once, except it might be in the cases of the very highest offenders, such, for instance, as those who went abroad to aid in the rebellion, those who left seats in Congress, etc. All or very nearly all would soon be restored, and so far as security to property and liberty is concerned, all would be restored at once.

"I would like exceedingly to see one Southern State, excluded State, ratify the amendment, to enable us to see the exact course that would be pursued. I believe it would much modify the demands that may be made if there is delay."

"I never could have believed," said Grant to a friend, "that I should favor giving negroes the right to vote; but that seems to me the only solution of our difficulties."

During the winter of 1866–7, while reconstruction measures were pending, Orr of South Carolina, Brown and Walker of Georgia, and other late prominent secessionists, asked his counsel. To all he replied, in substance:—

"Go to the Union republicans in Congress, and to them alone. Have nothing whatever to do with Northerners who opposed the war. They will never again be intrusted with power. The more you consort with them, the more exacting the republicans will be, and ought to be. When you get home, urge your people to accept negro suffrage. If you had promptly adopted the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, or the one making negroes citizens, and guaranteeing the public debt, Congress would undoubtedly have admitted you ere this. Now it will add impartial suffrage. The sooner you accept that, the better for all concerned."

The first reconstruction act—a military bill "for the more efficient government of the late rebel States," passed March second, 1867—was framed chiefly by the General. The supplementary act, dated three weeks later, was passed during an extra session, held that the legislative power might be

ready to frustrate any effort of the President to violate the laws. Grant had urged the holding of that session. His anxiety was deep, and his confidence in Johnson altogether gone.

January twenty-fifth, 1867, *Sheridan to Grant, on Texan affairs.*

"The condition of freedmen and Union men in remote parts of the State is truly horrible. The Government is denounced, the freedmen are shot, and Union men are persecuted if they have the temerity to express their opinion."

Grant forwarded this to the Secretary of War, with an indorsement concluding:—

"In my opinion, the great number of murders of Union men and freedmen in Texas, not only as a rule unpunished, but uninvestigated, constitute practically a state of insurrection; and believing it to be the province and duty of every good government to afford protection to the lives, liberty, and property of her citizens, I would recommend the declaration of martial law in Texas to secure these ends.

"The necessity for governing any portion of our territory by martial law is to be deplored. If resorted to, it should be limited in its authority, and should leave all local authorities and civil tribunals free and unobstructed, until they prove their inefficiency or unwillingness to perform their duties.

"Martial law would give security, or comparatively so, to all classes of citizens, without regard to race, color, or political opinions, and could be continued until society was capable of protecting itself, or until the State is returned to its full relation with the Union.

"The application of martial law to one of these States would be a warning to all, and, if necessary, could be extended to others."

The President took no action in the matter.

Isaac N. Arnold, of Illinois, sent the General a copy of his admirable and valuable work, "Lincoln and Slavery." Grant responded, May thirtieth:—

"* * * I feel no doubt but the public will be much interested in your work in the present generation. How much more will it interest future generations, when slavery comes to be looked upon as one of the atrocious barbarities of the past!"

Sheridan, commanding in the Southwest, and Pope in Georgia, Alabama, and Florida, raised the question whether, under the reconstruction acts, district as well as department commanders had a right to remove civil officers who attempted to obstruct the laws of Congress. Grant replied to Pope, April twenty-first:—

"My views are, that district commanders are responsible for the faithful execution of the reconstruction acts of Congress, and that in civil matters I can not give them an order. I can give them my views, however, for what they are worth.

"It is very plain that the power of district commanders to try offenders by military commissions exists. I would advise that commissions be resorted to, rather than arbitrary removals, until an opinion is had from the attorney-general, or it is found that he does not intend to give one."

Attorney-General Stanberry, in political sympathy with the President, gave his opinion that district commanders had not this power. Grant, however, telegraphed Pope:—*

"Enforce your own construction of the military bill, until ordered to do otherwise. The opinion of the attorney-general has not been distributed to district commanders in language or manner entitling it to the force of an order; nor can I suppose that the President intended it to have such force."

The real issue was whether the ballot should be guaranteed to the negroes of the Southern States, as the safest and surest mode of enabling them to protect themselves against any revenge or injustice from the late rebels. All the legislation of Congress was in favor of this; all Andrew Johnson's opposition was aimed at it. The discontent caused by his unconcealed attempts to obstruct the reconstruction laws, culminated in a movement in the House of Representatives for his impeachment. Grant, summoned before the Judiciary Committee,† was examined at great length.

ELDRIDGE (of the Committee).—"Have you had interviews with the President about granting amnesty or pardon to rebel officers or people?"

GRANT.—"I have occasionally recommended a person for amnesty * * * I thought that there was no reason why, because a person had risen to the rank of general, he should be excluded from amnesty, any more than one who had failed to reach that rank. I thought the President was right in excluding from pardon West Point graduates, or persons connected with the Government who had gone into the rebellion; but I don't see any reason why the volunteer who happened to rise to the rank of general should be excluded any more than a colonel.

"* * * I frequently had to intercede for General Lee and other paroled officers, on the ground that their parole, so long as they obeyed the laws of the United States, protected them from arrest and trial. The President at that time occupied exactly the reverse grounds, viz.: that they should be

* June twenty-eighth. † July eighteenth–twentieth.

tried and punished. He wanted to know when the time would come that they should be punished. I told him not so long as they obeyed the law, and complied with the stipulation.

"* * * I claimed that, in surrendering their armies and arms, they had done what they could not all of them have been compelled to do, as a portion of them could have escaped. But they surrendered in consideration of the fact that they were to be exempt from trial so long as they conformed to the obligations which they had taken, and they were entitled to that."

ELDRIDGE.—"You looked on that in the nature of a parole, and held that they could only be tried when they violated that parole?"

GRANT.—"Yes, that is the view I took of the question."

ELDRIDGE.—"That is your view still?"

GRANT.—"Yes, sir, unquestionably. * * * Lee's army was the first to surrender, and I believed that with such terms all the rebel armies would surrender, and that we would thus avoid bushwhacking, and a continuation of the war in a way that we could make very little progress with, having no organized armies to meet."

ELDRIDGE.—"You held that so long as they kept their parole of honor and obeyed the laws, they were not subject to be tried by courts?"

GRANT.—"That was my opinion. *I will state here I am not quite certain whether I am being tried or who is being tried by the questions asked.* * * * He [the President] insisted on it that the leaders must be punished, and wanted to know when the time would come that those persons could be tried. I told him when they violated their parole."

ELDRIDGE.—"Did you consider that that applied to Jefferson Davis?"

GRANT.—"No, sir; he did not take any parole. * * * It applied to no person who was captured—only to those who were paroled."

ELDRIDGE.—"Did the President insist that General Lee should be tried for treason."

GRANT.—"He contended for it. * * * I insisted on it that General Lee would not have surrendered his army, and given up all their arms, if he had supposed that after surrender he was going to be tried for treason and hanged. I thought we got a very good equivalent for the lives of a few leaders, in getting all their arms and getting themselves under control, bound by their oaths to obey the laws.

"* * * I never claimed that the parole gave these prisoners any political rights whatever. I thought that that was a matter entirely with Congress, over which I had no control; that simply as General-in-Chief commanding the army, I had a right to stipulate for the surrender on terms which protected their lives. That is all I claim. The parole gave them protection and exemption from punishment for an offense not in violation of the rules of civilized warfare, so long as their parole was kept.

"* * * It was necessary to do something to establish government and civil law there. I wanted to see that done. I do not think I advised

any course myself, any more than that I was very anxious to see something done to restore civil governments in those States."

WOODBRIDGE.—"You did not assume to originate or inaugurate any policy; but that when any question came up, and your opinion was asked as to what the President was going to do or had done, you gave an opinion?"

GRANT.—"That was it exactly; and I presumed the whole committee so understood me. I have always been attentive to my own duties, and tried not to interfere with other people's. * * * I only gave my views on measures after they had been originated. I simply expressed an anxiety that something should be done to give some sort of control down there. There were no governments there when the war was over, and I wanted to see some governments established, and wanted to see it done quickly. I did not pretend to say how it should be done, or in what form."

ELDRIDGE.—"Did you give any opinion in favor of the President's first proclamation, giving a State government to North Carolina."

GRANT.—"I did not give any opinion against it; I was in favor of that or any thing else which looked to civil government, until Congress could meet and establish governments there. I did not want all chaos left, and no civil government whatever. I was not in favor of any thing, or opposed to any thing particularly, I was simply in favor of having government there. I did not pretend to give my judgment as to what it should be, I was perfectly willing to leave that to the civil department. * * *

"*I know that immediately after the close of the rebellion there was a very fine feeling manifested in the South, and I thought we ought to take advantage of it as soon as possible; but since that there has been an evident change.*"

WOODBRIDGE.—"I understand you to say that Mr. Lincoln, prior to his assassination, had inaugurated a policy to restore these governments."

GRANT.—"Yes, sir."

WOODBRIDGE.—"I want to know whether the plan adopted by Mr. Johnson was substantially the plan which had been inaugurated by Mr. Lincoln as the basis for future action?"

GRANT.—"Yes, sir, substantially."

BOUTWELL.—"You understood that Mr. Lincoln's plan was temporary, to be either confirmed or a new government set up by Congress?"

GRANT.—"Yes, and I understood Mr. Johnson's to be so too."

The turbulent President was greatly dissatisfied with Sheridan, who, feeling that the rebellion was not yet ended in the Southwest, sometimes used strong, almost insubordinate language about him. He was also dissatisfied with Stanton, who—formerly a vehement democrat, but now in sympathy with Congress—brought to his new faith the suspicious zeal of a new convert. The country had no great

confidence in Stanton's principle, but was grateful for the rugged energy he had brought to the War Department, and the zealous military support he had given to Grant.

Congress, by the "Tenure of Office" Act, had prohibited the President from removing civil officers appointed during his administration without obtaining the consent of the Senate—a law of doubtful constitutionality, and contrary to the practice of our Government since its existence, but designed to limit the power of Andrew Johnson to do evil. Its friends, in urging it, had said in the Senate that it would not cover a case like Stanton's (appointed by Lincoln, and not Johnson), and that no cabinet officer of "gentlemanly instincts" would attempt to retain his position if the President desired him to withdraw.

Grant, knowing Johnson's determination to be rid of Stanton and Sheridan, wrote him, on the first of August, an earnest letter marked "private:"—

"I take the liberty of addressing you privately on the subject of the conversation we had this morning, feeling, as I do, the great danger to the welfare of the country, should you carry out the designs then expressed.

"First. On the subject of the displacement of the Secretary of War. His removal can not be effected against his will without the consent of the Senate. It is but a short time since the United States Senate was in session, and why not then have asked for his removal if it was desired? It certainly was the intention of the legislative branch of government to place cabinet ministers beyond the power of Executive removal, and it is pretty well understood that, so far as cabinet ministers are affected by the "Tenure-of-Office Bill, it was intended specially to protect the Secretary of War, whom the country felt great confidence in. The meaning of the law may be explained away by an astute lawyer, but common sense and the views of loyal people will give to it the effect intended by its framers.

"On the subject of the removal of the very able commander of the Fifth Military District, let me ask you to consider the effect it would have upon the public. He is universally and deservedly beloved by the people who sustained this Government through its trials, and feared by those who would still be enemies of the Government. It fell to the lot of but few men to do as much against an armed enemy as General Sheridan did during the rebellion, and it is within the scope of the ability of but few in this or any other country to do what he has. His civil administration has given equal satisfaction. He has had difficulties to contend with which no other district commander has encountered. Almost, if not quite, from the day he was appointed district commander to the present time, the press has given out that he was to

be removed; that the administration was dissatisfied with him, &c. This has emboldened the opponents to the laws of Congress within his command to oppose him in every way in their power, and has rendered necessary measures which otherwise may never have been necessary. In conclusion, allow me to say, as a friend desiring peace and quiet, the welfare of the whole country North and South, that it is, in my opinion, more than the loyal people of this country (I mean those who supported the Government during the great rebellion) will quietly submit to, to see the very men of all others whom they have expressed confidence in, removed.

"I would not have taken the liberty of addressing the Executive of the United States thus but for the conversation on the subject alluded to in this letter, and from a sense of duty, feeling that I know I am right in this matter."

But the President—nothing if he was not obstinate—suspended Stanton, and made Grant Secretary of War *ad interim* on the twelfth of August. The General, dreading above all things a direct conflict between the Executive and Congress as certain to increase the turbulence of the South and obstruct the restoration of the States to their full relations with the Union, wrote to Stanton the same day:—

"* * * In notifying you of my acceptance, I can not let the opportunity pass without expressing to you my appreciation of the zeal, patriotism, firmness, and ability with which you have ever discharged the duties of Secretary of War."

Stanton replied:—

"Under a sense of public duty, I am compelled to deny the President's right under the Constitution and laws of the United States, to suspend me from office as Secretary of War, or authorize any other person to enter upon the discharge of that office, or to require me to transfer to him or any other person the records, books, papers, and other property in my official custody and charge as Secretary of War.

"But inasmuch as the President has assumed to suspend me from office as Secretary of War, and you have notified me of your acceptance of the appointment of Secretary of War *ad interim*, I have no alternative but to submit under protest to the superior force of the President.

"You will please accept my acknowledgment of the kind terms in which you have notified me of your acceptance of the President's appointment, and my cordial reciprocation of the sentiments expressed."

As Grant's "private" letter to the President had not been made public, leading Union newspapers denounced

him bitterly as a tool in the hands of Andrew Johnson. A few weeks later they were commending his "wise reticence."

On the seventeenth of August the President issued an order removing Sheridan from command in the Southwest, and substituting Thomas. In giving it, he wrote Grant:—

"Before you issue instructions to carry into effect the inclosed order, I would be pleased to hear any suggestions you may deem necessary respecting the assignments to which the order refers."

The General replied at once with unusual emphasis:—

"I am pleased to avail myself of this invitation to urge, earnestly urge, urge in the name of a patriotic people who have sacrificed hundreds of thousands of loyal lives and thousands of millions of treasure to preserve the integrity and union of this country, that this order be not insisted on. It is unmistakably the expressed wish of the country that General Sheridan should not be removed from his present command. This is a republic where the will of the people is the law of the land. I beg that their voice may be heard.

"General Sheridan has performed his civil duties faithfully and intelligently. His removal will only be regarded as an effort to defeat the laws of Congress. It will be interpreted by the unreconstructed element in the South, those who did all they could to break up this Government by arms, and now wish to be the only element consulted as to the method of restoring order, as a triumph. It will embolden them to renewed opposition to the will of the loyal masses, believing that they have the Executive with them."

Johnson responded that Sheridan's rule had "been one of absolute tyranny, without reference to the principles of our Government or the nature of our free institutions," and that in removing him he simply discharged his sworn, official duty.

His letter was plausible and forcibly written, but had no influence upon the country. Grant's was hailed with delight, as placing him squarely on the record in favor of the policy of Congress.

Thomas, though less outspoken, sympathized with Congress just as heartily as Sheridan, and was in no mood to succeed him on such an issue. His medical director telegraphed opportunely that his health was too fragile for him to go South during the hot season. The President therefore superseded Sheridan by Hancock.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WAR OFFICE.

In October, John Albion Andrew, of Massachusetts, wrote to a confidential friend:—

"The tendency of the hour is toward Grant, and that is best. It is not the ideal good. It is bad for the country that he must leave his present post—bad for him, the soldier, to try to endure the hard fate which awaits him in civil life. But it is apparently the best practical good the country can have; and Grant is so square and honest a man, that he is bound to be right in the main anywhere."

Three days later Andrew was dead. He had been the most efficient of all our State governors, and was one of the purest, ablest, and most lovable public man of his time. In expression he was the exact opposite of Grant—a man of poetry, of sentiment, of luxuriant rhetoric, but they had become very warmly attached.

In November, a Texan editor, calling upon Grant, found him very communicative about every thing except the one subject upon which he desired to draw him out. Notwithstanding repeated rebuffs, the man of the quill persisted:—

Editor.—"General, we want you for President. I am going to support you, and so are my people. What shall I say of your views when I get home?"

Grant.—"Say nothing of them."

The new year brought further trouble. The Senate refused to sanction the suspension of Stanton. Johnson doubtless believed the Tenure-of-Office Act unconstitutional; and he professed a desire to have it tested before the Supreme Court of the United States. But possession was nine points in the law, because a suit instituted immediately could not be reached in that high tribunal under two years, or until after the end of his administration. He therefore desired: first, that Grant should disobey the behests of

Congress, even offering if it brought him into trouble to go to jail for him; and second, that declining to do this, Grant should not give place to Stanton, but resign and enable the President to place some one else in the office, which would leave Stanton no redress except through the courts.

But Grant, acting in accord with the wishes of nine-tenths of the loyal people, on receiving official notice of the action of the Senate surrendered the office to Stanton. A long correspondence followed between him and the President, the latter asserting that Grant had positively agreed that,-

"You would either return the War Office to my possession in time to enable me to appoint a successor before final action by the Senate on Mr. Stanton's suspension, or would remain at its head, awaiting a decision of the question by judicial proceedings."

Grant replied on the third of February:—

"* * * Performance of the promises alleged to have been made by me would have involved a resistance of the law, and an inconsistency with the whole history of my connection with the suspension of Mr. Stanton. From our conversation, and my written protest of August 1, 1867, against the removal of Mr. Stanton, you must have known that my greatest objection to his removal was the fear that some one would be appointed in his stead who would, by opposition to the laws relating to the restoration of the Southern States to their proper relation to the Government, embarrass the army in the performance of the duties especially imposed upon it by the laws, and that it was to prevent such an appointment that I accepted the appointment of Secretary of War *ad interim*, and not for the purpose of enabling you to get rid of Mr. Stanton. The course you have understood I agreed to pursue was in violation of law, and that without orders from you; while the course I did pursue, and which I never doubted you fully understood, was in accordance with law and not in disobedience to any orders of my superior.

"And now, Mr. President, when my honor as a soldier and integrity as a man have been so violently assailed, pardon me for saying that I can but regard this whole matter, from beginning to end, as an attempt to involve me in the resistance of law for which you hesitated to assume the responsibility, in order thus to destroy my character before the country. I am in a measure confirmed in this conclusion by your recent orders directing me to disobey orders from the Secretary of War, my superior and your subordinate, without having countermanded his authority."

This brought rejoinder and surrejoinder. The President attempted to prove that the General had deliberately broken his promise. The controversy caused vehement newspaper

discussion; but the country was thoroughly satisfied with Grant's act, and too familiar with the utter truthfulness which had distinguished his character from boyhood, to believe him for a moment guilty of any conscious deceit.

So ended his administration of the War Department. The prime reason which caused him to undertake it has already been given; but he had another motive. Months before he said to a friend:—

"I should like to be Secretary of War for a few weeks, just to clean out the office, cut down expenses, and reform abuses. It would do good to have a practical man there."

The result proved the General—whom oracular senators had declared "not a man for office duty"—the ablest and most practical head the department had ever known. Stanton had been claimed as a model secretary, but Grant found gross and wasteful extravagance. He broke up the use of mounted orderlies and of ambulances when not absolutely needed, selling the horses and vehicles. He required all proposals for supplies to be properly advertised, and then let to the lowest bidder, whether his offer was technically formal or not. He directed that at our frontier posts the troops should do the labor of gathering hay and fuel—hitherto furnished at round prices by contractors, who usually paid nothing for the supplies or their transportation, but employed soldiers to cut the wood and hay, and Government teams to deliver them. He prohibited commanding officers from hiring civilians as clerks, mechanics, or laborers, or for any other work which soldiers could do, and gave notice that if they disobeyed, the expense would be charged to their personal accounts.

His official report to Congress says:—

"A long war had entailed upon the army practices of extravagance totally unjustifiable in times of peace; and as the increase of the regular army since 1860 (now almost the entire army) is officered by men whose army experience does not go back to that period (and therefore they may not know but their indulgences at the expense of the General Government are all legitimate), retrenchment was the first subject to attract my attention. * * * * Supplying large armies for a period of four years of hostilities necessarily led to an accumulation of stores of all sorts far beyond the wants of our present establishment for many years to come. Many of the articles

were of a perishable nature; besides, being borne on the returns of officers accountable for them, they had to be stored and guarded, *although the cost of care per annum might be greater than their value.* Under my direction all these surplus and useless stores in the quartermaster's department are being sold."

He soon reduced the current expenses of the department more than half a million of dollars per month; mustered out superfluous officers; sold stores and material to the amount of many millions of dollars in the quartermaster's department alone, and infused economy and rigid responsibility through every branch of the military service.

Sheridan, delighted at Grant's earnest support of the reconstruction laws and the seeming certainty of his election to the Presidency, wrote a friend :—

"It is perhaps needless for me to tell you how light my heart is on account of the glorious record, in front of which General Grant now stands before the country.

"The country now begins to appreciate that his was the only hand which patted me on the shoulder and gave me encouragement, when I, almost alone, stuck up my little battle flag at New Orleans to assist a second time in saving the country and preserving the record of our soldiers. Had Grant, Sherman, and myself, and others gone over to the enemy, much darkness would have come upon the land.

"Two solutions were necessary for the settlement of the rebellion. The first was to take away from it its military strength. That was done at Appomattox. The second, to take away its political strength. That will be done next November. It will be a short campaign, but as decisive as Appomattox."

The General-in-Chief thoughtfully reciprocated the esteem of his lieutenant. To a New York editor he said :—

"The people don't understand Sheridan. Though he has all the popularity any man could desire, his capacity is not appreciated. The impression seems to be that he is only a brave, downright fighter. Really, he is a man of admirable judgment, capable of handling, under any circumstances, the largest army ever seen in the United States."

A closing observation or two upon Grant's personal traits. No man has a more tender heart. Many were his unostentatious deeds of kindness, even in his years of poverty; and since Fame and Fortune smiled upon him, all sorts of pensioners have shared his beneficence. To the widows and

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as decisive as Appomattox

Yours Truly
P. H. Sheridan
Genl

orphans of fallen soldiers particularly, his helpfulness and generosity have been unfailing.

Not Abraham Lincoln himself had a more forgiving spirit. If he is capable of malice toward any human being, I have failed to find evidence of it. While a second lieutenant at Jefferson Barracks, soon after leaving the Military Academy, his mess attempted to enforce the rigid social discipline of the English army. Failure to come promptly to meals, or any slight neglect in dress, was punished by a fine of a bottle of wine. Grant, naturally careless in his attire, was frequently mulcted. One day he ventured to suggest that this rule was proving very hard on him. The commandant, a strict martinet, replied coldly :—

"Lieutenant, young men should be seen and not heard."

This quite quenched the modest subaltern. Ten years later, the same rigid colonel was the means of his leaving the army. This would have stirred the eternal enmity of any narrow nature. But Grant, since rising to the chief command, has treated him with the utmost liberality and kindness, helping to secure his promotion and keeping him in responsible positions. In this case he doubtless respected the conscientious performance of duty as the colonel saw it, but his capacity to forget and forgive, even the grossest personal treachery, seems to be boundless.

Few men have a quicker or more genial mirthfulness. Once, returning from a wedding in Pennsylvania, in company with Mrs. Grant and General and Mrs. Hillyer, he was beset by throngs at the stations; and many people, unfamiliar with his features, took his former aide for the chief.

HILLYER.—"A droll blunder, isn't it?"

GRANT.—"Oh no; these people have read in the newspapers that I am a very plain man. So when they come into the car, of course they don't recognize *me* by that description, but take you for the General!"

His domesticity is exceedingly strong. He is an affectionate father, and a most devoted husband. All the inmates of his pleasant Washington home seem to have caught something of his own modesty, calmness, and gentleness.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHITE HOUSE.

On the nineteenth of May, 1868, a national republican convention, in Chicago, every State of the Union being represented, adopted this declaration of principles:—

"1. We congratulate the country on the assured success of the reconstruction policy of Congress, as evinced by the adoption, in the majority of the States lately in rebellion, of constitutions securing equal civil and political rights to all, and it is the duty of the Government to sustain those institutions, and to prevent the people of such States from being remitted to a state of anarchy.

"2. The guaranty by Congress of equal suffrage to all loyal men at the South, was demanded by every consideration of public safety, of gratitude, and of justice, and must be maintained; while the question of suffrage in all the loyal States properly belongs to the people of those States.

"3. We denounce all forms of repudiation as a national crime; and the national honor requires the payment of the public indebtedness in the uttermost good faith to all creditors at home and abroad, not only according to the letter but the spirit of the laws under which it was contracted.

"4. It is due to the labor of the nation that taxation should be equalized, and reduced as rapidly as the national faith will permit.

"5. The national debt, contracted, as it has been, for the preservation of the Union for all time to come, should be extended over a fair period for redemption; and it is the duty of Congress to reduce the rate of interest thereon, whenever it can be honestly done.

"6. That the best policy to diminish our burden of debt is to so improve our credit that capitalists will seek to loan us money at lower rates of interest than we now pay, and must continue to pay, so long as repudiation, partial or total, open or covert, is threatened or suspected.

"7. The Government of the United States should be administered with the strictest economy, and the corruptions which have been so shamefully nursed and fostered by Andrew Johnson call loudly for radical reform.

"8. We professedly deplore the untimely and tragic death of Abraham Lincoln, and regret the accession of Andrew Johnson to the Presidency, who has acted treacherously to the people who elected him, and the cause he was pledged to support; who has warped high legislative and judicial functions; who has refused to execute the laws; who has used his high office to induce other officers to ignore and violate the laws; who has employed his execu-

tive powers to render insecure the property, the peace, liberty, and life of the citizen; who has abused the pardoning power; who has denounced the National Legislature as unconstitutional; who has persistently and corruptly resisted, by every measure in his power, every proper attempt at the reconstruction of the States lately in rebellion; who has perverted the public patronage into an engine of wholesale corruption, and who has been justly impeached for high crimes and misdemeanors, and properly pronounced guilty thereof by the vote of thirty-five Senators.

"9. The doctrine of Great Britain, and other European powers, that because a man is once a subject he is always so, must be resisted at every hazard by the United States, as a relic of the feudal times, not authorized by the law of nations, and at war with our national honor and independence. Naturalized citizens are entitled to be protected in all their rights of citizenship as though they were native-born, and no citizen of the United States, native or naturalized, must be liable to arrest and imprisonment by any foreign power for acts done or words spoken in this country; and if so arrested and imprisoned, it is the duty of the Government to interfere in his behalf.

"10. Of all who were faithful in the trials of the late war, there were none entitled to more especial honor than the brave soldiers and seamen who endured the hardships of campaign and cruise, and imperiled their lives in the service of the country; the bounties and pensions provided by the laws for these brave defenders of the nation are obligations never to be forgotten; the widows and orphans of the gallant dead are the wards of the people, a sacred legacy bequeathed to the nation's protecting care.

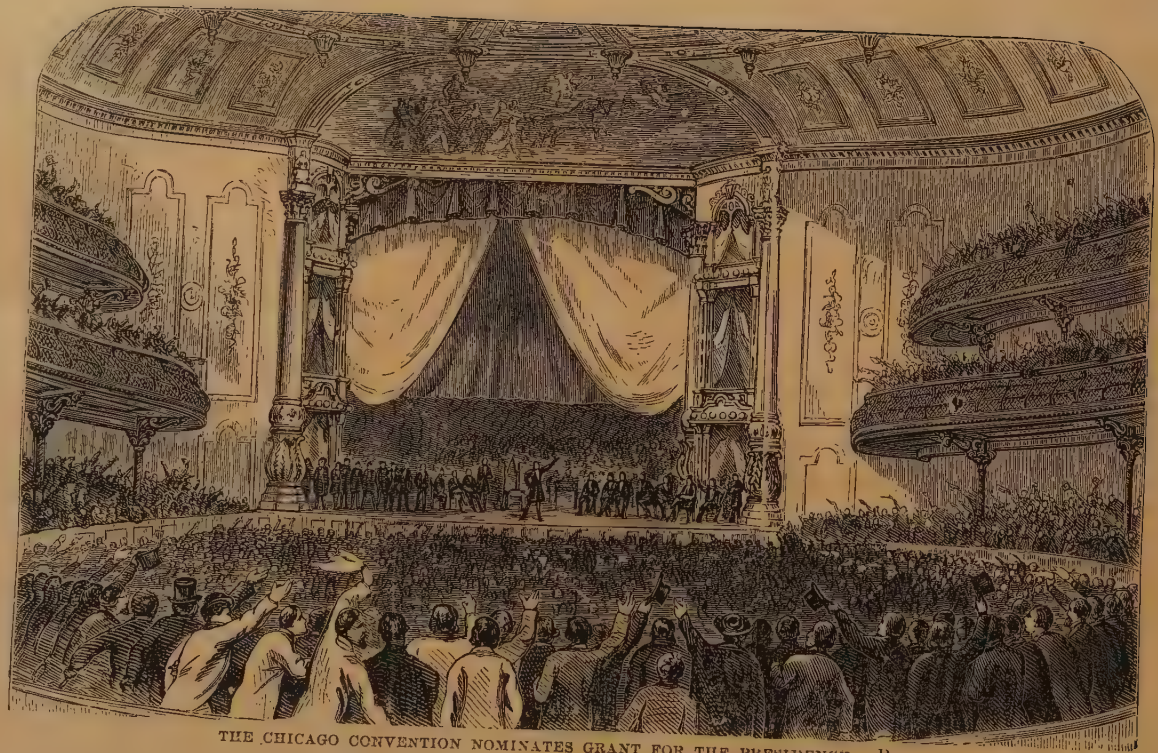
"11. Foreign emigration—which in the past has added so much to the wealth, development, and resources, and increase of power to this nation, the asylum of the oppressed of all nations—should be fostered and encouraged by a liberal and just policy.

"12. This convention declares itself in sympathy with all the oppressed peoples which are struggling for their rights;

"13. That we highly commend the spirit of magnanimity and forbearance with which the men who have served in the rebellion, but now frankly and honestly co-operate with us in restoring the peace of the country and reconstructing the Southern State governments upon the basis of impartial justice and equal rights, are received back into the communion of the loyal people; and we favor the removal of the disqualifications and restrictions imposed upon the late rebels in the same measure as their spirit of loyalty will direct, and so may be consistent with the safety of the loyal people; and

"14. That we recognize the great principles laid down in the immortal Declaration of Independence as the true foundation of democratic government, and we hail with gladness every effort toward making these principles a living reality on every inch of American soil."

Six hundred and fifty delegates were in attendance; and when the roll of States was called to name a Presidential



THE CHICAGO CONVENTION NOMINATES GRANT FOR THE PRESIDENCY. Page

candidate, the result showed *six hundred and fifty votes for Ulysses S. Grant*—a unanimity without parallel.

The announcement of the vote was received with wild enthusiasm, all the vast assemblage springing to their feet, and flinging up hats and handkerchiefs amid thundering cheers. A curtain rising in the rear of the stage exhibited a painting of two pedestals standing in front of the White House, one (bearing a figure of Grant) labeled "Republican nominee of the Chicago Convention, May twentieth, 1868;" the other, "Democratic nominee, New York Convention, July fourth, 1868." Between the two stood the Goddess of Liberty, pointing with one hand to Grant, and with the other to the vacant pedestal. Overhead was the motto: "Match him." At that moment, a dove, painted in the national colors, was let loose, and flew back and forth, and the historic eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin—now an honorary member of all patriotic organizations in the West—added his screams to the tumult.

A few days later, a committee headed by Ex-Governor Hawley, of Connecticut, president of the convention, waited upon the General at his residence. To Hawley's address Grant responded, in the longest speech of his life:—

"MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NATIONAL UNION CONVENTION: I will endeavor in a very short time to write you a letter accepting the trust you have imposed upon me. Expressing my gratitude for the confidence you have placed in me, I will now say but little orally, and that is to thank you for the unanimity with which you have selected me as a candidate for the Presidential office. I can say, in addition, I looked on during the progress of the proceedings at Chicago with a great deal of interest, and am gratified with the harmony and unanimity which seem to have governed the deliberations of the convention. If chosen to fill the high office for which you have selected me, I will give to its duties the same energy, the same spirit, and the same will, that I have given to the performance of all duties which have devolved upon me heretofore. Whether I shall be able to perform these duties to your entire satisfaction, time will determine. You have truly said, in the course of your address, that I shall have no policy of my own to enforce against the will of the people."

On the twenty-ninth he wrote to the Committee:—

"In formally accepting the nomination of the National Union Republican Convention of the twenty-first of May inst., it seems proper that some state-

ment of views beyond the mere acceptance of the nomination should be expressed.

"The proceedings of the convention were marked with wisdom, moderation, and patriotism, and I believe express the feelings of the great mass of those who sustained the country through its recent trials. I indorse the resolutions.

"If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all the laws in good faith, with economy, and with the view of giving peace, quiet, and protection everywhere. *In times like the present it is impossible, or at least eminently improper, to lay down a policy to be adhered to right or wrong, through an administration of four years. New political issues, not foreseen, are constantly arising;* the views of the public on old ones are constantly changing, and a purely administrative officer should always be left free to execute the will of the people. I always have respected that will, and always shall.

"Peace and universal prosperity—its sequence—with economy of administration will lighten the burden of taxation, while it constantly reduces the National debt. *Let us have peace.*"

Let us have peace! Protection to white men and black men of the South who upheld the Government with their muskets; good faith to all men everywhere who upheld it with their money. These cardinal points secured, all magnanimity, all fraternity toward its late foes, who so mistakenly but so devotedly poured out their blood.

Let us have peace! "The Blue and the Gray" slumber side by side, under the pines and cypresses, the live oaks and magnolias. The same flowers mantle their dreamless beds, the same birds twitter above them, the same waters ripple at their feet. Hark to the message, borne by the murmuring wind, from those untroubled sleepers to us—warring Unionists and confederates no longer, but Americans all, with one flag, one country, and one destiny! It counsels the victors to the largest forbearance; the vanquished to honest acquiescence in the *only* finality—equal and impartial justice to all. So shall the blackened track of war smile again with "the fruitful olive and the cheering vine." So shall the new America fulfill the hope,

> "Whose dawning day, in every distant age,
> Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage;
> The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
> The young man's vision and the old man's dream."

Engd by A H Ritchie

Schuyler Colfax

SKETCH OF SCHUYLER COLFAX.

SCHUYLER COLFAX was born in a house yet standing in North Moore Street, in the city of New York, on the twenty-third of March, 1823—eleven months later than Grant.

His grandfather, William Colfax, a native of Connecticut, was commissioned a lieutenant in the continental army at seventeen, and before the war ended became a brigadier-general. He commanded Washington's body-guard and enjoyed his personal friendship. After independence was established he resided in New Jersey, and married Hester Schuyler, a cousin of General Philip Schuyler. Washington stood godfather for their first son who bore his name.

The third son, Schuyler Colfax, became a citizen of New York and teller of the Mechanics' Bank. He died young; and four months afterward, the subject of this sketch was born to a widowed mother.

The slender school education which young Schuyler received never included a lesson in English grammar. It was all obtained in the public schools of New York, and finished at the high school in Crosby Street when he was ten years old. But he was rich in a mother whose character was very lovable and whose life was very beautiful.

For three years after leaving school he was clerk in a store. When he was thirteen, the family—Mrs. Colfax had married again—removed to the village of New Carlisle, in northern Indiana. There, again, for four years, Schuyler worked as a clerk. He was an assiduous reader. Old citizens relate that he used to sit upon barrels in the store, in idle moments, devouring every scrap of newspaper he could find; and make trips on foot, or with the family wagon, to South Bend, where he could borrow books.

When he was eighteen the family removed to South Bend. Mr. Matthews, his step-father, was elected county auditor, and appointed the youth his deputy.

Here, for two years, Schuyler was a leading spirit in a "moot" legislature, and obtained his first facility in debate and his first knowledge of parliamentary law. Politics always fascinated him. At eleven he was so interested in

an election that he visited the polls in New York and Brooklyn to get the earliest intelligence of the result. Now he began to write for newspapers, and soon gained a local reputation and a name for clearness and strength in arguing, both orally and scripturally. All regarded him as a youth of great kindness and integrity and high intellectual promise.

Before he was twenty-one he reported the Indiana State Senate, for the Indianapolis *Journal*, two winters, at two dollars per day. To his unsuccessful request for an increase of salary, the proprietor replied that the position was gaining him wide acquaintance, which he could one day turn to advantage when he became candidate for Congress. Schuyler laughingly offered to do the work and sell out his chances for three dollars a day.

He was a born journalist, and at twenty-two founded in South Bend the weekly St. Joseph Valley *Register*. It began with two hundred and fifty subscribers. The end of the first year of unremitting work found him in debt thirteen hundred and seventy-five dollars; but he toiled on cheerily.

Once, his printing-office—upon which there was not a cent of insurance—burned to the ground; but he began anew, and soon had one of the most widely circulated and influential journals in the State. The *Register*, first whig, afterward republican, advocated zealously the temperance and anti-slavery reforms, was full of interesting selections, and notable for the ability and clearness of its editorials.

In 1848 he was a delegate to and secretary of the national convention which nominated Taylor for the Presidency.

When the Wilmot Proviso—prohibiting slavery in all our territory acquired through the Mexican war—was before Congress, he advocated it earnestly. The *Register* said:—

"True to the impulses of freedom, the popular branch of Congress has, by its action, given embodiment and form to that public opinion of the Northern States which declares: 'Not another inch of slave territory!' It is, indeed, a manly stand. It makes the pulse of those who hope yet to see the day when the chain of human bondage shall be broken, beat quicker and more gladly. It sounds in the ears of those who prefer anarchy and dissolution to a gradual emancipation, as the knell of 'the peculiar institution.' And like those Christmas chimes, which Dickens so beautifully portrays as constantly repeating the same language to the poor Briton, so, wherever throughout the whole South this news shall speed, it will seem to every ear, constantly, in expressive language, to ring forth: 'It must fall! It must fall!'"

In 1849 he was a leading and influential member of a convention to revise the constitution of Indiana. He earnestly opposed, with tongue and pen, a clause in the new constitution—which the people ratified at the polls—

prohibiting negroes from settling in the State, and those already there from purchasing land. This barbarous prohibition stood until 1865, when the State supreme court annulled it, as in conflict with the Federal Constitution.

In 1851 the whigs of the South Bend district unanimously nominated Colfax for Congress, without his seeking or expectation. He made a very able canvass against Graham N. Fitch, the democratic sitting member, speaking more than seventy times, and winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. When charged that he had opposed the negro prohibition he stated his views boldly, and added :—

"These are my conscientious convictions. If you ask me to sacrifice them for a seat in Congress, I tell you frankly I can not do it. I would not act counter to my convictions of duty if you could give me fifty terms in Congress."

The district was hopelessly democratic, and Fitch was re-elected by a majority of two hundred.

In 1852, Colfax was a delegate to the last national whig convention, which nominated Scott. The same year he declined the nomination for Congress, and Dr. Eddy, a democrat, was elected by a majority of twelve hundred.

When Stephen A. Douglas's Kansas Nebraska bill came up, the *Register* opposed it in cogent, earnest editorials. After the act passed, Colfax wrote :—

"The conspirators against freedom are triumphant. At the fitting hour of midnight, on Monday last, in the House of Representatives, the Nebraska bill passed by a majority of thirteen; and the heart of our continent is thrown open to the free and unrestricted admission of slavery. The compact made by the second generation of American freemen in 1820, whereby that vast region between the Mississippi Valley and the Rocky Mountains was dedicated to liberty forever, has been ruthlessly abrogated by the representatives of their successors, and the South to-day repudiates what it forced upon the North and bound it to but yesterday.

"For one—whatever others may do—we shall neither recommend nor practice submission to this outrage. * * * We, for one, go back now to the policy of our Revolutionary fathers—of Jefferson, who strove to dedicate every foot of the territories of the nation to eternal and irrepealable freedom—to the statesman-philosopher, Franklin, who earnestly petitioned the first Congress, 'that you will step to the very verge of the power vested in you for discouraging every species of traffic in the persons of our fellow-men.' We go back to the platform of the United North in 1819 (would that it had *never* been departed from), when the legislature of every Northern State declared that no new State should be admitted in any quarter of the republic, on any pretext whatever, which tolerates or sanctions the institution of slavery."

In 1854 he was nominated for Congress by the new free-soil or anti-Nebraska party. He defeated Eddy—who had voted for Douglas's bill—by the unprecedented majority of

seventeen hundred and seventy-six. Taking his seat in the House in December, 1855, he participated in the first stand-up fight against slavery—lasting for two months, which resulted in the election of Banks to the Speakership.

Colfax's quick perceptions, instinctive knowledge of men, and familiarity with parliamentary law, made him a leading member from the outset. In June, 1856, he made a speech, setting forth so clearly and irresistibly the infamy of the "bogus" laws of Kansas, that it excited national attention. It was in great demand as a campaign document, and more than half a million of copies were circulated. These laws provided death, seven years' imprisonment, or confinement with ball and chain, as punishments for harboring or feeding runaway slaves, or denying the legal existence of slavery in Kansas. Colfax illustrated by bringing into the House such an iron ball, six inches in diameter, as they proposed to attach to any free white citizen of Kansas who should be guilty of one of these heinous offenses. At his request, Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia, held it up so that members might see it. Well has it been said:—

"That globe of iron was a locket of fine gold to the millstone that the reluctant nerveless vice-president of rebels afterward hung about his neck."

In October, 1856, Colfax's constituents re-elected him by a large majority. During the great conflict upon the Lecompton constitution, he was a most efficient worker in saving Kansas from that infamous instrument.

Re-nominated by acclamation, and re-elected by a large majority in 1858, he was made chairman of the House committee on post-offices and post-roads. His zeal and industry gave to the position a prominence it never had before. He secured the reform of gross abuses, and the establishment of important new routes, including a daily overland mail from the Missouri to the Pacific; and also hastened the passage of the bill establishing a telegraph line to California.

Colfax's whole heart was in the conflict of 1860. He had feared Seward's nomination, believing that he could not carry Indiana, Pennsylvania, and other doubtful Northern States. Before the convention, he expressed his views in the *Register* with great clearness and wisdom:—

"We differ somewhat from those ardent contemporaries who demand the nomination of their favorite 'representative man,' whether popular or unpopular, and who insist that this must be done, 'even if we are defeated.' We agree with them in declaring that we shall go for no man who does not prefer free labor and its extension to slave labor and its extension—who, though mindful of the impartiality which should characterize the Executive of the whole Union, will not fail to rebuke all new plots for making the Gov-

ernment the propagandist of Slavery, and compel promptly and efficiently the suppression of that horrible slave-trade which the whole civilized world has branded as infamous, piratical, and accursed. But in a republican national convention, if any man can be found, North, South, East, or West, whose integrity, whose life, and whose avowals rendered him unquestionably safe on these questions, and who would yet poll one, two, or three hundred thousand votes more than any one else, we believe it would be both wisdom and duty, patriotism and policy, to nominate him by acclamation, and thus render the contest an assured success from its very opening. * * * We hope to see 1860 realize the famed motto of Augustine—'In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, and in all things charity.'"

During the campaign he often made two speeches a day, and his effectiveness was recognized alike by friend and foe. After Lincoln's election, and through his entire administration, Colfax enjoyed his fullest political confidence and his warmest personal friendship, and was invariably consulted by him upon important questions.

At the outset, while many republicans were alarmed and willing to concede every thing to prevent war, Colfax insisted that the party should not be craven enough to give up any cardinal principle. When Sumter was fired on, he wrote an earnest editorial, concluding :-

"Henceforth it is evident all party divisions are to be forgotten. The question whether our Government has a right to exist, towers above all others. The only issue is to be between patriots and traitors. All men must range themselves under the reptile flag of disunion, or the resplendent stars and stripes, every thread of which has been consecrated by the blood of heroes, who lived and died under its folds. There can be no neutrals in this struggle. They who are not for the American Union, the American Constitution, and the American Flag, against treason and rebellion, against perfidy and revolution, against the architects of ruin and the inaugurators of civil war, are in sympathy with the traitors."

Through the historic years that followed, he toiled in season and out of season—at home pleading for enlistments, in Washington, besides his official duties, spending one or two days of every week in hospitals with suffering soldiers.

At twenty-one he had married a lady who was his playmate in childhood. Her character was exceedingly lovable, and his domestic life, from the day when they began housekeeping, in a humble cottage at South Bend, was full of happiness. She became, however, a confirmed invalid. Through many years he gave to her the tenderest care, the most thoughtful affection ; but in July, 1863, she died, leaving him a childless widower. Her place in his home and heart has never been filled. Like all deep griefs, his has not often found utterance ; but I think none of his few close intimates have heard him allude even casually to the shadow which then fell upon his life, without his voice breaking and

his eyes filling. A monument in the South Bend Cemetery marks her grave, and bears the inscription:—"The path of the just shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

In December, 1863, when the Thirty-eighth Congress met, Schuyler Colfax was elected Speaker by one hundred and one out of one hundred and eighty votes; and as he was conducted to the chair, the galleries rang again and again with applause. As he was the first journalist who had ever filled the position, the members of the press in Washington signalized it by giving him a public dinner. Samuel Wilkeson, who presided, made a felicitous speech, in which he related this experience:—

"Eighteen years ago, at one o'clock of a winter moonlight morning, while the horses of the stage-coach in which I was plowing the thick mud of Indiana were being changed at the tavern in South Bend, I walked the footway of the principal street to shake off a great weariness.

"I saw a light through a window. A sign, '*The Register*,' was legible above it, and I saw through the window a man in his shirt sleeves, walking quickly about like one that worked. I paused, and looked, and imagined about the man, and about his work, and about the lateness of the hour to which it was protracted; and I wondered if he was in debt and was struggling to get out, and if his wife was expecting him and had lighted a new candle for his coming, and if he was very tired.

"A coming step interrupted this idle dreaming. When the walker reached my side I joined him, and as we went I asked him questions, and naturally they were about the workman in the shirt-sleeves. 'What sort of a man is he?' 'He is very good to the poor; he works hard; he is sociable with all people; he pays his debts; he is a safe adviser; he doesn't drink whisky; folks depend on him; all this part of Indiana believe in him.'"

In April, 1864, Alexander Long, a representative from Ohio, openly advocated in the House the recognition of the Southern confederacy as an independent nation. Without consulting any friends, Colfax descended from the chair, moved the expulsion of Long for violating his oath of fidelity to the Government, and supported it by a fervid speech. A majority favored this, but not a two-thirds vote; so the resolution was modified to one of censure.

In the autumn following he took an active part in the canvass which resulted in Lincoln's re-election, speaking not only in Indiana, but, as usual, in many other States. The burden of all his addresses was:—"STAND BY THE GOVERNMENT." The same fall he was triumphantly re-elected to Congress.

In January, 1865, he had the proud satisfaction of presiding while the House passed a joint resolution to amend the constitution and forever prohibit slavery within the jurisdiction of the United States. To bring that best day in all our legislative history no man had worked more earnestly than Schuyler Colfax

He spent an hour with Lincoln on the morning preceding the assassination; and was one of the last friends who conversed with him before he started for the theater. Only a pressing engagement prevented Colfax from making one of the President's party. Had he been in the box it is not likely that he would have escaped the pistol of Booth.

During the summer of 1865 he made a long tour through our mining States, between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific, accompanied by three journalistic friends. He was received everywhere with enthusiasm. It was my good fortune to be one of his companions, and I can not better sum up the impressions left upon me than by reproducing paragraphs of my own, written to *The Tribune* at the close:—

"The lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. The trip has been full of interest and of profit. For Mr. Colfax it has proved one continuous ovation. He looks back through a long vista of brass bands and banquets, private welcomes and public receptions. It was deserved; for he made it solely to study the great interests of the West, which are national as well as local, and he has always been their liberal and steadfast friend. It must be some compensation for the emptiness and thanklessness of public life, to be thus loved and honored by personal strangers in the remote, scattered homes of half a continent.

"I have heard him make fully seventy speeches—all differing, yet all creditable—all abounding in that kind of sense most *un*common the world over—common sense. I have heard him address a dozen audiences in direct opposition to their own earnest views—upon taxing the products of our gold and silver mines, the Oregon Pacific Railway, specie currency, war with the French invaders of Mexico, and the like—yet he pleased them better while differing than most speakers could while agreeing.

"In private intercourse he seems to steal the heart of every man, woman, and child—by no demagoguery or effort, but by simplicity, naturalness, and overflowing kindness. In every public position thus far, he has achieved signal success; and if his countrymen ever call him to the highest place in their gift, he will fill it with credit to himself and honor to the nation."

On the twenty-seventh of May, 1867, in an address to the Union League Club of New York, he said:—

"Only last month the British Chancellor of the Exchequer, D'Israeli, in defending his reform bill, exclaimed: 'This is a nation of classes, and must remain so.' If I may be pardoned for replying, I would say: 'This is a nation of *freemen*, and must remain so.'"

He is now in his third term as Speaker. No abler presiding officer ever sat in the chair of the House. He carries forward business with wonderful rapidity, decides intricate questions on the instant, is never perplexed and never overruled. Despite the bitterness of our recent contests, opposition members usually join unanimously at the close of a session in voting him thanks for his invariable impartiality.

In May, 1868, a national republican convention at Chicago unanimously nominated him for the second place on

the ticket with Grant. It was the greatest personal triumph ever achieved in such a body. Abraham Lincoln had been twice elected from Illinois; Grant was from the same State, and usage required the candidate for the vice-presidency to be taken from some other part of the Union. But so universal was the faith in Colfax's fitness, that he was selected from many popular and able leaders.

So pure is his personal character, that the venom of political enmity has never attempted to fix a stain upon it. No man has proved so effective a foe of the democratic party; but his fairness of statement, freedom from vituperation, and personal lovableness, have won from its leading members exceptionally kind and courteous treatment.

He makes on all occasions, apparently without preparation, the most happy, pointed, and pithy speeches; has a rare flow of animal spirits; is a terrible worker, attending thoroughly to an enormous amount of detail without the least flurry, and always able at night to forget his load of care and sleep like a child. A writer says truthfully:—

"Socially, Mr. Colfax is frank, lively, and jolly. The everlasting I-hood and Us-ness of great men is forgotten in his presence. His manners are not quite so familiar as those of Lincoln, but nearly so. They are gentle, natural, graceful, with a bird-like or business-like quickness of thought and motion."

Utterly without pretension, and always bearing the burden and heat of the day, he combines thorough devotion to principle with rare practical wisdom, never driving away but always conciliating those who differ from his party on trivial or temporary issues, and counseling harmony and forbearance whenever more serious dissensions arise. He is thoroughly imbued with Abraham Lincoln's belief, that if the highest can not be gained to-day, it is the part of wisdom to secure the best that *can* be had, and then work patiently on the morrow to lift the standard.

In his thorough loyalty to the people, his charity to political opponents, his love of country, his readiness to modify theories by experience, his capacity for getting at the pith and marrow of a subject and stripping it of superfluities and false issues, his purity of character, single-hearted frankness, and inflexible devotion to his own sense of duty, he bears striking resemblance to Grant.

By large gifts faithfully used, by unswerving patriotism and spotless integrity, the orphan boy, compelled at ten years old to face the world for himself, has fairly earned the second place of civil trust and honor in the gift of the American people.

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